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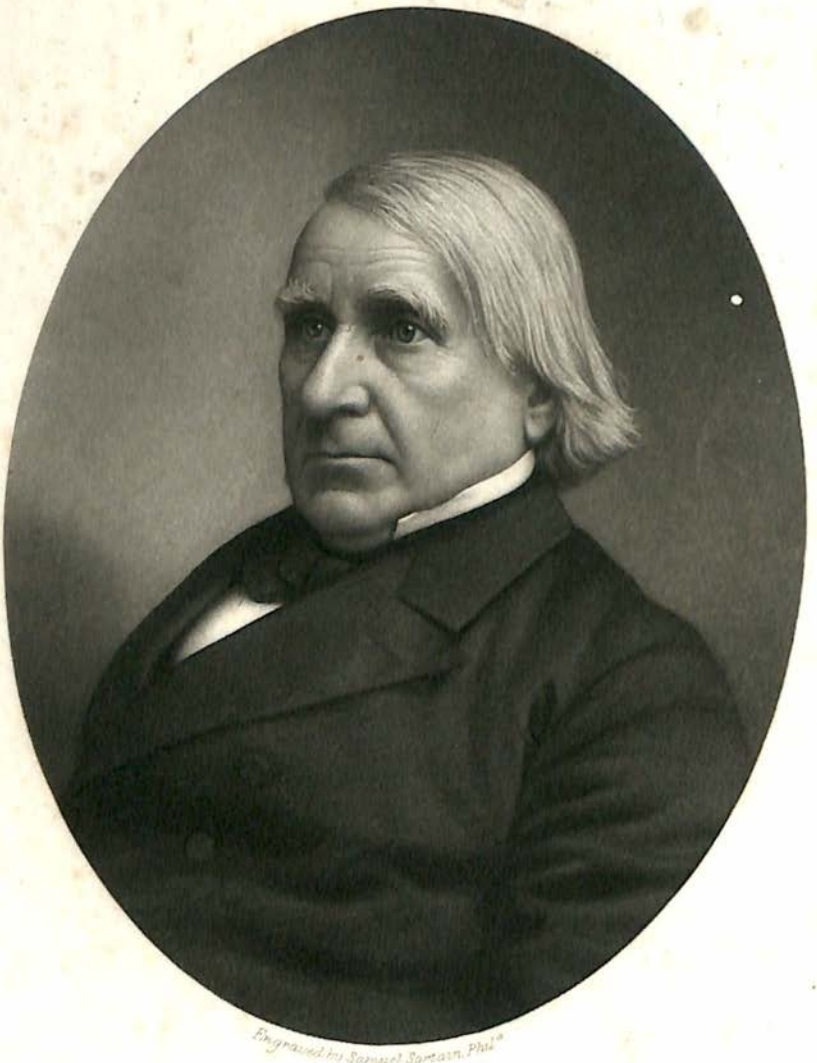
RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

MINISTER TO FRANCE

VOL. I.



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RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

MINISTER TO FRANCE

1869—1877

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BY

E. B. WASHBURNE, LL.D.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. I.

LONDON

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, AND RIVINGTON,

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Proclamation du Conseil des ministres au peuple français

Français !

Un grand malheur frappe la patrie :

après trois jours de luttes heroïques soutenues par l'armée du maréchal de Mac Mahon contre 300,000 ennemis, quarante mille hommes ont été faits prisonniers.

Le général Wimpffen, qui avait pris le commandement de l'armée, en remplacement du maréchal Mac Mahon, grièvement blessé, a signé une capitulation.

Le cruel revers n'ébranle pas notre courage.

Paris est aujourd'hui en état de défense.

Les forces militaires du pays s'organisent ;

avant peu de jours, une armée nouvelle sera sous les murs de Paris, une autre armée se forme sur les rives de la Loire.

Votre patriotisme, votre union, votre énergie sauveront la France.

L'Empereur a été fait prisonnier dans la lutte.

Le gouvernement, d'accord avec les pouvoirs publics, prend toutes les mesures que comporte la gravité des événements

Le Conseil des ministres :

Cte de Palikao, H. Chevreau, Bon Reguult de Genouilly, Jules Brame, prince de la Tour-d'Auvergne, Grandperret, Clément Duvernois, Magne, Buffet, Billault, Jérôme David.

This proclamation was issued late on Saturday evening September 3. 1870, and brought to me at my lodgings in London about 9 o'clock that night by Count Kopp — Richard Wallace

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MINISTER TO FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE.

Beginning of term of Service in France—Arrival in Paris—Paris in 1869—Presentation to the Emperor and Empress—General Dix—An election for the Corps Législatif—Discontent in Paris—M. Rouher—"Transcontinental, Memphis, El Paso and Pacific Railway"—Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne—Postal Treaty—Visit to the Imperial Palace at Compiègne—Opening of the Corps Législatif—New Year's at the Tuileries—Change of Ministry—M. Ollivier.

I PROPOSE to record my reminiscences in Paris and France from the spring of 1869 to the fall of 1877.

My term of service as Minister of the United States to France was eight years and a half, which was a longer term than that of any diplomatic representative we ever had in that country. It comprised one of the most interesting epochs in history, and embraced the siege and Commune of Paris. I write from my personal knowledge and personal recollection, and narrate circumstances and events as they passed under my own observation.

On the fifth day of March, 1869, I was commissioned as Secretary of State under the administration of President Grant. Failing health admonished me that I should not be able to discharge the duties of that office, and

after serving in the State Department until the seventeenth day of March, 1869, I sent in my resignation, and was then commissioned as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to France. Leaving New York on the French steamer *Péreire*, on the first day of May, 1869, in twelve days I found myself in Paris. Major-General John A. Dix, of New York, was my predecessor, and in a few days after my arrival he put me in communication with the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Marquis de La Valette. The Marquis was a man of much experience in diplomatic affairs, a member of the Senate, and had been Minister of the Interior and member of the Conseil Privé before entering into the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He was a man of genteel personal appearance, and very polite and agreeable. After he retired from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, he was sent as Ambassador to London. In a few months, however, he returned to Paris, and took his place in the Senate, where he sat until the revolution of the fourth of September, 1870, and then entered into private life. He married an American lady, a widow with a large fortune. But like most American ladies who have married titled foreigners or men in high position, she had as little to do with Americans as possible.

General Dix and the Marquis de La Valette arranged for the presentation of my letters of credence to the Emperor, on Sunday the twenty-third day of May, 1869. It was to me an entry upon a new career, and into a field in which I had never had any experience.

Paris, then the most attractive city in the world, was bright and beautiful, as it always is in that vernal season of the year. The Emperor, residing at the Tuileries, was in the midst of a brilliant court, and was surrounded with glittering splendor. Princes and Dukes,

Marquises, Counts and Barons, maintained their butterfly existence, and the *grandes dames*, in their splendid toilets, promenaded in their gilded phaetons on the magnificent Avenue of the Champs Elysées, or in the winding and shady alleys of the Forest of Boulogne. Milliners in the Rue de la Paix, tailors in the Chaussée d'Antin, sober old merchants in the Rue St. Honoré, grand proprietors of immense establishments like the Bon Marché and the Louvre, the bankers on the Rue Laffitte, and the little shop-keepers and the barbers on the Boulevards, reaped rich harvests from the great outside world, which poured its gold into the lap of Paris, and, in return, carried to all lands and into every clime all that ingenuity and skill could invent to gratify the taste and tempt the appetite. The cry of "*Vive l'Empereur*," uttered by the courtiers and parasites, was often heard in the streets, and was responded to by a giddy throng in Paris, which, flattered by the counterfeit consideration of the government, dazzled by the glitter of the court, or, fattening on the wealth of royalty, abandoned itself to the falsehood of pleasant dreams, and bowed down before the false glory and the material strength of the Empire. The United States, having astonished all Europe by triumphantly crushing out the most stupendous rebellion the world had ever known, and after one of the most gigantic wars in history, had bounded forward to a position of the first rank among the nations of the earth.

The presentation of a representative of a first-class power to the Emperor was then a matter of great form and ceremony. There was a member of the court designated "Maître des Cérémonies, Introducteur des Ambassadeurs." At this time it was the Baron Feuillet de Conches, an amiable old gentleman who had devoted his

life to the collecting of autographs, and had the largest and most valuable collection in Paris, and probably in the world. On the day appointed for the presentation of my letters of credence, he appeared at my lodgings with two large state carriages; the first one to be occupied by the baron and myself, and the second one by my secretaries. Proceeding to the Tuileries, we entered and found the Emperor and many members of his court awaiting us in the Hall of Ceremonies. Standing a little in front of the officials who surrounded him, I was formally presented to him. I then made to him my presentation speech, and delivered into his hands my letters of credence. In performing this duty, I said that it afforded me pleasure to be enabled to state that I bore to His Majesty the best wishes of the President and the people of the United States for himself, Her Majesty and the Prince Imperial, as well as for the prosperity and happiness of the French people. I stated that it was the desire of my government to maintain and cultivate the most amicable relations with the government of France; that I was most happy to assure His Majesty that there never had been a time when the people of the United States and their government had more warmly desired to uphold and perpetuate the traditional friendship of the two countries; and that I entered upon the discharge of my duties with a hope that, while properly guarding the interest confided to me, my residence near His Majesty might contribute to a happy continuation of the friendly relations then existing. The reply of His Majesty was in good English, and in an off-hand manner. He referred to the amicable feeling that had existed without interruption between the two countries for a hundred years, and concurred with me in a hope of its continuation. After a pleasant personal remark, the formal ceremony was over.

A brief conversation then ensued, in which the Emperor said he was glad to know that the people of the United States were prosperous and happy; and spoke in much praise of their energy and enterprise as particularly illustrated by the completion of the Pacific Railroad, which he regarded as a most marvellous work.

After concluding my interview with His Majesty, I was immediately presented to the Empress, who was in another part of the palace. In a pleasant conversation evincing her interest in American matters, and a great desire to visit our country, she expressed her gratification that I was to reside near His Majesty's court as the American representative, and hoped that I might find my residence in Paris a very agreeable one.

General John A. Dix.

Just before my presentation, my predecessor, General Dix, presented his letters of recall, and took his leave of the court. It afforded me much pleasure to state, in a dispatch to my government, that during his official residence in France he had won the respect and esteem of the French people and the French government, discharging all his official and social duties in a manner satisfactory to his countrymen in Paris and France. He left for his home with the best wishes and sincerest regrets of all. But few American ministers in France ever made a better impression than General Dix. Educated at Montreal, he spoke French with the fluency

of a native; highly accomplished, and of a most elevated personal character, he had held many of the highest places in the United States, and always discharged his duties in a manner honorable to himself, and to the entire satisfaction of the people. Secretary of the Treasury, and a general in the war of secession, and often placed in the most difficult and responsible positions, he had never failed, in any instance, to meet the public approbation.

My arrival in Paris was coeval with an election for members of the *Corps Législatif*, which, under the constitution of the Empire, took place once in six years. This election commenced on Sunday, the day of the presentation of my letters of credence to the Emperor, and continued through the next day. There was a good deal of excitement in Paris up to the time when the public meetings—"*réunions*," as they were called—were permitted to be held. But after they closed, in accordance with the provision of the then existing law, five days before the commencement of the election, everything was remarkably quiet, and the voting was everywhere proceeded with in a most orderly manner.

In Paris, during the last years of the Empire, and prior to the breaking out of the war in 1870, there were certain appearances of prosperity, happiness and content; but they were like the fruit of the Dead Sea, and to the last degree deceptive. Beneath all the outside show there was to be heard the deep rumbling of popular discontent. The people were dissatisfied, restless and uneasy. They considered that their rights and liberties had been trampled upon, and their discontent was often made manifest in Paris by their turbulent gatherings on the Boulevards, which had so often to be dispersed by the police and squadrons of cavalry, whose clashing sabres

and sounding bugles were frequently heard in the streets. These gatherings were called "*attroupements.*" Thousands of individuals quickly assembling, idlers, laborers and loafers, sometimes completely blocked up the way for squares. Night after night large numbers would be arrested as rioters and revolutionists, and locked up in the prison of Mazas, or sent to the casemates of Fort Bicêtre. I had, at this time, a somewhat curious experience with an American who was one of the number "gobbled up." Though the Prefect of Police had issued a proclamation warning all peaceable people to keep out of the streets and not to mix up with the rioters, yet our American friend, his curiosity going beyond all reasonable bounds, found himself one night arrested, and with about eight hundred others taken to Fort Bicêtre. where he was obliged to sleep on straw, and had but very little to eat, and that of the worst quality. He was soon, however, enabled to get word to me; and upon my application to the authorities, was immediately released, and came to tell me a pitiful story of abuse and even of robbery. The authorities did not deny that he had had a pretty hard time; but they did most strenuously deny that he had been robbed by the police authorities. Though he was altogether to blame for mixing himself up with the crowd of rioters, after having been warned of the consequences, he was very much dissatisfied with his treatment, and thought our government ought to take it up and "vindicate" him. This was often the case; and I found that whenever an American got into trouble, he thought that our country ought to go to war at once to vindicate him and its power and authority.

In the present instance, although I had got him out of prison in the shortest possible time, he still seemed to be dissatisfied, because I did not make a

peremptory demand on the French government to indemnify him for what he claimed to be his losses, and for illegal imprisonment. I did not view the matter in precisely the same light. He became dissatisfied, and gave out that he would expose me in the public press at home, and report me to the Secretary of State. But I never heard from him in respect to the matter.

At the election I have spoken of there were a great many *circonscriptions* (districts) where there was no choice, and which necessitated a second election. For, if no candidate received an absolute majority at the first election, another election was to be held, where a plurality elected; provided, however, the candidate should obtain a certain specified number of the total votes registered. The election was somewhat of a surprise to the government, for the opposition had exhibited an unexpected strength in the popular vote given to the candidates representing the various shades of opposition. It was this large vote for opposition deputies throughout the Empire that contributed much to the state of feeling in Paris. One remarkable thing was the overwhelming opposition vote in the great cities of the Empire. Paris elected its whole nine members belonging to the opposition, many of them extreme Radicals; while Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux and Nantes also elected opposition members. There were, in this election, ninety-three opposition members chosen, as against none in 1852, five in 1858, and ten in 1854. Among the deputies elected were several advanced Radicals, such as Bancel, Raspail and Esquiros, men who had been revolutionists in 1848. While quiet had been restored in Paris after much effort, it still turned out that there had been alarming riotous proceedings in many of the larger towns. I refer to these disturbances and the discontent existing

over many parts of France, because they led up to a future which will be referred to subsequently.

A short time after I had presented my letters of credence, the Marquis de La Valette took a leave of absence, and M. Rouher was assigned to his position, *ad interim.* That was the first acquaintance I had with M. Rouher, who was then one of the great figures of the Empire. He was a native of the department of Puy-de-Dôme, and an advocate at the bar of his native village of Riom; a simple lawyer, without title and without fortune, he made his way simply by the force of his talent. And that is one thing to be observed in France. Many of the ablest men of the country are the architects of their own fortunes, and have made their way to distinction and public favor by the force of their ability and character, and without the aid of extraneous circumstances. M. Rouher was of large frame, and had a face and head which did not disclose any great intellect or talent, but he was a man of fine presence and courtly manners. He had been Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, President of the Council of State, and, at one time, Minister of the Interior, and was often in the legislative bodies. In the Chamber of Deputies he became the spokesman of the Emperor, and thus acquired the title of *Ministre de la parole;* and, as such, he defended all the acts of the government. He was bold, able, and full of resource, and was, perhaps, the best man for the *rôle* he was assigned to play. After the fall of the Empire, he became one of the most unpopular men in France, and he soon left his country and went over to England. In London he founded a newspaper devoted to the fallen dynasty, called La Situation. After the breaking out of the Commune, on the 18th of March, 1871, he undertook to return from London to Paris. At Boulogne he met the

news of the insurrection on that day. The people of Boulogne, informed of his presence in the city, gathered under his windows and raised menacing cries. When he emerged from his hotel to take a carriage, it was said that he was badly treated, insulted, and struck with canes. M. Thiers, who was then Chief of Executive Power, ordered his arrest and transfer to Arras, whence he went to Belgium. M. Rouher was afterwards elected member of the Chamber of Deputies, and took quite a prominent part in the legislation of the Chamber. Since this time he seems to have disappeared from public life.

When I reached Paris, in May, 1869, I found some excitement prevailing there in regard to the "Transcontinental, Memphis, El Paso and Pacific Railway." Advertisements had appeared in nearly all the newspapers of Paris, and large hand-bills were posted on the walls in many parts of the city. The object was to introduce these bonds to the favorable consideration of the Paris public. They were put upon the Paris bourse. I was advised that they had been sold to the amount of some fifteen to twenty million of francs. Many inquiries were made of me by persons who had invested in the bonds. But, while I had my own opinion in respect to their value, I guarded myself very strictly against expressing any positive view until I should have received correct and official information. I had no desire to do any injustice to the company, whatever my private opinions might be. I therefore requested the State Department to have the whole subject investigated at the Interior Department, and the result of such investigation transmitted to me. Soon after this, some of the Paris journals commenced to attack the bonds, particularly La Presse Libre, edited by A. Malespine, who had lived for some years in New Orleans. On account of these attacks he was sued for libel by a certain

M. Probst, who seemed to have been in charge of the scheme to palm off the bonds. It was alleged that the bonds were put on the market by General John C. Frémont, as a representative of the "Transcontinental, Memphis, El Paso and Pacific Railway Company." M. Malespine said that Probst had given proof of "an inconceivable audacity;" and that it was very desirable that he should not be allowed to compromise the good reputation America had enjoyed. The hand-bills and advertisements set out with the statement that Congress had voted a bill authorizing the fusion of the company with all the railroad companies, which, starting from the Atlantic, met at Chattanooga; that it had received great concessions of land, which it offered as security; that the United States government had guaranteed to the subscribers bonds running fifty years, with an interest of six per cent. per annum, and the payment of the bonds after that period; that many of the bonds were issued by the Secretary of the Treasury; and that the President of the United States was pledged to interfere in case of the delay of a single day in the payment of the interest coupons. As I declined to indorse all the statements that had been made, I was roundly abused by the parties in interest. In due time the matter was investigated by the Secretary of the Interior, and his report was duly forwarded to me. This report of the Interior Department confirmed all that I had suspected in regard to the fraudulent misrepresentations which had been made in Paris. After receiving it, I gave notice to all interested, and particularly to General Frémont, who was then in the city, that it was open to inspection at the United States Legation. The consequence of this disclosure was to completely discredit the bonds, and to embarrass the parties who had placed them on the market.

General Frémont himself published a pamphlet, in France, against me, styling me the "modern Franklin," who was guilty of the strange misconduct of discrediting a great American enterprise in the country to which he was accredited as minister. The French government soon took up the matter, prosecuted the parties engaged, and sentenced them to different terms of imprisonment. Some were tried *in contumaciam*, in accordance with the French law, and found guilty and sentenced; but the sentence could only be carried out when a party should be arrested. There were some amusing incidents connected with the whole matter, but they are not of sufficient interest to be related here. I might, however, allude to one in regard to an officer of the French army, who professed to have invested eighty thousand francs in these bonds, and who came to me for certain information. He approached me politely, of course. He wore a uniform which was grand enough for a Marshal of France. I soon drew out of him enough to convince me he was not acting in good faith, and that his interview with me was a put-up job between him and the promoters of the scheme. It is hardly necessary to say that he did not make very much out of me, and, as is usual in such cases, he gave out that he might take "ulterior measures," but none were ever taken to my knowledge.

The result of the election to the Chamber of Deputies, to which I have referred, was a change of the ministers in the month of July; and when I was off on my leave at the German baths, the Marquis de La Valette, the outgoing Minister of Foreign Affairs, was sent as Ambassador to London, and was replaced by the Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne. The prince belonged to one of the most illustrious families of the old nobility of France, and the name is often found in French history. He had passed

his whole life in the diplomatic service, but had never been a member of any of the political assemblies of his country. He came over from London, where he was the French Ambassador, to assume his portfolio as Minister of Foreign Affairs. He was born at Moulins, in 1822, and therefore was a little under fifty years of age, a man of large frame and fine physique, and had seen much of the world. His manners were exceedingly agreeable, not to say captivating. From ability and experience, he was well qualified for his post. Several of the ministers in the new Cabinet were re-appointed, but others made their first entry into public life. Most of them, when appointed ministers, however, were unknown men, not distinguished by ability or public service. M. Rouher was provided for by being made President of the Senate for the year 1869. Two other members of the Cabinet were made Senators in order to compensate them for their loss of places.

I had much to do with the Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne in fruitless attempts to negotiate postal and telegraph treaties. I was not successful in my efforts with him; neither was I successful with any of his successors. There is no nation in the world more difficult to make treaties with than France. The questions arising, whenever a proposal for a treaty is made, are studied by the ablest men in the country, who are generally unwilling to negotiate treaties unless they can secure some decided advantage. It would be of no value to recount all of my futile attempts through so many months. Always polite and gentlemanly, full of resources, the ministers always found objections, but stated them in the most courteous terms. Our postal treaty with France had expired at this time, and we being unable to negotiate a new one, the singular spectacle was presented of no postal arrangements

between two countries connected by so many business and social relations. Mr. Cresswell, the Postmaster-General at Washington, had sent over Senator Ramsay, of Minnesota, to negotiate a treaty, but after many and able efforts, he found it impossible to succeed. This state of things, of our being without a treaty and the French government left to dictate the terms on which postal matter between the United States and France could enter or leave France, created the greatest dissatisfaction among the Americans in Paris and among the business public. The greatest uncertainty was produced, and the French government charged the most exorbitant rates of postage. Endeavors were also made for a telegraph treaty between the two countries, and every effort was tried to negotiate one which would inure to the benefit of both nations and the public. But the French government always interposed some *sine qua non* which our government would never agree to; and no postal or telegraph treaty was made during my term of service. The Americans got no relief in respect to postal facilities between the two countries, until the adoption of the Universal Postal Union.

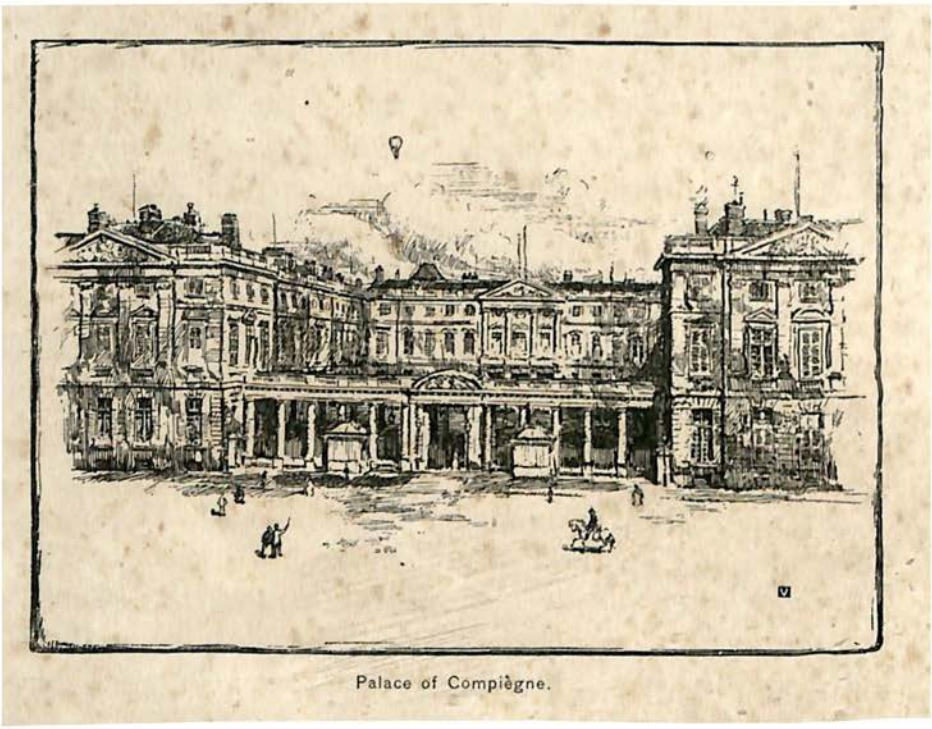
I should state that my action, as connected with the French government, touching the *postal* treaty, was entirely unofficial. I was not named as a commissioner by our country. But I lent my offices voluntarily and unofficially, in the hope that I might do something to accomplish an end so much desired. My connection with the matter cost me a great deal of study and a great deal of trouble. It led to many interesting interviews with the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Minister of Finance; all to no purpose. The Minister of Foreign Affairs always expressed a sincere desire to negotiate a satisfactory postal treaty. M. Vandal, who was at that

time Director of Posts, was a very liberal-minded official, thoroughly conversant with the wants of the public service, and was always in accord with me. If the matter had been left with him by the government, a satisfactory conclusion would soon have been reached. But it was always the Minister of Finance that interposed objections, many of them of the most frivolous character and not founded in justice or reason. I always thought there was some power behind the throne, utterly hostile to any treaty, which continually stuffed the Ministers with objections, and induced them to insist upon certain points, which it was known could not be acceded to.

I was, however, especially authorized to negotiate a *telegraph* treaty. But after great efforts and many discussions, I was unable to accomplish anything; and for the same reason—that there was always some *sine qua non* which I would never agree to.

After my return from my leave of absence in Germany, I found Paris very quiet, politically and socially. The Empress was away at the opening of the Suez Canal, and the Emperor soon after occupied his palace at Compiègne, with a view to giving great entertainments. On the 8th of November, 1869, I was invited with much formality, through the first Chamberlain of the Imperial household, by the order of His Majesty, the Emperor, to make a *séjour* of six days at the palace, starting on the 10th inst. The invitation extended equally to Mrs. Washburne, but her ill health, at the time, compelled her to decline. In accordance with the official etiquette, I accepted the invitation. Several other Americans were invited, and, taking a special train which had been placed at the disposition of the invited guests, we arrived at the palace on the 10th of November. All were received

with much cordiality by the Emperor and the Princess Mathilde, who did the honors of the household in the absence of the Empress. The Emperor was in excellent health and fine spirits, and mingled almost constantly with his guests. Drives and hunting parties in the forest of Compiègne were the order of the day. On one occa-



Palace of Compiègne.

sion, a visit was made to the old château of Pierrefonds, some eight or ten miles from the palace of Compiègne, on the other side of the forest.

As the Emperor spoke English quite fluently, I had much conversation with him, particularly as to the state of things then existing in France. He expressed his regret that the French people were not better fitted for more liberal institutions and for the concessions he desired to make to them. The great trouble with the French, he said, was that they always looked to

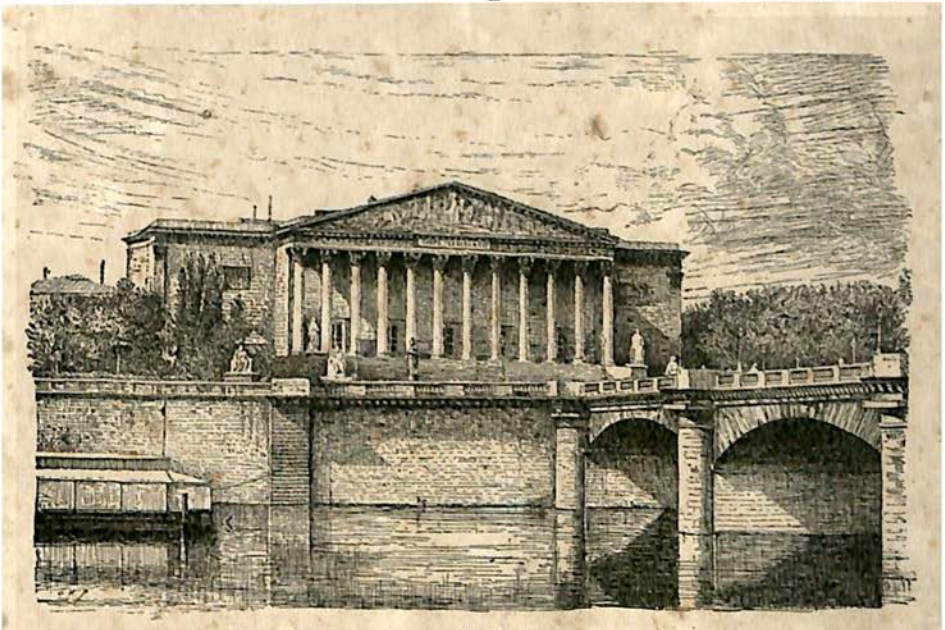
the government for everything, instead of depending upon themselves. In their estimation, the ruler was held responsible for everything, even the most trifling and most ridiculous matters. He illustrated his statement by the relation of an incident, which, he said, had happened to him at Versailles when he was President of the Republic. He was on horseback, when an old woman came up and stated to him with great earnestness that she had lost an umbrella, and she thought the government ought to furnish her with another. Such an incident as that, he was quite sure, could never have happened to the Queen of England or to the President of the United States; for, happily, in both of those countries the people had been taught to look to themselves, instead of looking to their government for everything, as they did in France. He always spoke kindly of the President, and begged that I would communicate his messages to him. Indeed, there were warm messages in respect to the President on every side, and the old Marshal Canrobert, the first soldier of the Empire, who was a guest at the palace at that time, grew warm in his eulogies of General Grant, as a brave "*soldat et honnête homme.*"

The Emperor spoke very freely in regard to the condition of Spanish affairs at that time, which were very unsatisfactory; and I was somewhat surprised to hear him remark that he thought Spain could not hold Cuba, and that the result would be that she would sacrifice all her soldiers and spend all her money, and then lose the island in the end. He made many inquiries about the Mormons, and seemed very much interested in the state of things which existed in Utah, expressing his surprise that such a community could exist and hold together in any civilized country.

I was at the palace for six days. There were between sixty and a hundred *invités*, and among them many of the most distinguished men in France, and many ladies of title, rank and fashion. There were two or three American ladies, who, without either title, rank or fashion, were quite the equals of the French *dames*, in point of good looks, manners, intelligence and exquisite toilets. The Master of Ceremonies arranged everything; the coffee was served in one's room at eight o'clock in the morning, the *déjeuner à la fourchette* in the dining room at eleven o'clock, and the lunch at two. The dinner was served promptly at half past seven, where the highest style of the French culinary art was displayed. There was one thing which attracted my attention, which, subsequently, I found was the rule at all official dinners. The guests were not tired out in sitting at the table, and the dinner never lasted more than an hour. The rule was, one servant to every four guests. After the dinner was over, the guests retired to the *grand salon* for coffee, ices, etc. A dance was soon afterwards arranged in a large hall adjoining. The Emperor joined in the dance for a set or two, the Prince Imperial dancing in the same set. After the conclusion of the dance, at half past ten, all the guests again entered the *grand salon*, where tea and ices were served at that hour. Then the Emperor and the Princess Mathilde withdrew, which was the signal for the departure of all the guests. I occasionally took a hand in the dance, a fact which got into the French papers. I saw, afterwards, that our own papers had their fun out of the incident, and represented me as dancing a "break-down" in the palace of Compiègne. That was not exactly true, as my dancing was very moderate, and after the modern style. I considered that my best dancing

days were over. Twenty years before, I could have danced a jig with any Frenchman, not a professional, and without any fear of being outdone.

The Prince Imperial was then a lad of thirteen years of age, a boy of remarkable beauty, intelligence, and of fine manners. There was something touching in the affection and devotion existing between the father and



Corps Législatif.

the child. He was highly educated, particularly in the languages; and besides his own language, he spoke English, Spanish and German very fluently. The week I remained at the palace was a very pleasant one, for it enabled me to see court life. But, though pleasant and agreeable enough, it was very fatiguing, and I was rejoiced when my *séjour* had come to an end.

The opening of the new *Corps Législatif*, on the 29th of November, 1869, was one of the grandest of all the stately pageants of France. The speech which was made by the Emperor on that occasion was admirably delivered

by him and very well received, particularly as it gave promise of certain reforms which nearly all of the parties had come to the conclusion were necessary. The Diplomatic Corps was present in full numbers, and all glittering in uniform and tinsel except myself. Congress had very wisely prohibited its diplomats from indulging in the nonsense and flummery of court dress. I did not see but that, in my plain suit of black, I got along as well as any of them.

After this event, on the 29th of November, there was very little public interest up to the end of the year. On New Year's day there were always certain ceremonies, which took place at the Tuileries. Informed of the time and place of assembling by the Papal Nuncio, *ex officio* Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, that body assembled at the Tuileries at one o'clock, P.M. The Nuncio, in the name of the body, made the usual congratulations, and expressed the wishes of all for the prosperity and happiness of France. The Emperor replied in brief and happy terms. He said that the presence of the corps and the words that he had heard were a new proof of the good relations which existed between his government and foreign powers. He hoped that the coming year would consolidate the common understanding in the interests of concord and civilization. These New Year's visits were somewhat formal. The diplomats were arranged in a row according to their time of service, the Nuncio, as Doyen *ex officio*, always standing at the head. The Emperor first addressed himself to the Doyen, and then passed down the line, speaking to each diplomat in turn; and for each always managed to have some pleasant word. His health seemed to be excellent, and he was evidently in good spirits. It was said that there was more interest taken in this reception than

there had been in any for many years, and the crowd at the Tuileries was said to have been greater and more brilliant than for a long time.

Events, which I cannot here fully explain, led to another change of the ministry on the second day of January, 1870. But it was alleged by the Bonapartists that the change was for the purpose of giving effect to the adoption of the constitutional amendments of the eighth of May previous. It was said that the Emperor had determined to form a "homogeneous Cabinet representing faithfully the majority of the *Corps Législatif*." To this end he called upon M. Ollivier to form a new ministry. In 1863 M. Ollivier was a member of the Chamber, and was one of a group of five members only, which made up the whole opposition in that body. Later still, claiming to be a republican, he was gradually won over to the Empire with the idea, as he expressed it, of making a union between the Empire and liberty. In 1869 M. Ollivier was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, in the first *circonscription* of the Var, with the open support of the government. He was born at Marseilles in 1825. His father, a man without fortune, had been elected to the "Constituent" as a republican, in 1848, but, after the second of December, was arrested, persecuted, and finally driven

Émile Ollivier.

out of France. Educated to the bar, M. Ollivier entered early into political life.

When a man is called upon to form a ministry by the executive power, he is entitled to be at the head of the department which he may choose. Instead of selecting the Ministry of the Interior, which is considered the first, or that of Foreign Affairs, which is the second, he became the Minister of Justice and Public Worship, and President of the Council.

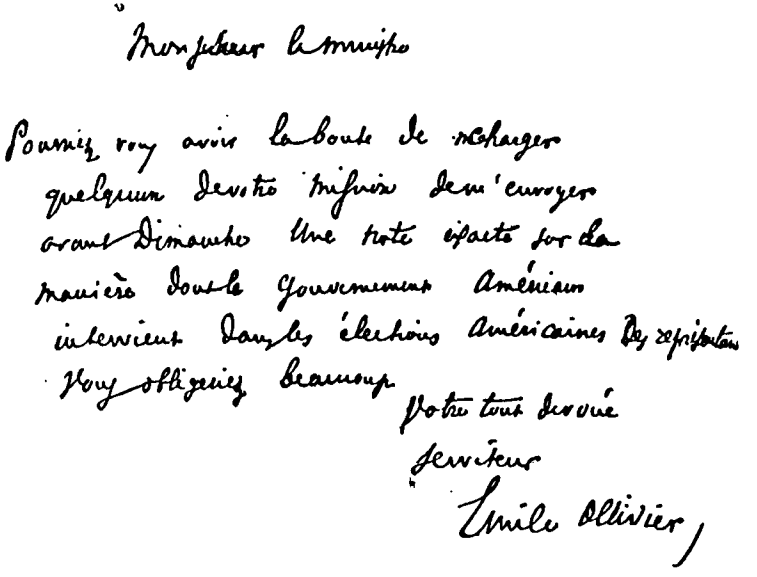
This Ollivier Ministry, or "the Ministry of the second of January," as it was sometimes called, was composed of new men, except the Minister of War and Minister of Marine, who were considered as special ministers. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, in this new deal, was Count Napoléon Daru, who was then a member of the Chamber of Deputies and one of its vice-presidents. His position was that of a liberal and a leader of the "Centre Left." His name was somewhat of an illustrious one, and was associated with the days of the First Empire. From the time of the *coup d'état* of the second of December, 1851, he had been conspicuous as its opponent. He was one of the most vigorous opponents of that *coup d'état.* He was arrested on the third of December, and underwent some days of imprisonment at Vincennes. Oscar de La Fayette, the grandson of General La Fayette, who was at that time a colleague of the Count Daru in the Chamber, once told me that he and the Count were arrested at the same time, and that he underwent, with Daru, some days of imprisonment at Vincennes, and that they both slept on the same bench in the casemates of that fortress. It is said he hesitated about going into the ministry, unless he had assurance from the Emperor, personally, that he would be satisfied with him. Count Daru was a man greatly esteemed by all parties, as a man of probity,

honor and ability. He was an Orleanist, and a great friend to M. Thiers. He was a gentleman of some sixty-three years of age, gray headed, of fine personal appearance and courteous manners. After his leaving the ministry, I never had the pleasure of meeting Count Daru, except on one occasion, which was at an official dinner party. This new ministry was very well received in France. Many looked forward to a new era of peace, prosperity, and the foundation of a truly parliamentary government. To all outward appearances, the Ollivier Ministry was getting along satisfactorily until about the middle of April, 1870, when a break occurred by the peremptory retirement of M. Daru, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Buffet, Minister of Finance. People had supposed that the constitutional ministry was in a fair way to surmount all obstacles, and to assure the safe transition from the personal to the parliamentary *régime*. But a sudden change came, relating, it is said, to the proposed *senatûs-consultum*, or constitutional amendment. The outgoing members of the ministry were not satisfied with the 13th article of the *senatûs-consultum*, which provided for an appeal to the people directly, by the Emperor, and without any intervention whatever by the parliamentary bodies. These outgoing members of the ministry did not believe that the reversion of that power to the Emperor, exclusively, was compatible with a parliamentary government. They did not believe that the Emperor should have the power to introduce any modification he might please, into the constitution, subject only to the approval of the people consulted by an appeal to their suffrages in *plébiscite*. They considered that to be an encroachment upon the parliamentary *régime*, to which they have given a pledge by going into the ministry. Rather than do that, they preferred to

surrender their portfolios. Many efforts were made to retain both Daru and Buffet in the ministry, but they proved unavailing.

After M. Ollivier took charge of the department of Foreign Affairs, I was necessarily brought into relations with him. I always found him very pleasant and agreeable. He was a man of intelligence, ability, and large experience in public life. He had distinguished himself by his oratory in the legislative body. His manners were plain and unostentatious, and he was thoroughly democratic. He never wore any decorations, and always refrained from going into court circles, which involved the wearing of a court dress. On one occasion, just before the fall of the Empire, and when he was Minister of Foreign Affairs *ad interim*, he made a speech of great power and eloquence, in the Senate, which was received with unbounded applause. Finishing his speech, he immediately left the Chamber and went on foot and alone, through the crowded streets to the Foreign Office. The Ollivier Ministry fell miserably, on the tenth of July, 1870, just after the reception of the news in Paris of the disasters of the French armies. He left Paris soon after the revolution of the fourth of September, going at first to Fontainebleau, where, fearing for his safety, he sought refuge in Italy. He did not return to Paris until the first days of 1874, on the occasion of his reception at the Académie Française, of which he had been elected a member, replacing M. de Lamartine, on the seventh of April, 1874. After his return to France, he took up his residence in the Department of the Var, at his country seat, where, as a private citizen, he has since resided, engaged in literary pursuits. M. Ollivier had become very unpopular in France, at the time of the fall of his ministry; and what contributed very much to

that unpopularity, was a declaration which, it was alleged, he had made in the Chamber of Deputies, just before the breaking out of the war. He certainly showed himself wanting in statesmanship and caution. When the news reached Paris, reporting a pretended insult to the French Ambassador at Ems, which was immediately denied by the Ambassador, M. Ollivier jumped before reaching the style, and, in the Chamber, pronounced these imprudent remarks: "From this day commences,



Fac Simile of a Note from M. Ollivier.

for the ministers, my colleagues and myself, a grand responsibility; *nous l'acceptons d'un cœur léger.*" It is but fair to say that M. Ollivier always denied that he had used the language in the sense attributed to him.

I had heard much gabble, both in the United States and among the Americans who were residing in Paris, about the beggarly figure which the United States cut in Paris. They believed that the government should keep up a princely establishment and give a princely salary to

the minister there. I never wanted to see anything of the kind. Apropos of that matter, I wrote to a friend as follows:

"Matters are well as they are. The salary is ample for all practical purposes, and ought not to be increased. If a man have a big fortune, and wants to make a splurge on his own account, he can do so. But if with little fortune, like myself, let him attend to the business with which his government has entrusted him, treat his compatriots with invariable courtesy and politeness, protect them in all their rights, and there can be no reasonable grounds of complaint."

On the twelfth of May, 1870, the Diplomatic Corps met with a great loss in the death of Count de Stackelberg, the Russian Ambassador at the court of France. As the diplomatic representative of Russia, I found him, as I did all Russians of official position, most friendly to our own country. I was brought into pleasant relations with him, and always found him a frank and cordial gentleman, ever manifesting the most friendly interest in the affairs of our country.

There was a vote on the *plébiscite*, that is, on the adoption of the *senatûs-consultum*, or constitutional amendments, on the eighth of May, 1870. The election was a very quiet one, not only in Paris, but throughout France. I was at Tours on the day of the election, and was much interested in the quiet and orderly manner in which it was conducted. Previously, on the twenty-first of March, 1870, I was present at Tours, at the High Court, which had been designated to try Prince Pierre Bonaparte for shooting Victor Noir. The jury was drawn from the Councils General of eighty-nine departments. The trial of a prince of the blood was an occasion of great interest and of a great deal of excitement. I was much interested in the manner in which the trial was conducted. It resulted in the acquittal of the prince.

M. Ollivier remained in the Foreign Office as Minister of Foreign Affairs *ad interim*, until about the middle of May, when he was replaced by the Duke de Gramont, French Ambassador to the court of Vienna. On the nineteenth the Duke received the Diplomatic Corps for the first time. Like all French officials with whom I had met, he was a courteous gentleman. He spoke the English language very well. The Duchess, being an English lady, the Duke was better informed in respect to English and American affairs than most Frenchmen.

On the 12th of June, 1870, the French government named Prévost-Paradol as Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, replacing M. Berthemy who was transferred to Brussels. It had always seemed to me very strange that the French Ministers to the United States were generally anxious to get back to Europe and take positions in the diplomatic service, even in the most unimportant countries. And so it was, as I understood it, that M. Berthemy had requested to be transferred to Brussels. The French government was very glad to have a vacancy at Washington, in order to show its appreciation for M. Prévost-Paradol, who had been distinguished as a journalist and a Liberal, and particularly known as having written much about the United States, and as being a great friend of our country. I had seen much of M. Paradol in society before he left Paris. I found him one of the most charming of gentlemen. He spoke English perfectly, and was very agreeable in manner and conversation, and in thorough sympathy with the United States. Dining with me on the 16th of June, 1870, he took his departure the next day for Washington, in excellent health and in fine spirits. He was well received at Washington, where his liberal sentiments and admiration for our country were well known. Nothing had been

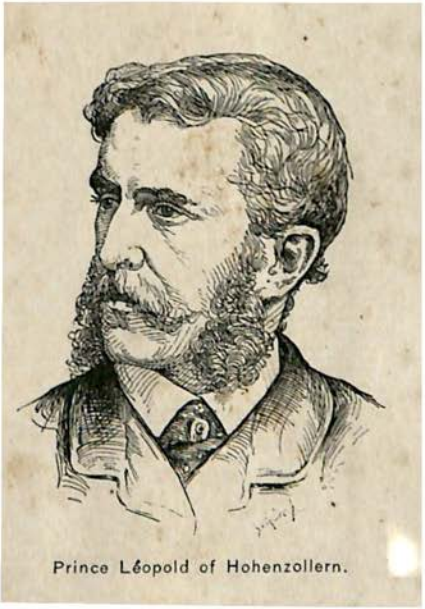
received at Paris indicating that there was anything wrong with M. Paradol at Washington. But, on the 21st of July, 1870, I received a dispatch from the Secretary of State, announcing his sudden death, and stating that the President had directed, as a mark of respect for the French government, that a guard of honor be placed at the residence of the late minister. I immediately transmitted this information to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and accompanied it with a note, stating that my government would share with the government of His Majesty, the Emperor, its appreciation for the loss of a man so distinguished and of so much promise as M. Prévost-Paradol. This was the first news that had been received of the suicide of M. Paradol, and it caused great sorrow throughout Paris, where he was so well known and so much respected and beloved.

CHAPTER II.

THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

Significance of the Hohenzollern Incident—King William's rumored insult to the French Ambassador—Some Traits of the Emperor and Empress of France—Americans at Court—The last grand Dinner at the Tuileries—War Declared—German Subjects placed under the Protection of the United States Minister—An Important Question in International Law.

TOWARDS the last of June, 1870, there arose what is known as the "Hohenzollern incident," which assumed so much importance, as it led up to the Franco-German War. In June, 1868, Queen Isabella had been chased from Spain, and had sought refuge in France. The Spanish Cortes, maintaining the monarchical form, offered the Crown of Spain to Prince Hohenzollern, a relation of the King of Prussia. The French Minister at Madrid telegraphed that Prince Léopold Hohenzollern had been nominated to the throne of Spain, and had accepted. This produced the utmost excitement and indignation among the French people. The Paris press teemed with articles more or less violent, calling on the government to prevent this outrage, even at the cost of

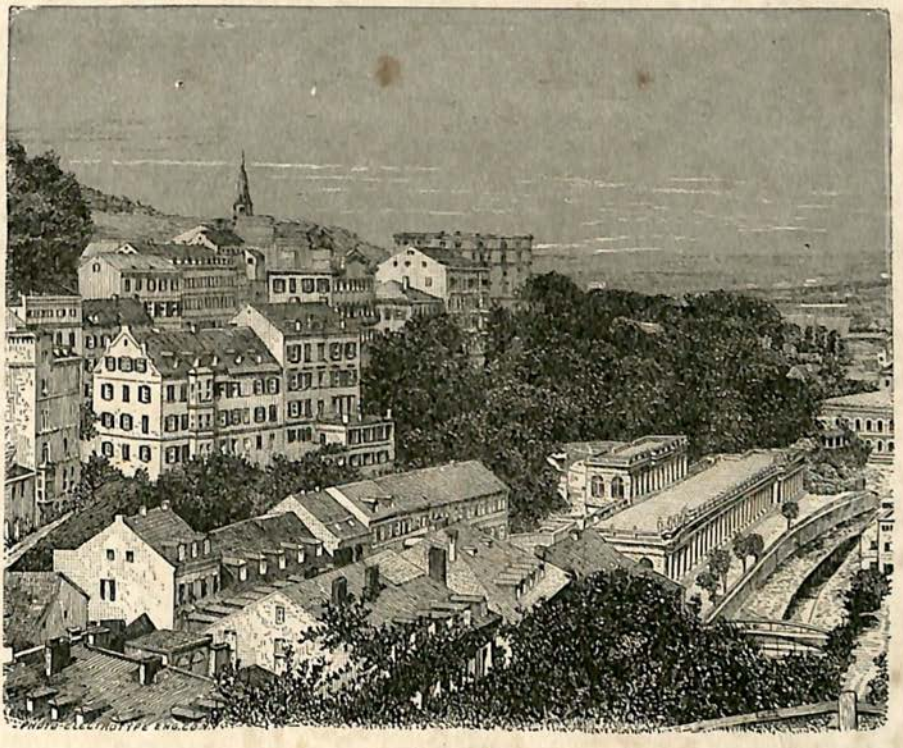


Prince Léopold of Hohenzollern.

war. The journals of all shades were unanimous in the matter, contending that it was an insult and a peril to France, and could not be tolerated. The Opposition in the Chamber made the incident an occasion for attacking the government, alleging that it was owing to its weak and vacillating policy that France was indebted to her fresh humiliation. The government journals, however, laid the whole blame upon the ambition of Count Bismarck, who had become to them a *bête noire*. He was charged with doing everything for the grandeur of Prussia and the unification of Germany, all of which, they alleged, was on account of his hatred of France. The Duke de Gramont, Minister of Foreign Affairs, was interpellated in the Chamber on the subject, and, in reply, declared that France would not permit any foreign power to place one of its princes upon the throne of Charles V., and disturb, to the detriment of France, the present equilibrium of Europe. All parties in the Chamber received this declaration with the utmost enthusiasm. The Opposition members, who were largely in the minority, made as much noise as the government deputies. Much of this was owing to the personal feeling against Bismarck, and both parties vied with each other in showing the extent of their dislike to the great Prussian Chancellor. Much pressure was soon brought to bear in the proper quarters; the result of this was the withdrawal of the Hohenzollern candidacy. Explanations were made, better counsels seemed to prevail, and all immediate trouble appeared averted.

It seemed quite certain that all danger of a war between France and Germany was at an end, and all being quiet on the banks of the Seine, on the 3d of July I left Paris in pursuit of health and recreation at the healing waters of Carlsbad, of far-off Bohemia. I was in excel-

lent relations with the Duke de Gramont, and everything appeared to be serene. I had hardly reached Carlsbad, when scanty news was received of a somewhat threatening character. I could hardly believe that anything very serious was likely to result; yet I was somewhat uneasy. Going to drink the water at one of the health-giving springs, early in the morning of July 15th, my Alsatian



Carlsbad.

valet brought me the startling news, that a private telegram, received at midnight, gave the intelligence that France had declared war against Germany. The news fell upon the thousands of visitors and the people of Carlsbad, like a clap of thunder in a cloudless sky, and the most intense excitement prevailed. The nearest railroad station to Carlsbad, at that time, was Eger,

thirty miles distant. The visitors were then all dependent upon the *diligence*, which only left Carlsbad at night. I immediately determined to return to Paris, as my post of duty. Hiring my seat in the diligence, I rode all night from Carlsbad to Eger. Taking the railroad from Eger to Paris, and passing through Bavaria, Baden, Darmstadt and the valley of the Rhine, the excitement was something prodigious, recalling to me the days at home of the firing upon Sumter, in 1861. The troops were rushing to the depots; the trains were all blocked, and confusion everywhere reigned supreme. After great delays, and much discomfort, and a journey of fifty-two hours, I reached Paris at ten o'clock at night, July 18th. The great masses of people, naturally so excitable and turbulent, had been maddened by the false news so skilfully disseminated, that King William, at Ems, had insulted the French nation through its Ambassador. The streets, the boulevards, the avenues, were filled with people in the greatest state of enthusiasm and excitation. The Champs Elysées, with its brilliant and flashing gaslights, and all the cafés and open-air concert gardens, were encumbered by an immense multitude, who filled the air with cries of "*à Berlin en huit jours*," and whose hearts were set on fire by the refrain of the *Marseillaise*, that hymn of free France:

"*Allons enfants de la Patrie,*
Le jour de gloire est arrivé."

It soon turned out that all the reports which had been spread over Paris, that King William had insulted the French Ambassador were utterly false, and had not the slightest foundation. The French Ambassador, M. Benedetti, denied that he had received the least indignity from the Emperor. The plain truth seemed to be that

the French Ambassador courteously approached the Emperor, while walking in the garden of the Kursaal, and spoke to him in relation to the pending difficulties then existing between the two countries. The good old king was kind and polite, as he always is to every one with whom he comes in contact, and when M. Benedetti commenced talking in relation to matters of such a grave character, he politely stated that he would have to talk upon such questions with the German Foreign Office. All that was very proper, and nobody thought of it, or supposed that there was any indignity, as there was not the slightest intended. The very spot where this meeting took place is now marked by a stone tablet, bearing the date of the incident. The exaggerations in Paris and France of this simple incident surpassed all bounds, and they were apparently made to inflame the people still more. It really appeared that the Government of France had determined to have war with Germany, *coûte que coûte.* The alleged causes growing out of the talk that Germany was to put a German prince on the throne of Spain were but a mere pretext. The Hohenzollern candidature had been withdrawn, and there was no necessity or sense in any further trouble. But the truth was that, after eighteen years of peace, the courtiers and adventurers who surrounded the Emperor seemed to think that it was about time to have

M. Benedetti.

a war, to awaken the martial spirit of the French people, to plant the French eagles in triumph in the capital of some foreign country, and, as a consequence, to fix firmly on the throne the son of Napoleon the Third, and restore to the Imperial crown the lustre it had lost. It seemed to be very clear to my mind that if the Emperor had been left to himself, war would have been averted. I am quite sure that his heart was never in the venture. He had just entered upon his scheme of a parliamentary government, and everything promised a substantial success. I think he was sincere in his wish to introduce certain real reforms into his government.

General Dix, who saw much of the Emperor while he was minister, once spoke of him to me in the highest terms, and said that he had always found him liberal and just, and he believed him to be patriotic; that he was a great deal better than the ministers who surrounded him. But I will not undertake to give here an estimate of the Emperor, whose remarkable history has been so differently judged. Though falling from power, and dying in a foreign land, it would be idle to deny that his memory as a Bonaparte was held in reverence and affection by a large and powerful body of the French people. He was of short stature, with a dull face and heavy manners; sober, reflective, somewhat taciturn, he showed none of the vivacity which is generally supposed to be a part of the French character. He was intelligent and thoughtful, and a good judge of men. He called about him able, sagacious, but sometimes not very scrupulous, associates. But such was the character of his official and personal intercourse, that he always attached to his fortunes those with whom he was brought in contact. But what will always remain as a stain on his memory was his *coup d'état* of December, 1851, which must go down in

NAPOLEON III.

history as one of the blackest crimes which ever smirched the ruler of a great people. Victor Hugo, in speaking of this matter, said: "In one night, liberty was struck down by a hand sworn to support it; the inviolability of the law, the rights of the citizen, the dignity of the magistrate, the honor of the soldier, all disappeared; and there arose the despotism of a personal government, founded on the sabre, perjury, murder, and assassination."

My own personal and official relations with the Emperor, extending over a year, were of the most pleasant character. I never received anything but kindness at his hands. I never assumed that his polite conduct had any reference to me personally. The United States, having astonished all Europe by triumphantly crushing out the most stupendous rebellion the world had ever known, after one of the greatest wars in history, had assumed the first rank among the leading Powers of the world. The Emperor, perhaps reproaching himself for the hostility he had excited in our country by his ill-fated Mexican expedition, and desiring to reinstate himself in the esteem of our government, professed the greatest regard for our people, from whom, he used to say, he had in his exile received the most marked consideration and kindness.

The Empress was unlike the Emperor. Of Spanish birth, she had the manners and the grace of a French woman; about medium height, with a graceful form, regular features, and beautiful teeth, her black eyes and hair revealed the Castilian blood; intelligent, bright, fond of society, with a kind word for all, she captivated the Court and the aristocratic society of Paris. She must have the credit of having been especially polite to our own country-people, whom she always greeted with the most charming affability in the gorgeous *salons* of the Tuileries. It was sometimes said that the marked

politeness she showed to our fair countrywomen was for the reason that she was desirous to give *éclat* to her balls by the presence of our American ladies, whose beauty, grace and splendid toilets added so much to the brilliancy of those magnificent *fêtes*. But while she enjoyed this popularity in official and Court circles, she was much disliked by the anti-clerical masses of the French people. She was accused of exercising too great an influence over the Emperor and Court, and charged with having instigated the Mexican Expedition, which cost France so much blood and treasure.

It was in the month of January, 1870, that I made my first presentations of Americans to the Court. Those presentations were great events, particularly in the estimation of the American colony, which was, at that time, very large. It had really become a feature in the social and official life of Paris. Many American families had taken up their residences in that city. The colony was composed of wealthy and intelligent people who had generally lived in the cities at home, and had seen much of society. The wives and daughters were remarkable for their beauty, their graceful manners, and superb costumes. These presentations were the subject of conversation in fashionable American circles long before they took place. Everything was done at the palace to make them as agreeable and attractive as possible. There was a larger number of fashionable people in the American colony than in that of any other nationality. The chamberlain of the palace was very liberal in giving out invitations to my compatriots. Indeed, there were a greater number of Americans presented than of any other nationality, even the English. As the time approached, I was advised that I would be authorized to make twenty-eight presentations; that being known, American society was

all agog. A presentation was considered to be *the thing*, as it gave the person presented a status in society which could not be had without it. Many Americans desiring to be presented—a number greatly in excess of that I was permitted to present—it became to me a matter of great embarrassment to discriminate between those who, from their rank and position, had equal claims.

On the evening of the presentation, there was great excitement in the American colony. The ladies had already procured their magnificent toilets, and the gentlemen their court costumes. The law having forbidden me to wear a court dress, by virtue of my position I was not obliged to put on any uniform, and went simply in evening dress. Everything was arranged at the palace in the most gorgeous style, and the most perfect arrangements had been made for the occasion. All the *salons* were beautifully lighted and decorated, and the echoes of delightful music fell upon all ears. My compatriots, the ladies in their superb dresses, and the gentlemen in court costume, all met in the *salon* designated for that purpose.

When the time for the presentation arrived, all entered the grand hall of reception and took their places under the direction of the chamberlain, in two long files, the gentlemen in one and the ladies in the other. At a given hour, the Emperor and Empress entered this hall of reception, and when the time came for the presentation of my *nationaux* to them, I went down the line occupied by the gentlemen and introduced each one of them personally to "His Majesty." Speaking English quite well, the Emperor had a pleasant word for them all. After the presentation of the gentlemen to the Emperor, it came my turn to introduce the ladies to the Empress. Nothing could exceed the grace and cordial-

ity of her manner toward my fair countrywomen. After accompanying her along the long line and introducing her specially to every lady, we reached the foot of the line. I had familiarized myself with the names of the large number of ladies, and there was no hesitancy in my presentations. The Empress was apparently surprised at my success in calling out all the names. She said to me, "How is it possible, Mr. Washburne, that you could remember all those names?" The truth was that my electioneering through nine congressional campaigns stood me in good part. I had found that the recollection of names and faces is a cultivated talent. It is vastly important that a candidate should remember the people to whom he is introduced, and I had made it a point, always, when I was introduced to any one, to fix in my mind something in regard to the person and manner, so that I should not forget them. And so it was, after following this up for nearly twenty years, I very rarely forgot the name and the face of any person to whom I was introduced, even in the most casual manner.

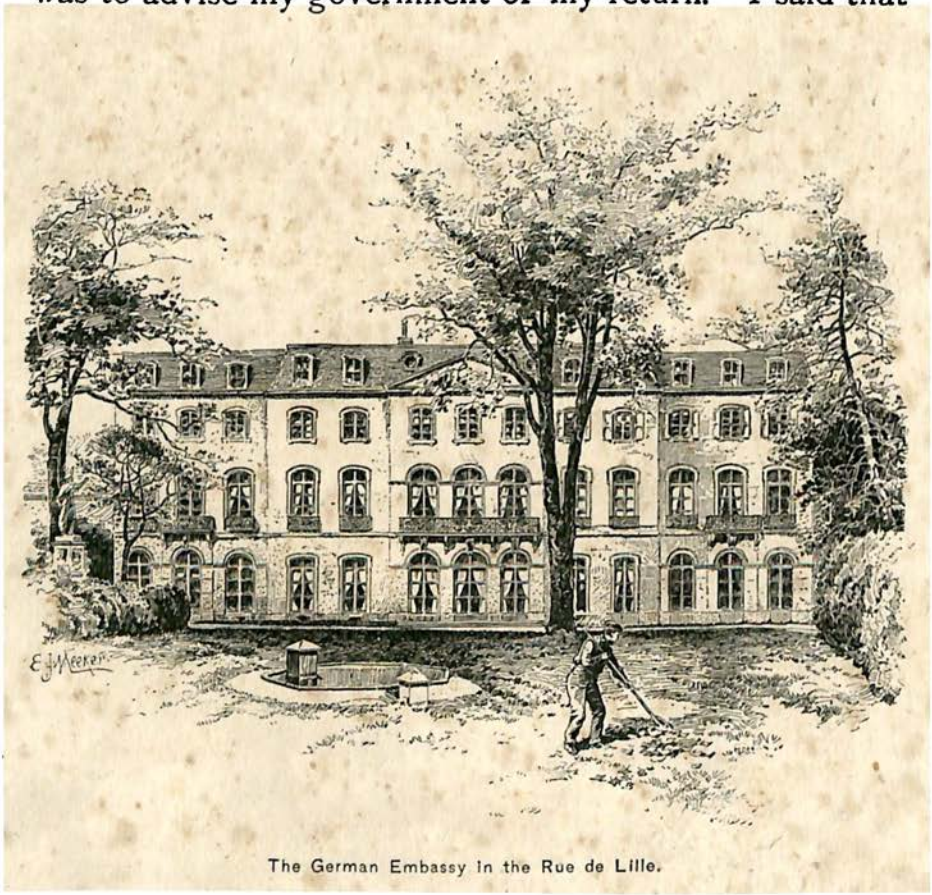
The last grand dinner given at the Tuileries was on Tuesday night, June 7th, 1870. It was in honor of the United States Minister and Mrs. Washburne. It was a large dinner, and was served in the usual elegant style of all official dinners. The Emperor appeared in good health and spirits, yet I thought I saw a cloud of uneasiness over his face. He made inquiries of me in regard to the postal treaty, and, as was always the case when I met him, inquired very kindly for the President. He alluded to the fact that he was going to send Prévost-Paradol as Minister to the United States, and said that while M. Paradol was a very "clever man," he had yet to learn diplomacy. I replied that the relations of the two countries were then so pleasant and cordial that it would

not require much skill in that line. He answered that he believed and hoped so. I speak of this occasion, as it was the last time that I ever saw the Emperor. Matters soon after began to drift toward war, and that state of things required all his time and attention until he finally left the gorgeous old palace of St. Cloud to take command of the army, July 28th, 1870, never to return to France.

War having been declared by France against Germany, I found, on my return to Paris, July 18th, 1870, that the German Ambassador to Paris had applied to my secretary, then *chargé d'affaires, ad interim,* to have the United States Minister take charge of the subjects of the North German Confederation, residing in France. The government at Washington was telegraphed to in relation to the matter, and answered that its minister would be authorized to do so, provided the French government would assent. That assent was promptly given by the Duke de Gramont. Soon after, similar requests came to me to take under my protection the Saxons, the subjects of Hesse and Saxe-Coburg Gotha, together with the archives of their legations. Having first received the assent of the Duke de Gramont to take under my protection the subjects of the North German Confederation, the Count Solms, *chargé d'affaires* of the North German Confederation, who still remained in Paris, sent to the United States legation the most valuable of their archives, upon which I placed our seal. I also took charge of the German embassy in Paris, and placed over it the American flag. The *concierge* of the embassy having been forced to leave, I placed it under the charge of two young and trustworthy Americans, who had been residents of my own Congressional district, in Illinois. These young men courageously occupied the embassy until the

close of hostilities; and, though sometimes threats were made, there was never any violence offered to the embassy or its guardians.

The day after my return to Paris, I took charge of my legation, and relieved the *chargé d'affaires.* My first duty was to advise my government of my return. I said that



The German Embassy in the Rue de Lille.

I deemed it my duty to remain at my post and gather all possible information to be transmitted promptly to Washington for the guidance of our government in the face of the events then existing. I stated that I should not assume the *rôle* of a partisan, but should endeavor to give the facts, and comment thereon without prejudice or bias.

When I was writing my dispatch to the government, Count Solms, the *chargé d'affaires* of the North German Confederation, came into my legation to say that the notice of the declaration of war had been received at Berlin, and he had been directed to leave Paris immediately, with the entire *personnel* of the embassy. It was on the next day that the German archives were sent to my legation.

At the time of my arrival at Paris from Carlsbad, it was not fully known what was to be the exact status of the South German states. Saxony had already taken its position, and its diplomatic representative at the French Court had already left Paris. The *chargé d'affaires* came to me on the afternoon following the evening of my return to Paris, to say that he was requested by his sovereign to ask the protection of the United States legation for the subjects of Saxony and for the archives of that legation, the same as had been accorded to the North German Confederation. I told him to make his request in writing, and I would apply for the assent of the French government; and, if accorded, I felt certain that I should be carrying out the wishes of my government to extend its protection to the subjects of Saxony, as well as to the archives of the Saxon legation. On the 19th of July he turned over to our legation the archives of his embassy. He expressed himself to me as much gratified with the courtesy which I had extended to him in receiving the archives and in assuming the protection of the subjects of his sovereign.

Having taken the direction of German affairs in Paris, within the understood limit, on the 22d of July I addressed the following letter to the State Department at Washington:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
PARIS, *July* 22, 1870. (Received August 3).

Count Solms, *chargé d'affaires* of the North German Confederation, left here for Berlin on Wednesday night, after turning over to this legation the archives of the embassy to which he belonged. He expressed himself as much gratified with the courtesy which we have extended to him in receiving the archives of his embassy, and in assuming the protection of the subjects of the sovereign whom he represented.

Many subjects of the North German Confederacy found themselves here upon the formal declaration of war, and the Count left with me sufficient funds to pay the expenses of a certain number of them, who would be directed to call at this legation to obtain the proper authorization to leave the French territory. Accordingly many have presented themselves during the past three days to receive some proper instrument that will enable them to go out of France. I was unwilling to give any paper or certificate, in the nature of a *visa*, unless I was satisfied it would be respected by the French military and civil authorities. I therefore went to the foreign office yesterday to state the case and to ascertain whether these North German subjects would be permitted to leave, and, if so, upon what kind of a protection, to be issued by me. I was there advised that it was a somewhat serious question, and that it would be best for me to state my object in writing. I then addressed a letter to the Duke de Gramont, a copy of which is herewith inclosed, marked A. I was promised an answer to this letter before this time; but now, at five o'clock P.M., it has not come, and will not in season to send you a translation of it by the dispatch-bag which leaves to-night and goes by the way of England.

Yours, &c., E. B. WASHBURNE.

Being somewhat at loss in respect to my position as protector of the Germans, and as to how far the French government would sustain me in carrying out my views of duty in the premises, I addressed the following official communication, on July 21st, to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
PARIS, *July* 21, 1870.

Referring to the letter of Colonel Hoffman, of the 17th instant, to Your Excellency in relation to putting the subjects of the North German Confederation residing in French territory under the protection of this

legation, and the response of Your Excellency of the following day, giving the entire consent of the French Government thereto, I have the honor to state that quite a number of the citizens of the North German Confederation, finding themselves in Paris at the time of the declaration of war, have applied to me for such protection as will enable them to leave the French territory. I have, therefore, now to apply to Your Excellency to know whether any certificate in the nature of a *visa*, given by me to these subjects of the North German Confederation, will be so far respected as to enable them to pass into the neutral territory of Belgium. I have to state that there will be no more than one hundred of these persons, and they are mostly poor men who have been necessarily detained here by reasons over which they had no control, and who are extremely desirous of leaving France.

In this connection I beg leave to observe that I only desire to conform to what is due to the function which I have undertaken in this respect, with the assent of the government of His Majesty the Emperor. While, perhaps, under a strict construction of public law, the government of His Majesty would have the absolute right to treat as enemies of war all of the subjects of the North German Confederation finding themselves in France after the 19th instant, yet under the modern and more humane interpretation given to that right, the government of His Majesty might deem it consistent with its views to permit these men to leave the territory of France within the reasonable time which the text-writers observe has become the usual concession of nations engaged in war.

I will thank you to advise me upon this subject at the earliest convenient moment, so that I can inform these men in regard to their application. If permission be granted, I beg to request that I may be informed of the nature of the certificate to be given by me, which will be respected by the military and civil authorities of His Majesty's government. . . . . .

E. B. WASHBURNE.

His Excellency the DUKE DE GRAMONT, etc., etc.

I saw at once that my position was a very difficult, as well as responsible and embarrassing one. I could not find that there had ever been a case of the kind where so many interests, and where so many people had been concerned. No particular rule had ever been laid down under such circumstances. I was obliged to grope in the dark, fear-

ing that if I avoided Scylla, I might be wrecked on Charybdis. On the 23d day of July, 1870, I received the following official communication from the Duke de Gramont, in answer to my letter of the 21st:

PARIS, *July* 23, 1870.

MR. MINISTER: You have done me the honor to inform me that a large number of persons belonging to the North German Confederation have asked your good offices to enable them to return to their country, passing through Belgian territory, and you are good enough to ask me at the same time if the passports given or signed by you would constitute sufficient evidence to assure security in the journey to these persons.

As you have seen, Mr. Minister, by the notice inserted in the Journal Officiel of the 20th of this month, the government of the Emperor has decided that German citizens will be at liberty to continue their residence in France, and that they will enjoy the protection of our laws as before the war, as long as their conduct does not give any legitimate cause of complaint. Nothing is altered in the design of His Majesty in this regard.

In regard to that which now concerns the North Germans who desire to leave the territory of the empire in order to return into their own country, the government of the Emperor is disposed to accede to the desires of those individuals who are past the age of active military service, reserving the right to examine each particular case as it is presented. Regarding the national confederates who do not find themselves in this situation, and who would like to leave France to respond to the summons of their government which calls them lawfully to return to bear arms against us, the government of the Emperor will not allow their departure. In adopting this line of conduct we have the desire to reconcile, in an equitable degree, the considerations due to respectable private interests with the legitimate exigencies of a state of war. You will please to observe, sir, that the confederate Prussians, whose departure from our territory we prevent for the moment, can with difficulty invoke in their favor the general principles of the law of nations, or the doctrine of the text-writers on this subject. In fact, the German subjects, whom the decision, which I have the honor to inform you of, concerns, cannot legally be considered as simply private individuals, nor be assimilated to merchants; they are incontestably persons bound to military service as soldiers of the active army or of the landwehr. Now no rule of inter-

national law obliges a belligerent to allow to depart from his territory subjects of the enemy, who, from the day of their return to their own country, will be enrolled in the ranks to take part in the hostilities. I will add, in conclusion, that except the obstacle put in the way of their departure from France, the German citizens in question will enjoy the most complete liberty to attend to their business, to carry on their commerce, their industries, or their professions; in other words, they will be precisely on the same footing as those of their compatriots mentioned in the official note of the 20th of this month.

Accept the assurances of the high consideration with which I have the honor to be, sir, your very humble and obedient servant.

GRAMONT.

Mr. WASHBURNE,
Minister of the United States.

I considered that the French government, in acting on the principles laid down by the Duke de Gramont, had violated all the well-established principles of public law, as they were understood and acted upon in our country, and I could not give them even an implied assent. I therefore lost no time in addressing the following official communication to him, in reply to his despatch of July 23d:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
PARIS, *July* 25, 1870.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of Your Excellency's communication of the 23d, in reply to mine of the 21st, asking information in behalf of North German confederate subjects desiring to quit French territory.

Your Excellency's communication seems to assume the probability that more or less of these applicants are desirous of quitting France to answer to the summons of their own government to bear arms against France, under the provisions of the laws of the North German Confederation. Without undertaking to contest the exactness of this assumption, or without undertaking to inform Your Excellency whether any or what portion of these applicants are to be found outside of the present limits of liability to bear arms in the ranks of the Confederation in case of their return to North Germany, matters upon which I have not particularly informed myself, you will allow me to remark, in loyal fulfil-

ment of the function that has been confided to me in this regard, that I was not prepared to learn that the exception now proposed to be made by the government of His Majesty to the disadvantage of a portion, perhaps the largest portion, of the applicants would be insisted on, viz., that a liability to perform military service in the home army constitutes a sufficient reason for the refusal of the ordinary privilege of quitting foreign belligerent territory, on the outbreak of a war between that foreign government and the home nation. If the exception stated by Your Excellency is to constitute a settled principle of international comity—for I at once concede that there is no question of *absolute right*, but only of comity or social civilization involved in the decision in the case of these applicants—then I beg leave to suggest that the exception becomes the rule, and that the privilege of returning to one's own country at the outbreak of a war becomes a mere nullity; since, of what male subject, of whatever age or of whatever condition of life, may it not be affirmed that at some time or under some circumstances he may be compelled to join the ranks of his country's armies in her defence; say in some sudden or extreme emergency? And is a distinction to be made between those countries which limit the conscription of their soldiers to a very restricted section of their population and those governments which, like Prussia, the United States, and perhaps Switzerland, bring much the larger proportion of their citizens under the reach of the law of military service? Will Your Excellency allow me respectfully to suggest that, in the limited examination which I have been able to give to this subject, I find the line of exception now suggested to His Majesty's government to the general concessions usually made in favor of foreign subjects wishing to quit belligerent territory an entirely new one. Even in feudal times, when the liability to do military duty to the sovereign lord or king was held in much greater strictness than at the present day, I do not find that the point was insisted upon of the returning liege being liable to become a hostile soldier. Certainly, under my own government, from which perhaps I borrow my prepossessions, the idea of any such distinction seems to have been long since discarded. For as early as 1798, and when hostilities between the United States and France seemed imminent, probable I may say, in reference to the departure of French subjects from United States territory, my own government, by formal statute, declared that subjects of the hostile nation, who might wish to quit the United States on the outbreak of future hostilities, should be allowed "such reasonable time as may be consistent with the public safety, and according to the dictates of humanity and national hospitality," and "for the recovery, disposal, and removal of

their goods and effects, and for their departure." (Laws of the United States, Vol. I., p. 577.) Thus Your Excellency will observe that the privilege is granted in the most unrestricted terms, without allusion to a liability to render military aid to an enemy. I need not add that the same principle is incorporated into various subsisting treaties of the United States, and that the highest American authority on public law, Chancellor Kent, considers the principle to have become an established formula of modern public law. This learned publicist, I may perhaps be permitted to add, quotes various continental publicists, including Emerigon and Vattel, as upholding and ratifying the same doctrine. (Kent's Commentaries, Vol. I., pp. 56–59.)

I trust that these suggestions of a liberal construction of the rights of departing belligerents will not be deemed inappropriate or untimely on my part, since Your Excellency does not apprise me that any public notice of the qualified restraints foreshadowed in your communication has yet been definitely made public; and since from that liberal concession in favor of belligerent residents who do not choose to depart, which His Majesty's government has published, and to which Your Excellency has alluded, I deduce an anxious desire on the part of that government to conform as much as possible to the mildest interpretation of the hardships of the laws of war.

It only remains for me to say that if His Majesty's government has definitely decided the question of the privilege of departing subjects of the North German Confederation in the limited sense which Your Excellency's communication seems to imply, it would relieve me of trouble in the way of answering personal applications, if the French Government should deem it proper to make a public announcement of its determination upon that point, or to advise me by a personal communication. I should also be glad to be informed if my own intervention or agency can be of any avail in enabling His Majesty's officials to judge of the fitness of granting the departure of those particular applicants who may happen to be without the limits of the age of military service in the North German Confederation Army, and as to which you intimate that the French government reserves to itself the right of judging each case as it shall arise.

I take the present occasion, etc., etc., etc.

E. B. WASHBURNE.

I was fortunate at this time, in having the advice and assistance, in this matter, of George Bemis, Esq., an old

friend and classmate at the Harvard Law School and a lawyer of great ability. As a publicist and writer on International Law, he had few superiors in any country. Although he is dead, I am glad to pay this tribute to his memory.

The following is the further correspondence on this subject:

The Duke de Gramont to Mr. Washburne.

PARIS, *August* 3, 1870.

SIR: I desired to answer sooner the letter which you did me honor to address me the 25th ultimo, concerning the subjects of the North German Confederation recalled to their country. The necessity of consulting with my colleague, the Minister of the Interior, whose province it is to organize the numerous details that relate in time of war to the residence of foreigners in France, and especially to that of the subjects of the enemy's nation, has been the only cause of this delay.

I am to-day able to make known to you the measures taken to assure the execution of the resolutions of the government, of which I notified you the 23d of July; but first permit me to examine briefly the observations so courteously presented in your letter cited above, on the line of conduct that the government of the Emperor has seen fit to adopt under existing circumstances, in relation to a certain class of German subjects resident in our territory at the time of the declaration of war.

It is not my intention to sift to the bottom the rights of belligerents toward the enemy's subjects. The principle itself, in virtue of which the government of the Emperor has acted, is not to the point. You have been pleased to recognize this; but, though admitting that in strict point of view our right is not contestable, it would seem to result from your remarks that the application that we had made of it partakes of those extreme consequences of the right of war which modern ideas and the progress of civilization disavow.

We attach too much importance to the preservation of the sympathy of the great republic which you represent not to try to correct your first impression in demonstrating that nothing in the measures adopted by the government of the Emperor is of a nature to make us incur the responsibility of a disregard of the laws of war, as they are recognized in our days.

In ancient law, as well as in ancient custom, the subjects of the enemy

residing in the territory were considered as prisoners upon whom could be visited all the consequences of war.

According to the modern theory, the modification of this state of things consists not in conceding to the subjects of the enemy an absolute right to leave the territory of the belligerent, but to impose upon the latter the duty of not maltreating them if it permits them to remain within its territory, and if they conduct themselves peacefully, or in case the government does not wish to keep them, to accord them a reasonable delay for leaving the country. You refer on this point to the fact that in 1798, that is to say at a moment when hostilities appeared imminent between France and the United States, it was ordered that the subjects of the enemy who desired to leave the United States were at liberty to do so. This objection has nothing in itself decisive, because what one law has done under certain circumstances, another law can modify, if there is occasion.

As to the passage from the celebrated juris-consult, quoted in your letter, I will first observe that Kent, according to the summary of his views, belongs very much more to the class of partisans of the rigorous doctrine; it is sufficient to remind you that he is in opposition to the greater part of modern writers, who maintain that war constitutes a relation between the respective states alone. Kent differs from this principle, in holding that war is also a relation between individuals, and that war once declared, the subjects of one government immediately become enemies of all the subjects of the others.

It can also be said that in the passage reproduced, Kent confines himself to mentioning the opinion of Vattel without giving his own, and in calling attention in the following paragraphs to the fact that the jurisprudence of the Supreme Court of the United States has definitively pronounced itself formally in favor of the most rigorous doctrine. (Vol. I., sec. 59.)

The most accredited German authors limit themselves to demand, as an extreme favor of the belligerents, that they accord to the unsuspected and peaceful subjects of the enemy authorization to continue to reside on the territory. It is thus that Hefter, professor of the University of Berlin, after having expressed this idea, that the subjects of the enemy should obtain a suitable delay for leaving the territory, adds: "Circumstances, nevertheless, may render necessary their provisional sequestration in order to prevent their making communications and carrying news or arms to the enemy." (Le Droit International, pp. 226, 240.)

Has the government of the Emperor done anything but apply this doctrine in the most moderate manner? Has it gone beyond what the

laws of legitimate defence allow? I do not think so; and I am persuaded, sir, that you will share my opinion if you will be pleased to examine in regard to whom and in what cases the measures in question have been taken. First, it has been decided in principle that all Prussian subjects whatever residing in our territory will be permitted to remain there, and there enjoy the protection that our laws grant to all foreigners who respect and submit to them. We had no intention of adopting any other measures as regards the subjects of the enemy, when an incident, the gravity of which could not be mistaken, and to which we could not be blind without being wanting in our first duties toward the country of which the defence is confided to us, occurred to awaken the attention of the Minister of War. Hardly had war been declared when we saw Prussian subjects, whose age called them to serve in the enemy's army, gather openly at the railway station, and there, obedient to a word of command, as if there had been a sort of recruitment practised, prepare to cross the frontier.

It was then that the government of the Emperor had to ask itself whether the favors that are consistent with a state of war could go so far as to allow our enemies freely to augment their military forces at the moment when the struggle was about to commence, and if there was no means of distinguishing between inoffensive persons and those whom we were liable to meet a few days later in the ranks of the combatants.

This distinction has been made as it should be, and we have besides the consciousness of having acted within the limit of our legitimate rights in that which concerns those even to whom the prohibition of exit applies. Nothing is changed from our previous resolution under the head of the security which is accorded to them if their conduct does not furnish motives, based upon complaints, and without our having so far the idea of using against them the odious treatment inflicted upon the French recently expelled from Baden territory.

To recapitulate, the following measures have been adopted regarding German subjects:

1st. The authorization to leave France will only be accorded individually to those over forty years of age.

2d. To those above that age there will be delivered by the Minister of the Interior a safe-conduct, which will be retained on the frontier by the agent in charge of the surveillance.

3d. The safe-conduct being retained on the frontier, will not be submitted to the *visa* of [the Members] Foreign Affairs. It is independent of the passports which the legation or the consulates of the United

States may think proper to deliver to those interested, and those passports will not be subjected to the *visa* of the Ministry of the Interior nor of that of Foreign Affairs.

4th. In case a German subject should wish to enter or return to France, the request should be addressed direct to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, or by the intermediary of the diplomatic agents.

Accept the assurance of the high consideration with which I have the honor of being, sir, your very humble and very obedient servant,

GRAMONT.

Mr. Washburne to the Duke de Gramont.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
PARIS, *August* 9, 1870.

SIR : I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 3d instant, in which you inform me of the decision of His Majesty's government respecting the granting permission to the subjects of the North German Confederation to quit France.

As Your Excellency apprises me of the decision as a definite one, it does not become me to discuss it any longer as an open question ; but inasmuch as certain observations of Your Excellency in regard to the action of the American Government under similar circumstances, and to the opinion of one of its leading publicists upon the points involved in discussion, seem to invite, if not to require, some further notice on my part, I beg leave very briefly to say a few words in reply to those observations. I do so chiefly because I feel confident that my government will take deep interest in the decision of the question now raised in this discussion, and because I am sure that it will be very desirous that its true position in regard to it should not be misunderstood.

Your Excellency remarks, in reference to the statute of the United States of the 6th of July, 1798, which I had the honor to cite in order to show its settled practice and policy on this head, that the argument to be derived from it has "nothing decisive in it, because what one statute has ordained under certain circumstances, another statute can modify, if there is occasion so to do." In reply to this suggestion, permit me to call Your Excellency's attention to the fact that the law in question has now stood on the statute-book of the United States for more than seventy years; that it has remained untouched and unchanged in the particular in question during the only foreign wars which the United States has had during that time, viz., with Great Britain in 1812,

and with Mexico in 1847; and that if the United States was justly committed to that policy in 1798, when it had only a population of 3,000,000, mostly indigenous to the soil, it is now infinitely more pledged to it, when out of its population of 35,000,000 to 40,000,000 so large a proportion of her citizens are of recent emigration, and when American citizens are to be found outside of her limits in vast multitudes, at any moment that a foreign war might arise. Could Your Excellency believe that under such circumstances my government would give its assent to a principle, or think for a moment of repealing a law, the effect of which, if imitated by foreign nations, would be that every one of its numerous citizens in foreign parts would be liable to be detained in any hostile country, with whom the United States might happen to engage in hostilities, because all such citizens are held liable at home, as in this case, to be called on to do military duty? No! I pray Your Excellency to consider the statute provision referred to, tested as it has been by a long series of years, and reiterated in sentiment as it has been over and over again in numerous subsequent treaties of the United States with other powers, as rather a fundamental, organic element of American policy, than as a passing temporary ordinance which could readily yield to the slightest pressure of a change of circumstances. In this sense I beg to put it upon the same platform as the neutrality statutes of the United States, which have remained essentially the same, notwithstanding numerous grave crises, ever since their first enactment in 1793.

Your Excellency is pleased to pay the compliment to the distinguished American publicist Kent, whose opinion I took the liberty to cite, to say, that in regard to another passage quoted by me he limits himself to repeating the opinion of another, without expressing his own. In regard to this statute, however, Your Excellency will observe that he speaks for himself of it, as "dictated by a humane and enlightened policy" (Vol. I., Commentaries, p. 58); and I understand him to extend the same comment to English and French laws of the days of Edward III. and Henry VIII. of England, and the ordinance of Charles V. of France, which declared at that early day that "foreign merchants who should be in France at the time of declaration of war shall have nothing to fear, for they should have liberty to depart freely with their effects."

Will Your Excellency also allow me to make, in regard to the passage wherein you say Chancellor Kent contents himself with citing Vattel without giving his own opinion, that the learned chancellor says (five lines earlier, page 56) in his own person that "such stipulations (as al-

lowing foreign subjects a reasonable time after the war breaks out to recover and dispose of their effects, or to withdraw them) have now become an established *formula* in commercial treaties." If this should seem to be limited to the right of the foreigner to withdraw *his property* only, and not *his person*, I beg to ask if the concession of the lesser privilege does not, *a fortiori*, imply that of the greater. How can one be supposed to be able to withdraw his goods and effects [without] withdrawing himself also? Vattel, in the passage immediately following (as do most of the writers on public law which I have had an opportunity to consult), puts the two concessions upon the same common co-ordinate basis. And since Your Excellency has done me the honor to refer to Vattel in connection with Kent, will you permit me to call your attention to the fact that the American commentator, in quoting Vattel, fails to translate into English the full force of the Swiss publicist's *dictum*, which I beg leave to characterize as one of the most forcible as well as most accurate expressions of the sentiments which I am trying to express in behalf of my government that can anywhere be found. With Your Excellency's permission, I will quote the whole paragraph from the original French:

"Le souverain qui déclare la guerre ne peut retenir les sujets de l'ennemi qui se trouvent dans ses états au moment de la déclaration, non plus que leurs effets; ils sont venus chez lui sur la foi publique; en leur permettant d'entrer dans ses terres et d'y séjourner, il leur a promis tacitement toute liberté et toute sûreté pour le retour. Il doit donc leur marquer un temps convenable pour se retirer avec leurs effets; et s'ils restent au delà du terme prescrit, il est en droit de les traiter en ennemis, toutefois en ennemis des amis. Mais s'ils sont retenus par un empêchement insurmontable, par une maladie, il faut nécessairement, et par les mêmes raisons, leur accorder un juste délai. Loin de manquer à ce devoir aujourd'hui on donne plus encore à l'humanité, et très souvent on accorde aux étrangers, sujets de l'état auquel on a déclaré la guerre, tout le temps de mettre ordre à leurs affaires."

These sentiments lose none of their force when it is remembered that they were uttered more than a century ago.

I will only allow myself a single further observation in regard to the judicial decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, upon which Your Excellency bestows a passing observation. When Chancellor Kent speaks of the "ancient and sterner rule having become definitively settled by the Supreme Court of the United States," he does not point his comment with his usual accuracy. It was only with reference to the *confiscation of property*, and not the detention of persons, that the

American Supreme Court was deciding; and it was only in reference to the formula that the learned chancellor's comment was pertinent, and what, I pray Your Excellency to observe, was that decision? The lower court (the eminent Judge Story) had decided that British property found on American territory during the war of 1812 was rightfully seized and confiscated by the United States Government, but the Supreme Court overruled this decision, and held that enemies' property was not liable to detention without a special statute of the United States Congress to that effect; and I beg Your Excellency's attention to the fact that the United States never have passed any such statute of confiscation apropos of a foreign war, down to this day; and that, therefore, at the present moment, by the decision of the highest American tribunal, if any such war shall hereafter break out, an enemy's property will not be liable to confiscation. As for his personal security, I beg leave to say that the belligerent stranger may fall back, with perfect security, upon the law of 1798, above commented on, and, as I believe, with perfect assurance that he will not see its repeal attempted, much less accomplished, whatever may be the pressure of a foreign war.

I trust that Your Excellency will see that in this more extended reply to the communication of the 3d instant than I intended, I have in view but the single point of representing, so far as I may do, without other instructions from home, the deep interest which I am confident my government will take in the decision which the government of France feels itself constrained by circumstances to adopt in regard to North German subjects, whose interests I am permitted by the comity of His Majesty to represent and befriend.

I take the present opportunity, etc., etc., etc.

E. B. WASHBURNE.

His Excellency the DUKE DE GRAMONT,
Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Now this extraordinary state of things occurred: in the first place, the Duke de Gramont had, in violation of the well-known principles of International Law, refused to permit a certain class of Germans to leave the French territory. But very soon after that, an order of expulsion was issued which drove every German man, woman, and child out of France, unless a special *permis de séjour* was had from the Ministry of the Interior.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST FRENCH DEFEATS.

Suppression of the News in Paris—Crowds Exasperated by a false Report of Victory—Paris Declared in a State of Siege—An Interview with the Empress—Expulsion of the Germans—An Extraordinary Session of the Corps Législatif—The Fall of a Ministry—A Panic among German Residents.

IT was on July 28th, 1870, that the Emperor left the palace of St. Cloud, to take command of the army in person. A gentleman belonging to the Court, who was present at the moment of departure, recounted to me that the occasion was a most solemn one, and that even then there was a prescience that the Emperor was leaving Paris never to return. By a decree, the Empress was made Regent during the absence of the Emperor. She remained at the palace of St. Cloud. Before the Emperor left for the army, he issued a proclamation to the French people, the first paragraph of which was as follows: "Frenchmen! there are in the lives of people solemn moments, where national honor, violently excited, imposes itself as an irresistible force, dominates all interests, and takes in hand the direction of the destinies of the country. One of these decisive hours has just sounded for France."

The Emperor, having reached the French head-quarters, there was a skirmish at Saarbrücken, on the morning of August 2d. And there was shed the first blood in the stupendous contest. The Emperor and the Prince Imperial were present at the engagement. Na-

poleon magnified that little affair into an episode, and sent an account back to Paris which only excited ridicule; particularly that part of it in which he stated that Louis had received "*le baptême de feu.*" These proclamations did not disturb the Germans, and they soon put an end to those grotesque fanfaronades.

On August 4th took place the first great battle of the war, at Weissenburg, in which the brave General Douay was killed on the field, and the French were very badly defeated. They here fought with great courage and desperation, and the lustre and the traditional glory of French arms were upheld, but they were crushed by the overwhelming German forces.

I am a little in advance of my history. On the 25th of July, I received from the State Department, a despatch informing me that General Sheridan and two staff officers were about leaving the United States on a tour of military observation, and wished to join the French army. I immediately addressed a note to the Duke de Gramont on the subject, and I had not the least doubt that the wish of General Sheridan and the desire of our government would be complied with, and that the General would be given every facility possible, in order that the object of his visit might be accomplished. I said that General Sheridan had been authorized by the President to proceed immediately to Europe on a tour of military observation, with a view to visit, if permitted, the French army, accompanied by two staff officers. I added that I did not deem it necessary to inform His Excellency that General Sheridan was one of the most distinguished Union officers in the War of the Rebellion, and had contributed very largely to its suppression. I ended by expressing a wish that His Majesty would accord the permission requested by my government. I received an

answer the following day from the Duke de Gramont, and greatly to my surprise, he informed me that he was unable to comply with the request of the Washington government. That declination was couched in the most courteous words, but it illustrated the old saying that "fine words butter no parsnips." It fully showed the embarrassment that the application had given the Foreign Office. He spoke of a recent decision adopted by the Imperial government which absolutely prohibited access of all foreign officers to the French army. He said that the rule was applied with great rigor and admitted of no exception. (The truth of the matter was, the French government thought they were going to have such a splendid and victorious campaign that they did not want anybody to see how it was accomplished.) If any one could be admitted to accompany the army, the exception would be made in favor of the illustrious soldier whose presence among the French officers would have been considered a real honor; and he said he dared to hope that I would not misunderstand the meaning of this decision; for it was very painful not to be able to yield, in the particular case I had submitted. He trusted that I would form a just idea of the importance of the motives which compelled him to this determination. And, I may say, that I did form a just and true idea of such motives.

General Sheridan, being thus shut out peremptorily from accompanying the French army, my colleague, Mr. Bancroft, at Berlin, made application to the German authorities for permission for the general to accompany their army. That permission, in contrast with the action of the French government, was most cheerfully accorded to General Sheridan, and he accompanied the German head-quarters and Count Bismarck for a long time, and

during the most important operations of the German army. He was everywhere most cordially received by the Germans and treated with unbounded hospitality. He saw much of Count Bismarck, who was wonderfully impressed by his great ability. When I subsequently met Bismarck, who had become Prince Bismarck, in Berlin, in September, 1877, the first question he asked me was, "What news have you from General Sheridan?" and then said with much earnestness, "That man has a great military head on his shoulders." After the battle of Weissenburg, the French army submitted to a double defeat. MacMahon was defeated at Reichshoffen and Frossard at Forbach.

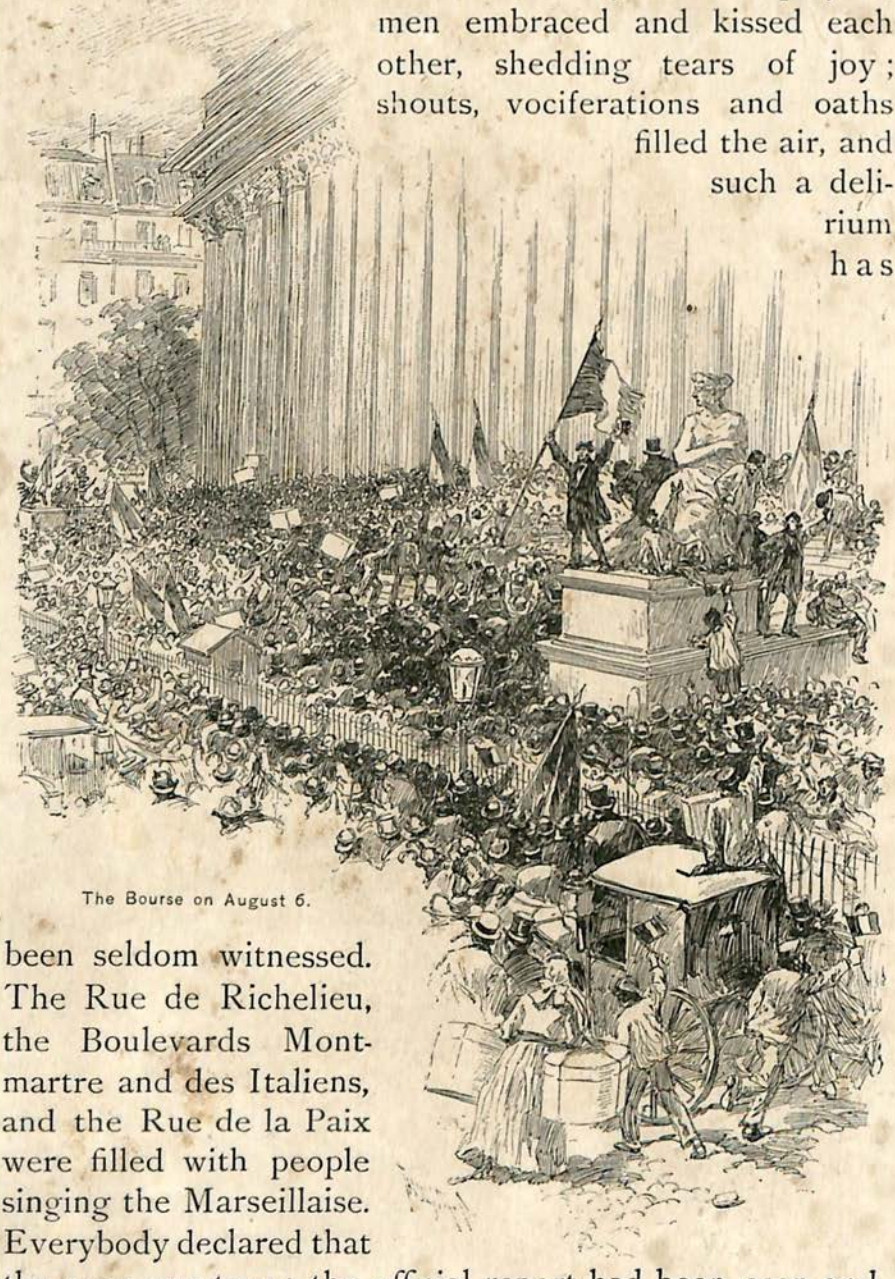
The American who probably saw the most of these first battles, and who followed the advance of the French, was my old friend Murat Halstead, Esq., the editor of the Cincinnati Commercial. Having seen much of the War of the Rebellion in our own country, he anticipated the breaking out of hostilities between France and Germany, and, in the interests of his great journal, Mr. Halstead came to Paris. In the state of things existing, his adventure in following up the French army was a very dangerous one; but he undertook it with undaunted courage. I gave him a special passport as an American, and covered it all over with big seals; and with that he started out to meet his tribulations. He saw and described, in wonderfully instructive and attractive letters to his paper, many great and interesting events.

When these events were in progress, the two nations were in full war, and blood was flowing like water on both sides, yet the people of Paris could get no trustworthy information from the seat of war, though in New York and London the particulars of the battle of Weissenburg were published by the newspapers the next day.

The feeling of suspense and the excitement in Paris were something most painful and extraordinary at this time, and everybody was on the *qui vive* in search of news. It was not until the London Times of August 5th arrived that anybody in Paris had any particulars of the battle which had taken place at Weissenburg. Between twelve and one o'clock of that day, a very brief and unsatisfactory notice of the affair was communicated to the press by the French authorities. The suppression of the intelligence for so long a time excited a good deal of indignation among the public, and the Parisian newspapers were particularly indignant that the London Times should have published the news six or eight hours before it was given out to them. There was great uneasiness and discontent all over the city, and the people were prepared for anything.

At about noon on the next day, Saturday, one of the most remarkable and extraordinary events took place. It showed how easily large masses of people could be deceived. There was assembled, as usual at that hour, a great crowd of people in front of the Bourse. It was then that a man in the uniform of a courier, or messenger, rode up in front of the Bourse and delivered into the hands of a person, who was evidently his confederate, what he pretended was an official despatch, and which gave an account of a great battle having been fought, in which the French had been victorious, taking forty guns and twenty-five thousand prisoners, among whom was the Crown Prince. A spark of fire falling upon a magazine could hardly have produced a greater explosion. The assembled multitude broke out into the wildest shouts, and the contents of the despatch were repeated from mouth to mouth, and men ran in every direction communicating the joyful intelligence. The people

rushed into the streets; the tricolor was everywhere displayed; men embraced and kissed each other, shedding tears of joy; shouts, vociferations and oaths filled the air, and such a delirium has been seldom witnessed. The Rue de Richelieu, the Boulevards Montmartre and des Italiens, and the Rue de la Paix were filled with people singing the Marseillaise. Everybody declared that the news was true; the official report had been seen and

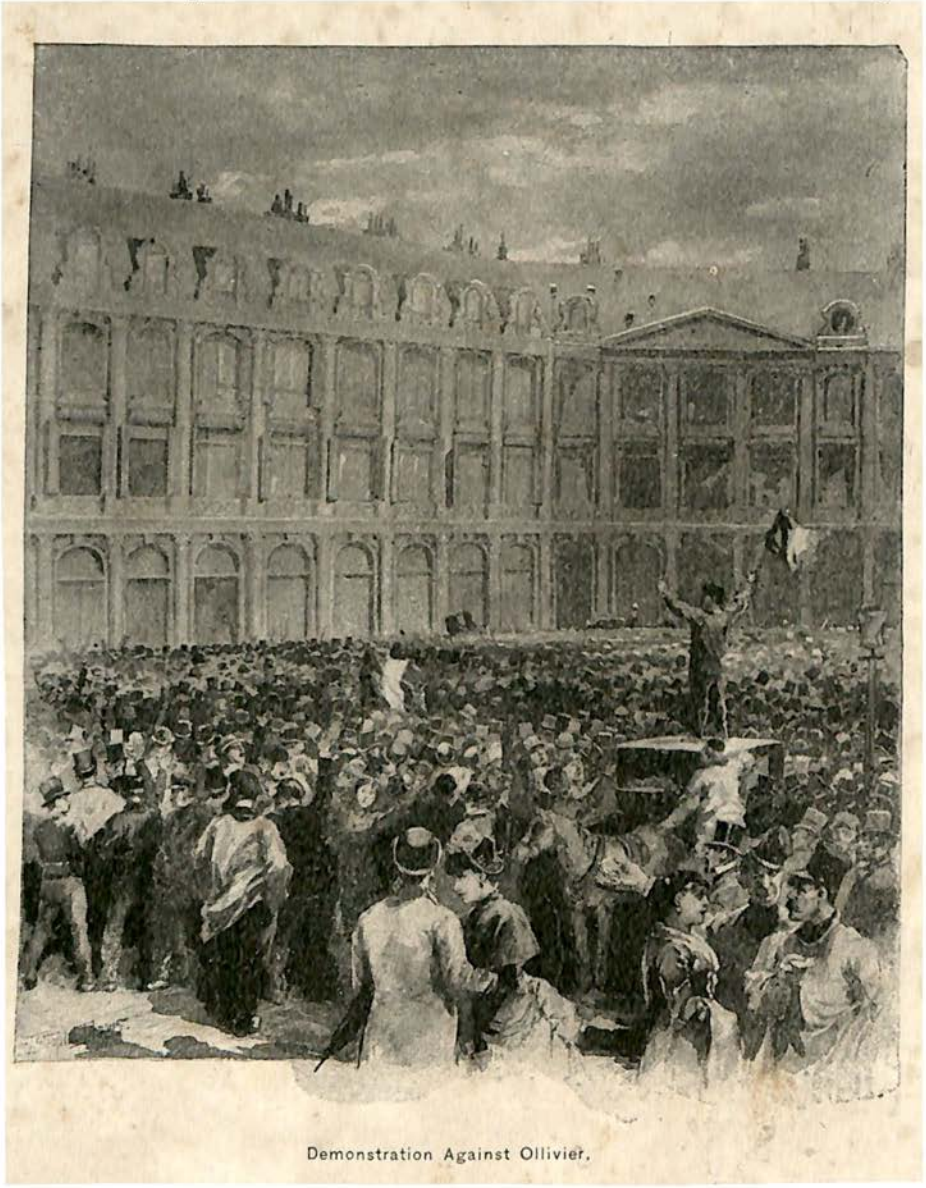


The Bourse on August 6.

closely scanned, and there could be no doubt of its correctness. Madame Sass, a distinguished opera singer, was found in the street, and the crowd insisted upon her singing the Marseillaise from her carriage, which she did three times amid shouts of enthusiasm. In another part of the street the multitude forced another distinguished singer to mount to the top of an omnibus, also to sing the Marseillaise. Soon the furor of enthusiasm began to abate, and some persons were wise enough to suggest that it would be well to inquire more particularly into the news, and to see whether or not it could be confirmed. The result was, that it was found to be a stupendous hoax. The songs at once ceased, the flags were taken in, and the victims of the canard began to feel indignant. As the affair originated at the Bourse, the cry was raised in the crowd "*à la Bourse*," and away the people went, breathing vengeance against the money-changers and speculators, who, it was alleged, had taken advantage of the false report to get the benefit of a rise of about four per cent. in the stocks. Never were money-changers more summarily driven out of their temples. In a few moments, all persons in the Bourse were expelled, some of whom, it was said, were thrown head and heels out of the windows and doors. About half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, the crowd, greatly exasperated at having been made victims of so cruel a hoax, started from the Bourse and directed themselves toward the Place Vendôme, halting under the windows of the Ministry of Justice. There they shouted for Émile Ollivier, the Minister of Justice, and demanded of him the closing of the Bourse from which the false news had emanated. M. Ollivier responded in a short and well-turned speech, closing by asking them to disperse, which they did. But still there was great excitement all over the city, and

there was intense indignation at so easily being made the victims of a vile canard.

At half-past five o'clock in the afternoon of that day,



Demonstration Against Ollivier.

I rode down to the Place Vendôme, and found another crowd of about three thousand persons gathered in front

of the Ministry of Justice, and demanding that M. Ollivier should show himself and make another speech. As he had already made one speech to the crowd, he considered that quite enough for one day, and so he refused to appear. At this refusal the vociferations were increased, and hostile cries were raised against the minister by the multitude, who demanded the author of the false news, and reclaimed the liberty of the press, which, they insisted, had been muzzled; for if it had been free to give information, no such event could have happened. I saw this turbulent crowd in front of the Ministry, and stopped to ascertain the cause of it. Notwithstanding M. Ollivier had refused to make his appearance at the window in the first place, the pressure was so great that he was finally obliged to yield. Such was the tumult and noise that it was impossible for me where I stood to hear precisely what he said, but it was evidently not very satisfactory, for the people did not disperse immediately, as he had requested, but began shouting in favor of the liberty of the press and raising hostile cries against M. Ollivier. The public held him responsible for the terrible severity of the press law. Everything was required to come through official channels, and it was given out at such times and in such measure as might suit the purposes of the government.

At ten o'clock on Saturday evening, a gentleman connected with my legation, going down town, found the Place Vendôme again literally crammed with both men and women, who were in the highest state of excitement, singing a new song called the "Press Song," and raising menacing cries against the Minister of Justice. Afterward, large crowds of people collected in the Rue de la Paix, on the Boulevards and in the Place de la Madeleine, all singing and shouting, and all in bad temper.

But large bodies of troops being in the immediate vicinity, no acts of violence were perpetrated.

The Journal Officiel of the next day (Sunday) contained a despatch of two lines, dated at Metz, at eleven o'clock the evening before (Saturday). Here is the text of the despatch : "The Corps of General Frossard is in retreat. There are no details." This and nothing more. And it is not to be wondered that such a despatch inspired the greatest uneasiness and anxiety. It gave no indication of where the battle was fought or what was the extent of the losses, and naturally the great Paris public was tormented with fear and suspense. A proclamation of the Empress and her Ministry appeared at noon in the second edition of the Journal Officiel. This proclamation contained a bulletin from the Emperor, dated at Metz, at half-past twelve o'clock Sunday morning, announcing that Marshal MacMahon had lost a battle and that General Frossard had been obliged to retreat. Another bulletin from the Emperor, dated at Metz, three hours later, announced that his communication with Marshal MacMahon was interrupted, and that he had had no news of him since the day before; and still another despatch, one hour later, from head-quarters at Metz, both of which were also contained in the proclamation of the Minister of the Interior, giving a brief account of the battles of MacMahon and Frossard, but it said that the details were wanting. It further stated that the troops were full of *élan*, and that the situation was not compromised, but that the enemy was on French territory and a serious effort was necessary. Thereupon the proclamation said that in the presence of the grave news, the duty was clear, that therefore:

"The Chambers are convoked ; we shall place Paris in a state of de-

fence; to facilitate the execution of military preparations, we declare it in a state of siege."

A decree of the Empress-Regent convoked the Senate and the *Corps Législatif* for Thursday the 11th of August. Another decree by Her Majesty placed the department of the Seine in a state of siege. No person not in Paris at the time could have any adequate idea of the state of feeling which the extraordinary news from the battle-field had created, to which was added the declaration of the siege of Paris and the convocation of the *Corps Législatif.* Never had Paris seen such a day since the time of the first revolution. The whole people appeared to be paralyzed by the terrible events which had burst upon them in such rapid and fearful succession. The rain had some influence in keeping the people from the street; but on going down town on the afternoon of Sunday, I found the people collected in knots about the Grand Hôtel and on the Boulevards, reading the newspapers and discussing the situation. Soon after, I saw large crowds of people proceeding in the rain toward the Ministry of Justice in the Place Vendôme, which seemed to be the objective point, owing to the hostility which existed against Émile Ollivier. The rain, however, dampened the ardor of the crowd and it soon dispersed.

After this exhibition, which would never have taken place had the people been advised of the true state of things in the field of military operations, the French government wisely concluded that it was no use to try any longer to conceal the real state of facts. Then they began to give out certain laconic and ambiguous despatches, which still increased the public anxiety. They all summed up that the French arms had been terribly beaten. The full particulars of the fatal battles had, by this time, reached the Empress at the palace of St. Cloud.

The last and most fatal and disquieting news reached her in the night of August 6th. Overcome and almost distracted

The Empress Eugénie.

by the terrible blow, she determined that night to go at once to Paris and take up her residence at the Tuileries.

Soon after the Emperor left Paris, I received a com-

munication from my government which, according to diplomatic etiquette, had to be presented to the Emperor in person. In his absence, it had to be presented to the Empress-Regent. I had announced at the Foreign Office the mission with which I was charged, and asked when I could be received by the Empress-Regent. An early day was designated, and at the palace of St. Cloud. Early in the morning of the appointed day, I received a note stating that I would be received at the Tuileries at eleven o'clock, instead of at St. Cloud. It was during the previous night that the terrible news had been received from the battle-field which had brought the Empress into the Tuileries. At the hour fixed, I went to the palace to perform my mission. Received by the Master of Ceremonies, I was soon ushered into the presence of the Empress-Regent. After the ordinary salutation and the delivery of my message, we entered into conversation in respect to the news which had just been made public in Paris. She had evidently passed a sleepless and agitated night, and was in great distress of mind. She at once began to speak of the terrible news which she had received, and of the effect it would have on the French people. I suggested to her that the news might not be so bad as reported, and that the consequences, in the end, might be far better than the present circumstances indicated. I spoke to her about our first battle of Bull Run and the defeat that the Union armies had suffered; and that such defeat had only stimulated to greater exertions, and had led to that display of courage, heroism and endurance, which had, in the end, suppressed the Rebellion. She replied: "I only wish the French, in these respects, were like you Americans; but I am afraid they will be too much discouraged and give up too soon."

On the same day she issued a proclamation to the

French people in which she frankly avowed that the French arms had submitted to a check, and she implored the people to be firm in their reverse and hasten to repair it; that there should be among them only one party, that of France, and only one thought, and that of the national arms. She closed by adjuring all good citizens to maintain order; for to trouble it, would be to conspire with the enemy. It is hard to imagine the excitement and indignation among the people of Paris upon the reception of the news of the first disastrous battle. After the declaration of war, they seemed to have convinced themselves that the French army would go straight forward, conquering and to conquer, and that Berlin would be at their feet "*en huit jours*" (in eight days). The trifling affair at Saarbrücken having been unwarrantably exaggerated, had given the people great hopes. While waiting with confidence reports of new victories, the unquestioned defeats at Weissenburg, Reichshoffen and Forbach produced the most stunning effect. They had been most completely humbugged by the canard in regard to the pretended victory by MacMahon. Like all people who have been deceived and humbugged, they became very much exasperated. The Empress-Regent had come to the Tuileries and had issued her proclamation, all of which tended to increase the excitement.

All Paris was under the empire of the most profound emotion. It was in the evening that there was the greatest excitement; the gatherings on the Boulevards were immense, and people were singing, swearing and yelling by turns. One evening when I was down town an immense procession had been formed, and the people were marching in twos on the Boulevards des Italiens and Madeleine, and they kept step to the words issuing from every mouth, "*Vive chassepôt, Vive chassepôt.*"

At the time of the declaration of war, it was estimated that there were thirty thousand Germans in Paris, and it was soon after that I was charged with their protection, as I have here related. The news of the German triumphs seemed to have inflamed the natural hatred of the Parisians towards the Germans in the city. This caused the greatest anxiety and uneasiness among that peaceable and law-abiding people. This hostility was manifested in every possible way, and the consequence was that there was a general desire among the Germans to get out of Paris so soon as possible; but the French government decided as I have stated, that they would not give passports to such Germans as owed military service to their government. That action caused me great embarrassment, for how could I tell anything in respect to those who owed military service and those who did not? I could give a *laissez-passer* to women, children and old men; but if I gave one to a German who owed military service, he would not be permitted to leave Paris and France, and my *laissez-passer* might be rejected. The consequence was that in the first days the number of passports given was comparatively limited, although the numbers at the legation seeking such permission were very great.

The German government, at a very early period, seemed to appreciate the extent and responsibilities of my position. Anticipating that my protection of their *nationaux* would devolve upon me great additional labor, and require additional clerk-hire in my legation, Mr. Bancroft was requested to write to me to employ all the help I wanted at the expense of the German government. Mr. Bancroft was in accord with me in the opinion that, as the German government had accepted our hospitalities, we could not consent that it should be at

any expense. Soon becoming acquainted with the destitute and lamentable condition of a large number of Germans in Paris, the German government placed at my disposal a credit of fifty thousand thalers in the aid of their subjects in Paris. This amount I placed with the Rothschilds, and directed that the credit should not stand in my name individually, but in the name of the "Minister of the United States, charged with the protection of the subjects of the North German Confederation in France, pending the existing war between France and Prussia"

On August 12th I wrote to the Secretary of State that the credits had come none too soon, and that five hundred subjects of the North German Confederation had been to my legation on that day to get their passports to leave the French territory. Among the number there were many persons of extreme poverty, and whose condition was in every respect most deplorable. After the breaking out of the war no Germans had been able to get any work, and the poorer classes had already exhausted the little they had in store. They were, therefore, without work, without money, without credit, without friends, without bread. Pinched with hunger, terrified by threats of violence, with no means of leaving the country, they had come to me to aid them. Women with little babes in their arms, and women far gone in pregnancy, bathed in tears and filled with anguish, had come to our legation as their last hope. Besides transportation, I gave each one thirty francs, which was an amount sufficient to enable the party to reach the German frontier, and once there, I had no doubt they would be kindly cared for. And that was in fact the case. I heard afterwards with what kindness and sympathy these poor people were treated as soon as they touched the

soil of their fatherland. Great numbers of people turned out at every railroad station to greet them, and to furnish them with food and sometimes with clothing.

I have spoken of the effect which the French defeats had in Paris, and how they aggravated the hostilities of the Parisians toward the German people, and how much it had added to my labor and responsibilities, in protecting them from Parisian hostilities. There were constant threats, and occasional instances of violence, which were enough to create great terror among the Germans. Where there was really any danger, I had no hesitation in placing them under the protection of the American flag.

On August 9th, the Figaro, a widely circulated paper in Paris, came out in a violent article, denouncing the Germans and demanding their immediate expulsion from Paris. It proposed that all Germans who were able to pay their passage should be embarked at Havre in twenty-four hours, and that all those who had not the means of leaving, should be put under lock and key, a proposition at once savage and disgraceful. Excitations like this in the Figaro and other Paris journals had their effect, even in the Chamber of Deputies. On the same day, the matter was brought up in the Chamber. There was quite an exciting debate in the *Corps Législatif.* M. Chevreau, Minister of the Interior, said the government judged it proper to prevent certain Prussians from going out of Paris, in order to hinder them from joining the army of the enemy. Gambetta cried out, "You have violated the first law of patriotism;" M. Chevreau continued, that the presence of foreigners was extremely injurious to the interests of the national defence, and that they had taken measures to expel those who were at that moment in the capital.

M. Crémieux asked whether it was to "expel," or permit to leave. M. Eugène Pelletan, a republican, and one of the most serious members of the *Corps Législatif*, said that the government had committed two mistakes. The first was, in not having permitted the Germans to leave when they asked to go. It was a violation of the rights of persons. The second was, to *drive* them out under the circumstances that then existed. Such Germans had been placed under the protection of the American legation. He said that the character of the war was serious enough without seeking to implicate those who had committed no fault.

The old Marquis de Piennes mingled in the debate, and with great good sense, remarked that humanity and civilization would repel any measure that would strike, without distinction, the Germans who had long resided in France, and who, by their industry and labor, had contributed to the prosperity of the country.

The Minister of the Interior, who seemed to have been touched by this, said that the order for expulsion should be administered with discrimination, and where the persons were peaceable citizens and, so to speak, naturalized by a long sojourn in France, by their habits and family ties, he would hardly have the cruelty to expel them from France. Yet, the order to expel *en masse* remained and was practically carried out. General Trochu, who had become Governor of Paris, issued a proclamation directing the useless mouths (*bouches inutiles*), the strangers and persons designated by the civil and military authorities, to leave Paris.

I should have stated that, after the declaration of war, all the ambassadors representing the courts of Europe left Paris, under the direction, or with the consent of their governments. I was the only minister of a first-

class power who remained. But several of the representatives of the smaller powers stayed at their posts. Among these was Mr. Kern, who had been charged with the protection of the subjects of Bavaria and Baden, an able and wise man, and one who had had much diplomatic experience; and I am glad to say that my relations with him during my whole term of service in Paris were of the most cordial and friendly character. He was open, straightforward and honest, and was ever held in the highest consideration by all his colleagues. Mr. Okouneff, who, for a time, remained in Paris as Russian *chargé d'affaires*, was charged with the protection of the Würtembergers.

The excitement in Paris caused by the French defeats could not be allayed, but seemed to increase every day and every hour. The *Corps Législatif* was the great point of interest, as every one looked to that body for some action which might stem the tide of disaster which was then rolling over Paris and France. The meeting of the *Corps Législatif*, on Tuesday, August 9th, presented one of the most extraordinary spectacles which had ever taken place in a French legislative body, except in the very heat of the Revolution of '89. I had seen much turbulence in our own House of Representatives before the War of the Rebellion. I was present when the Grow and Keitt fight took place, at a night session, where the members had a hand-to-hand scuffle in the area in front of the Speaker's chair; "all of which I saw, and a part of which I was;" but never had I seen anything that would parallel the scene which took place in the *Corps Législatif*.

The day for the opening of that body was looked forward to with great interest by the Parisians. I fully appreciated that the session would be a remarkable one,

and so I went early to the Palais Bourbon in order to get a good seat in the diplomatic tribune, so that I could see and hear all that took place.

The President took his seat at half-past one o'clock, P.M., and then the members came rapidly into the hall. The ministers took their places on the ministerial benches, and all were present excepting the Minister of War who was in the field. The *Corps Législatif*, at this time, might be said to be composed of men of more than ordinary ability, and many of them of much political experience, and who had been somewhat distinguished in one way or another. As a body, it was composed of older men than the members of our House of Representatives, at Washington, and the number of deputies was about the same as in our House. Its political divisions were known as the "Right," the "Centre," and the "Left," and some went still farther, and classed the parties not only as the Right, Centre and Left, but added the "Centre Right," "Centre Left" and the "Extreme Left." The prominent deputies at this time of the Extreme Right were Forcade-Laroquette, Pinard, Duvernois, Cassagnac and Jérôme David, all men of a certain ability, and with more or less parliamentary experience. In the Centre Left there was a large number of men of fair ability and high character, like Daru, Buffet, Mége, Chevandier de Valdrôme, and Marquis de Talhouët. M. Ollivier was classed with the Centre Left, and was the only orator of any distinction who appertained to that division. The real ability, the dash, the boldness and the eloquence appertained to the Left. Many of those men had the qualities attributed to the Girondists in the National Convention. It was interesting to watch the deputies coming into the hall; the members of the Right and Centre quietly took their seats, but

there was much agitation among the members of the Left. In fact, it was easy to see that there was a storm brewing.

The President, having declared the session opened, had only read the formal part of the proclamation, reciting, "By the grace of God and the national will, Emperor of the French," etc., when many members of the Left broke out in furious exclamations, saying that they did not want any more of that, and it was some time before the President could finish reading the document. After he had concluded, he awarded the floor to M. Ollivier, Minister of Justice, who mounted the tribune and commenced developing the reasons why the Chamber was called together. He had only said a few words when he was met with the most boisterous and insulting interruptions. A member of the Left having cried out that the country had been compromised, Jules Favre exclaimed, "Yes; by the imbecility of its Chief! Come down from the tribune! It is a shame!" Arago cried out that the public safety required that the ministers should get out of the way. Pelletan said, "You have lost the country, but it will save itself in spite of you!" At length, Ollivier was able to complete his speech, which he read from a written manuscript.

The floor was then given to General de Jean, the Minister of War, *ad interim*, who proposed a law, and stated the reason therefor. Jules Favre then obtained the floor and proposed resolutions in relation to the defence of the country, looking to the reorganization of the National Guard. He mounted the tribune to speak on his resolutions. A tall, heavy man, with rough, strong features, plainly dressed and with an immense head of hair, he was a great orator, and, at this time, he rose to the highest pitch of eloquence, and denounced in unmeasured

terms the weakness, mismanagement and folly of the ministers, and the wretched manner in which the army had been commanded. He said that it was necessary that the Emperor should abandon his head-quarters and return to Paris, and that, in order to save the country, the Chamber should take all the powers into its own hands. He then proposed a decree providing for an Executive Committee of fifteen deputies, who should be invested with the full power of government to repel foreign invasion. This proposition was received with yells of denunciation by the Right, who decried it as revolutionary and unconstitutional, and the President so decided.

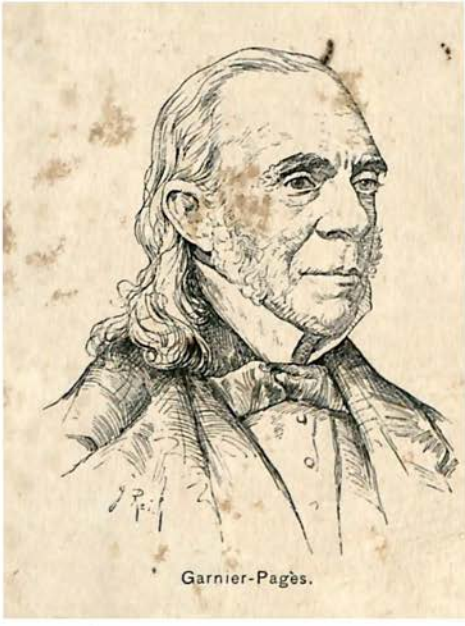
Jules Favre.

After M. Jules Favre had concluded, Granier de Cassagnac, a member of the Extreme Right, rushed to the tribune, and his first words were to denounce the proposition of Favre as the beginning of revolution. He proceeded in a strain of bitter denunciation, amid the shouts, vociferations and the gestures of almost the entire Left. He accused them of hiding behind their privileges to destroy the government of the Emperor, who was in the face of the enemy. Here there came interruptions, calls to order and threats. Thirty members of the Left rose to their feet, yelling at Cassagnac, and shaking their fists toward him, and he returned the compliment by shaking his fist at them. All of this time, the members of the Right were applauding Cassagnac, who finally wound up with the terrible threat that if he were a minister he

would send the members of the Left to a military tribunal before night. That was followed by one of the most terrific explosions ever witnessed in a legislative body. All the deputies of the Left jumped to their feet and raised their voices in most indignant protest. And then rose up the deputies of the Right to drown the cries of the Left with their own vociferations. Jules Simon, who was then simply a deputy from Paris and who has since occupied so many high positions in France, rushed into the area in front of the tribune, gesticulating with vehemence and saying that if they dared to send them to a council of war they were ready to go, and if they wanted to shoot them they would find them ready. That added to the tumult. Nearly all the members were on their feet. The voice of Simon was heard above the din, "If you want violence, you shall have it." At that moment, Estancelin under great excitement cried out, "The Minister of Foreign Affairs laughs." And that absurd ejaculation caused many others to laugh.

Jules Ferry, since President of the Council under President Grévy, was heard in the uproar to say that it was not proper "for a minister who was attempting to negotiate peace, to —," and here his voice was lost in the tumult. Nearly the entire Left then started from their seats and rushed to the area in front of the tribune and up to the seat of the ministers; Estancelin, Ferry and old Garnier-Pagès in front. Estancelin and Ferry were young men and advanced republicans. Garnier-Pagès was an old time republican, at that time nearly seventy years of age, and had for a long time been a prominent man in France, a republican always, but considered somewhat conservative. He was a member of the provisional government of 1848, and was assigned to the Ministry of Finance, but was not entirely happy in his administration

of it. At this time he was a man of striking personal appearance. Tall and slim, and with long white hair, he could not otherwise than attract attention wherever he went. As a speaker he was described as having the *parole chaleureuse*, and such was his benevolent and exemplary character, that he enjoyed the esteem of all men, even of his adversaries. After the revolution of the 4th of September, 1870, being then a member of the *Corps Législatif* of Paris, he became a member of the government of the National Defence; and, on the 31st of October, when the Hôtel de Ville was invaded and all the members of the government made prisoners, M. Garnier-Pagès was very badly treated, and even beaten. He was not elected to the National Assembly on the 8th of February, 1871, and from that time he was in private life. He had a country place at Cannes, where he lived the life of a retired gentleman.



Garnier-Pagès.

These members on the Left shook their fists directly in the face of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Duke de Gramont, who sat fixed, and without moving a muscle. Then the tumult reached its height. A hundred men were screaming at the top of their voices, and the President rang his bell furiously, but all to no effect. And then, as a signal that he had lost all control of the assembly, and as a flag of distress, he covered himself by putting on his hat. The *huissiers* then rushed in and separated the contending parties, and some minutes after,

comparative quiet was restored. The debate continued for some time, and amid the greatest excitement. Finally, after a session of two hours, when all sides seemed wearied out by the contest, the Chamber took a recess until five o'clock. Its first action after it reassembled, was a proposition, substantially expressing a want of confidence in the ministry, and the question was put and fully disposed of in less time than it takes to write about it, and almost in the "twinkling of an eye" the ministers found themselves practically out of office, not more than a dozen members rising in their favor. They asked leave to retire for consultation, and in a few minutes brought in their resignations, with a statement that the Empress-Regent had directed the Count de Palikao to form a new ministry. The Chamber then adjourned amid intense excitement. During all the session the Palais Bourbon, in which it was held, was surrounded by troops of the line to keep back the crowd that had assembled on the Pont de la Concorde, at the Place de la Concorde, and along the quays. Leaving the Chamber, I had occasion to go to the Foreign Office. I found the gates there all closed and a regiment of infantry quartered in the court.

Count de Palikao was an amiable old soldier, who, in his time, had fought well. In his first remarks to the Chamber he struck his breast and alluded to wounds he had received in the cause of his country. In this new deal, the Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne was brought back to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and some of the old ministers were retained.

There soon approached a very serious state of things in regard to the expelled Germans. While I was charged with the protection of the subjects of the North German Confederation, Saxony, Darmstadt, Hesse, my colleague, Mr. Kern, the Swiss minister, was charged with

the protection of the subjects of Bavaria and Baden, while Mr. Okouneff, the Russian *chargé d'affaires*, was charged with the protection of the subjects of Würtemberg. These gentlemen and myself concerted to see what we could do in the way of securing from the French government that treatment and protection (for such of those subjects of the belligerent powers, as found themselves in France at that moment), which was due to them under such circumstances. A great many threats were made, and there were occasional instances of violence, enough to inspire great terror among those Germans, with the protection of whom I was particularly charged. They came in great crowds to the legation, and in all cases where they were pursued by threats of violence I promised them the protection of the American flag. On the day of the meeting of the *Corps Législatif* (The Figaro having demanded the expulsion of the Germans, as I have related), I repaired to the Palais Bourbon for the purpose of meeting my colleagues, Messrs. Kern and Okouneff, and to determine with them what we should do. We all met in the Diplomatic Tribune, but before we left we saw the ministry displaced, and knew that everything would necessarily be in confusion. Finding that it would be impossible to see any member of the government that night, we postponed action until the next morning. I went myself, however, to the Foreign Office and saw Count Faverney, the chief of the bureau, and explained to him the situation of things, and requested that the French government should take immediate steps to secure protection to the subjects of those powers whose *nationaux* had been placed under my protection with the assent of the government of Her Majesty.

The French government did not wait for the general order for the expulsion of the Germans; but, on the

night of the 12th, the Duke de Gramont sent me a letter stating that on account of a compromising correspondence, the architect, the *maître d'hôtel* and the two domestics, supposed to mean the *concierge* and his wife, in charge of the Prussian embassy would be immediately expelled from France. It was then that I wrote the following letter:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
PARIS, *August* 12, 1870.

GENTLEMEN: The *maître d'hôtel* of the Prussian embassy having been ordered out of France, I have to request that you will do me the favor to take possession of and occupy the said embassy till further orders. In conjunction with the *concierge*, I wish to confide the protection of the property to you, and in case of threatened violence, you will display the American flag.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. B. WASHBURNE.

JAMES A. and JOHN H. MCKEAN,
Citizens of the United States.

It was three days after, that I wrote to a friend in regard to the condition of the Germans: "Deprived of all labor, without money, without bread, threatened continually, and ordered to leave France, their condition is deplorable beyond description. Prussia has given me a large credit to take care of its subjects. * * * The scenes of misery that I am witnessing are enough to move the stoutest heart."

The order of expulsion, and the proclamation of General Trochu, produced an alarm among the Germans in Paris which amounted really to a panic. None among them could tell what was going to happen next, and all were straining their nerves, to the utmost, in order to get away. But as none could leave without my passport, they flocked to the legation in immense numbers. One morning on reaching my legation, at seven o'clock, I

found it surrounded by several thousand Germans in the streets adjoining. The pressure among them to get up the two flights of stairs into the chamber of the legation was something extraordinary, and I found myself obliged to procure the assistance of six stalwart policemen to keep them back, and to arrange for their entrance into the legation in proper order. Excited and agitated when they entered, it was painful to hear their different stories, when they presented the evidence of their nationality, as they were required to do. There was one poor woman so excited that she even forgot her own name.

I was very much touched by one incident which occurred. A young and very handsome woman represented that she was a native of Bremen and of good family, and I supposed, as a matter of course, having produced the evidence of her nationality, she wanted to get an ordinary passport to enable her to go to Bremen. Trembling with emotion, and with tears in her eyes, she told me there were reasons why she could not return to her own home. She had a child two years old, and she said she would die before she would separate from it, but she said there was a French girl—a friend of hers, who had invited her to go to her home in Brittany. Though I had no money from the German government to pay to the Germans, except to leave France to go to their own country, I at once comprehended the situation, and told the poor girl I would give her money enough to pay her expenses to Brittany and a small sum in addition. Her tears dried up, and with many thanks and a light heart, she left the legation.

Soon after the order of expulsion had been made by the French government, I addressed an official despatch to the State department at Washington giving a full account of the action taken by myself, Mr. Kern, the

Swiss minister, and Mr. Okouneff, Russian *chargé d'affaires.* In my despatch I called attention to the language which M. Chevreau, Minister of the Interior, had used in the *Corps Législatif*, in which he spoke of the measures that had been taken to expel the foreigners from Paris. On August 12th, 1870, at 6:30 P.M., Mr. Kern, Mr. Okouneff and myself had an interview (which we had previously arranged for) with M. Chevreau, in regard to the protection of the Germans. Between the time the interview was arranged with M. Chevreau and the time it actually took place, the subject of the expulsion of the Germans from Paris had been up in the *Corps Législatif.*

The appointment having been made with the minister, we called upon him at the designated hour and explained our purposes. After the overthrow of the Ollivier ministry, M. Chevreau had received the portfolio of the Minister of the Interior. He had been the Prefect of the Seine, replacing M. Haussmann on the 5th of January, 1870. We were very well received by him, and he lent to us an attentive ear. I had previously known him a little socially, when he was Prefect of the Seine, having dined with him once at the Hôtel de Ville. M. Chevreau said that when he came into office he found that the preceding ministry had, in view of the circumstances at the time, adopted the policy of refusing to allow certain Prussians to leave France, and had made certain provisions regulating their residence. The circumstances, however, he said had changed, and he found himself in the face of regulations which had no longer any *raison d'être.* The government had, therefore, determined, with the view both of relieving itself from the presence, in the heart of the capital, of some forty thousand Prussians, and at the same time, for the purpose of protecting them

from the excited population of Paris, to order them, in the most humane mode, to leave the country. He was urged to do this, he said, in order to answer the interpellations of the *Corps Législatif* and the general expression of public opinion as found in the journals of Paris. After a conversation as to the effect of such action on the German population and the hardships and misery which would result therefrom, the minister said he was prepared, in every way, to mitigate, as far as it was possible, the harshness of the order, and that he would take pleasure in making the exceptions as numerous as possible, and that any persons who could be recommended by respectable people in their neighborhoods, or who would be indorsed by the legations of Russia, the United States, or Switzerland, he would cheerfully allow to remain unmolested. Yet, at the same time, in view of the excited state of the population of Paris, he advised all who could do so, to leave immediately, in their own interest. He said that he would endeavor to remove all difficulties in the way of their departure and to make the formalities as few as possible. At my own suggestion he promised to ascertain from the Préfecture of Police whether it would be possible to dispense with the police *visé* of that office on the passports of Germans wishing to leave, and that in concert with the prefect, he would devise some expeditious mode by which the Germans could leave France on a simple *visé* of the different legations charged with their protection. At my further suggestion, he promised to send immediate orders to the French police agents on the frontier, not to molest the Germans who started to leave the country, even if their papers had not a proper *visé*. I then told the minister that I had received very recent information from the American consul at Rheims of the ill-treatment to which the Ger-

man residents in the vicinity had been subjected. He gave orders that the prefect should be immediately telegraphed to consult with our consul there, and to afford every protection possible, and also to authorize him to give them passes to leave the country. In conclusion, the minister said he would be glad to place himself entirely at the disposition of the representatives of Russia, the United States and Switzerland, with the view of aiding them in removing the difficulties which he understood must surround the position of the different peoples under their protection. The interview was a most agreeable one, and we were well pleased with the result of our visit, and were satisfied that M. Chevreau was disposed to do everything that he could, to aid us in the difficult positions in which we found ourselves.

Soon after this meeting with the Minister of the Interior, I sought an interview with the Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne on the same subject. After conversing with him in relation to some minor matters, I told the Prince that the principal object for which I had sought the interview had relation to the position I was in, as charged with the protection of the subjects of several of the powers with which France was at war. I stated that the sudden determination of the French government in regard to the departure of the Germans from France had taken me by surprise, and I wanted to know if it were not possible for His Majesty's government to change its determination in that matter. I explained to him the great distress and hardship it inflicted on thousands of peaceable, innocent and inoffensive men, women, and children of the laboring classes, most of whom were very poor, and who came in large crowds to my legation seeking their passes, and the means of getting out of France. In reply, he said that on his way from Vienna he first

heard of this matter, and had conceived great doubts as to the propriety of the measure, and, on his arrival in Paris, had so expressed himself to the Empress-Regent and to the Minister of the Interior. He had, however, yielded his first impressions upon the representations made to him by his colleague, the Minister of the Interior; that this measure, harsh as it was, was dictated by the pressure of circumstances; that the government could not without great concern contemplate the fact of such a vast number of Prussians (estimated at forty thousand) residing in their midst; that their apprehensions had become excited by the manœuvres of certain Prussians whose presence in Paris was dangerous in the highest degree; that the French population had reached such a state of excitement on the subject of the residence of so many Prussians in the heart of the capital, that it rendered it unsafe for the latter, and placed the government under the obligation of requiring their departure for their own sake, as a measure of humanity; that the French government was perfectly willing and anxious to mitigate the hardship of their decree by making any exceptions in favor of persons recommended by respectable citizens in their neighborhood, especially in favor of any persons that the legation of the United States might designate as worthy of their protection. I remarked to the minister in reply that I had received the same assurance from his colleague, the Minister of the Interior, who had manifested every disposition to do all in his power to mitigate the severity of the order. I told him that my position had become somewhat embarrassing, and that the difficulties, so far from diminishing, were on the increase; and that out of the mass of the Germans in Paris, under my protection, it was impossible for me to pass upon the separate cases of those who might de-

sire to remain; and even if I could pass on them, yet, by reason of the understanding that the order of departure was general, many unobjectionable persons, who would have been desirous of remaining in Paris and following their ordinary pursuits, considered themselves as being obliged to leave. I stated to him further, that, in carrying out my views of duty, I wished, in the name of humanity, to make an earnest appeal to the French government through him to revoke the order, if it should be considered possible; and, if that could not be done, to so modify it, as to permit the larger class of Germans in Paris, whose conduct could give no possible cause of complaint to the French government, to remain.

The minister then called my attention to the fact, as he stated, that the order of expulsion of all French subjects from Prussia having been issued by the Prussian government, no complaint could, strictly speaking, be made here against the French order, but, that out of consideration for my position, he was willing to entertain the subject. At the same time, he stated that the French order had not been made in consequence of the order of the Prussian government as a retaliatory measure, but for the reasons he had already suggested. I then stated that I was surprised to hear him remark that the Prussian government had made an order of expulsion against the French subjects, and was hardly prepared to credit it, unless he had positive knowledge that such was the fact. In confirmation of my belief, I stated that I had read a telegraphic despatch purporting to be an extract from a Berlin paper, which, referring to the expulsion of the Germans from France, expressly declared that the French subjects would not be expelled from Prussia, but would be placed under the protection of the Prussian government.

In reply to my suggestions, he stated that he had no official knowledge of a Prussian order of expulsion, but that he understood the Minister of the Interior as stating it to be a fact, which he had taken for granted in his discussion of the matter with him. He said, in this connection, that he had personal knowledge of the arrest and imprisonment, under very aggravating circumstances, of French consular agents who had sought his protection in Vienna, and whose cases were stamped with peculiar hardships. In concluding the conversation, he requested me to address him in a written communication embodying my views on the subject, and stated that he would take great pleasure in using his influence to procure them a favorable reception, with the view, if possible, of bringing about some substantial modification of the order.

Subsequent to these interviews with the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the *Corps Législatif* had made a report to the Chamber recommending the expulsion, without exception and without reserve, of all the subjects of the powers at war with France. In view of that action, Mr. Kern and myself sought another interview on the subject with the Minister of the Interior. He said he was aware that such a report had been made to the Chamber, but that the whole matter was substantially in his own hands, and that there would be no aggravation of the measures which had already been taken. Both Mr. Kern and myself then explained to the Minister of the Interior the situation of matters, as then existing, so far as regarded the people with whose protection we were respectively charged, and the affecting cases of hardship and suffering which we were continually compelled to witness at our legations. The minister replied that he could fully appreciate all

that was said, but that the situation was the result of circumstances which could not be controlled; that the hostility of the people of Paris towards the Prussians had become intense, and that it was a matter of the safety of those people, as well as for other reasons, that they should depart as fast as possible. As a remote possibility the government might have to consider the effect of a siege of Paris, and, in that event, the city would be defended to the last. This was the first hint that I had heard from any official source that the city might, in any event, be besieged. He said that he foresaw that in such a contingency, which he scarcely thought possible, the situation of the Prussians in Paris would be deplorable beyond description; and simply as a measure of prudence, he thought they ought to leave at a time when they were able to get away, and reach their own country. He expressed his determination to do everything to moderate the hostility of the Parisians toward the Germans, and to have them protected while they remained in the city. He also reiterated his wish to do everything in his power to facilitate their departure and to alleviate, so far as possible, the hardships which the state of war had produced in that regard.

Mr. Kern and myself, both, explained to him that it was impossible to make separate applications for those who wanted the permission of the government to remain in Paris, and that, when people came to ask our advice on the question, who represented themselves as peaceable persons, long resident in Paris and engaged in business which they could not leave without great sacrifice, we had advised them to remain, quietly attending to their affairs and giving no cause of complaint to the government, until they should have special notification to leave, when they should apply to us. The minister

fully assented to that course and said there was a large class of that description, whom the government had no desire to drive away. After my interview with the Minister of the Interior, I addressed the following despatch to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
PARIS, *August* 17, 1870.

SIR : In our conversation yesterday you did me the honor to request that I might put in writing the views I expressed to you verbally, in relation to the departure from France of the subjects of the powers now at war with France.

Having been charged by the direction of my own government, and with the consent of the French Government, with the protection of the subjects of the Confederation of the North, as well as the subjects of Hesse, Saxony, and Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, in France, during the war now existing between France and the said powers, I beg leave to state that before any official action had been taken by the French Government in relation to the departure from France of the said subjects, my colleagues, Mr. Kern, the minister of Switzerland, charged with the protection of the subjects of Bavaria and Baden, and Mr. Okouneff, the Russian *chargé d'affaires*, charged with the protection of the subjects of Würtemberg, and myself, arranged an interview with M. Chévreau, Minister of the Interior, for Friday last, the 12th instant, with a view of seeking such measures of protection to the Germans in Paris as the situation seemed to require; but that before that interview took place I learned of the proceedings of the *Corps Législatif* on that day, and of the declaration of M. Chevreau to the Chamber that "Depuis avant-hier nous prenons toutes les mesures pour expulser les étrangers qui sont en ce moment dans la capitale." Therefore, when the interview actually occurred, we found it necessary to address ourselves to the measure of expulsion which has been considered by the Chamber. With courtesy and frankness M. Chevreau explained to us the position of matters touching the Germans in Paris. After stating what had been done and the reasons which had influenced the government, he expressed every desire to ameliorate, as far as possible, the severity of the situation, and to facilitate, in every way, the departure of the subjects to whom the order was intended to apply. But after the official action taken on this subject had become known, Your Excellency will not be

surprised to learn of the alarm and excitement it produced among the people whose protection had devolved upon me. Their number is very large. In our conversation Your Excellency estimated it at forty thousand, other people have placed the estimate still higher. The removal of such a population in a few days, even with all ameliorations, could not fail to carry with it an incredible amount of suffering and misery, involving, as it must, the breaking up of homes and the sacrifice and the abandonment of property. As to those subjects of the powers at war with France who abuse the hospitality of the country, and who remain in it to become spies, to plot against the government, to stir up sedition, and to trouble the public peace generally, all men will be in accord with the government in punishing them and in expelling them from French territory. But their number must be small as compared with the whole number of Germans finding themselves now in Paris. From my observation, the great number seem to be composed (independently of the active business men with large affairs) of honest, industrious, laboring men and women, who have come into the country under the sanction of public faith, relying upon the hospitality and protection of the government. They are for the most part engaged in daily toil for the support of themselves and their families, taking no interest in political affairs and many of them quite ignorant of the ordinary passing events. It is upon this class of people that the action of the government falls with peculiar severity. The scenes I am compelled daily to witness are afflicting. My legation and the surrounding streets are filled every day with crowds of these people, who come to procure their passes and to beg some aid (which I had been authorized to extend in certain cases) to enable them to conform to what they understand to be the direction of the government and to leave the country. Under these circumstances, therefore, I feel that I should fail to discharge the full measure of the duty devolving upon me in this regard, and that I should be forgetful of the obligations of humanity did I not make the strongest appeal to the government of His Majesty, through Your Excellency, to further consider this question, and to ask that if it be not possible to suspend action altogether, that there may be at least some modification of the measures already taken so as to permit such subjects of the belligerent powers as are under my protection, who are now in France, to remain in the country so long as their conduct shall give no cause of complaint, and further to ask for them that protection which the law of nations accords to unarmed enemies. In making this appeal I but obey the wishes of my government, which has instructed me to do everything which is consistent with the position of my country as a neutral, and with

the law of nations, to alleviate the condition of things now existing as regards these people with whose protection I have been charged.

In closing this communication, I beg leave to thank Your Excellency for the clear and courteous manner in which you were pleased to explain the views of His Majesty's government on the subject of our interview, and for the disposition manifested by Your Excellency to soften, in that respect, as far as might be in your power, the hardships which a state of war might impose.

I take this occasion to renew to Your Excellency the assurances with which I have the honor to remain Your Excellency's very obedient servant,

E. B. WASHBURNE.

PRINCE DE LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE,
Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The decree of General Trochu, Governor of Paris, of August 28th, having been issued and having occasioned the most intense excitement among all the foreigners, I sent the following despatch to the Washington government:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
PARIS, *August* 29, 1870. (Received September 14.)

SIR: The decree of General Trochu, governor of Paris, which I have the honor to send herewith, marked 1, appeared this morning in the official journal, and was placarded over the city last night. Being so sweeping in its terms and so emphatic in its declarations, it of course created a very great degree of excitement among the large number of Germans yet remaining in Paris. The legation was besieged at an early hour by a large crowd of Germans, and although I had employed as many men as could work, yet the number was nearly as great at night as it was in the morning. I felt it my duty to call and address myself to the Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne in regard to both articles of the decree; the first in regard to the very limited time allowed for departure, and the second in relation to the application for the special permission for *séjour* in Paris. In this matter I should state that I acted in concert with Mr. Kern, the Swiss minister, protecting the Bavarians and the Badois, a diplomat of wisdom, experience, and energy. We saw the Minister of Foreign Affairs separately, who explained matters to each of us in the same way, but referring us to the Minister of the Interior, who was more particularly charged with the subject. Ac-

cordingly Mr. Kern and myself called on Mr. Chevreau at seven o'clock this evening. In the first place we called his attention to the short time allowed to the Germans to leave Paris, and that even if they were ready to go, it would be utterly impossible for us to furnish them with the requisite papers. In reply, Mr. Chevreau said that although three days was the time named in the proclamation, yet no advantage would be taken of those who were unable to get away within that time.

In the second place, in regard to the permission to be obtained for a sojourn in Paris, we explained to him that we could not, in our diplomatic capacity, make any application whatever to General Trochu, and that our dealings must be with the civil authorities; that if the terms of the proclamation were to be adhered to, we should be powerless to render any aid to the parties with whose protection we had been charged. I explained particularly to Mr. Chevreau the very large number of Germans under my protection who had lived for a long series of years in Paris, and had vast interests at stake; that many of those persons were connected in business with American citizens, and to compel them all to leave would be an incredible hardship, and would entail immense sacrifices. The minister replied very promptly that that question had been just considered by the government, and that our applications could be addressed to the prefect of the police, who had been charged specially with the whole business. He told us to make applications for whomever we pleased, and that they would be considered without any delay, and that whenever we submitted an application of any party for permission to remain in Paris we might consider it as granted unless we had special notice of its rejection.

I have the honor to send you further a notice which appears in this morning's Journal Officiel, and marked 2. It is an invitation to all persons in Paris who are not in a condition "*de faire face à l'ennemi*" to leave Paris. In my interview to-day with the Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne I asked him about this notice. He replied that while it was not to be construed as an *order* which would oblige Americans to leave, yet under existing circumstances he thought it would be well for me to recommend my countrymen to get away as soon as they could, in their own interests. Everything shows that the French Government looks upon a siege of Paris as probable, for it is making the most stupendous preparation in that direction. I have telegraphed you to that effect to-day in cipher, and also, looking to possibilities, I suggested whether you should not ask the Prussian Government to protect American property in Paris, in the event its army reached here. I need not tell you there is a very large amount of property owned by Americans

in Paris, and I hope it will be respected by both sides as property of neutrals.

I have, etc.,

E. B. WASHBURNE.

This decree of General Trochu really embraced all foreigners; but, in an interview with the Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne, he said it would not be construed as an order which would oblige the Americans to leave Paris; though, under the existing circumstances, it would be well for me to recommend my countrymen to get away as soon as they could, in their own interest. The German Americans in France were particularly alarmed at this time. Three American citizens of that category living at Dieppe, wrote to me on the subject, on August 29th, desiring to know if their naturalization papers would protect them in France under the circumstances in which they found themselves. I immediately answered them that the order of General Trochu did not include naturalized citizens of the United States of German birth, that such persons were citizens of the United States, and that all proper protection would be extended to them under all circumstances and at all hazards. Although the Americans in Paris had been

General Trochu.

quite uneasy from the time of the commencement of the war, yet it was not until the issuing of Trochu's proclamation that they began to realize the importance of leaving the city. They, therefore, flocked in crowds to the legation to obtain passports which would enable them to claim American protection. Never were American passports in greater demand than on this occasion. Many persons who only had a questionable right, came to claim them. I was advised that General Dix, my distinguished predecessor, had sometimes given a qualified passport to foreigners who exhibited to him only evidence that they had declared their intention of becoming citizens of the United States. In examining the question for myself, however, I could not find anything, either in the law or in the instructions of the State department, that would warrant issuing a passport to any other than a full citizen of the United States. I therefore addressed the Secretary of State in respect to the matter, and asked his opinion in the premises. I duly received an answer, which was in accord with the views I had expressed to him. After that, I permitted no passport to be issued except to a full citizen of the United States.

It might not be out of place here to state that what I had done for the Germans, as their protector in Paris and France, was fully appreciated by the German government. On the 8th of September, I received a letter from Mr. von Thile, the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Berlin, who, in writing to me touching another matter, was kind enough to say, "As to myself, there only remains the very agreeable duty of expressing to you the lively sense of gratitude I feel for the kind manner in which you have charged yourself with the interests of the subjects of the North German Confederation, and the special care with which you have protected them."

On September 2, 1870, I wrote to my government that the greater part of the German population had left the city; that I had *viséed* and given safe-conducts for nearly thirty thousand persons, subjects of the North German Confederation, who had been expelled from France; that I had given railroad tickets to the Prussian frontier for eight thousand of those people, as well as small amounts of money to a less number. From the statement of that fact, the amount of labor could be estimated that had been performed in the legation during the few previous weeks. My time was then a good deal occupied in looking up Germans who had been arrested and thrown into prison. Those arrests were generally arbitrary, and made without cause; but, it is proper to say that, when any one of these could get word to me of his imprisonment, I never failed, in a single instance, in getting the party promptly released.

From the time of the actual breaking out of the war, incidents, more or less important, were continually arising. One of the most important was in relation to the violation of flags of truce. On August 23d, Mr. Motley, our Minister in London, at the request of Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador to London, sent me the following cipher despatch:

Please say to the American minister, Mr. Washburne, in Paris: A man carrying a flag of truce, who arrived at the French outposts, accompanied by the ordinary trumpeter, in order to invite a proposal from surgeons in the interest of the French wounded, was fired on, on the 19th instant, by all the French advance guards he met, so that he was obliged to return, after his trumpeter had been severely wounded. We protest against this breach of the international law, and will hold France responsible for the fate of the French wounded, for whom our medical help proves insufficient. Count Bismarck says to Count Bernstorff: "I re-

quest you to say further to the American minister, Mr. Washburne, at Paris, that, according to the experience we have hitherto had, the medical staff of the imperial French troops does not wear the badge provided by the convention of Geneva, and that those badges, when worn by our medical men, are not respected by the French troops, so that constantly, at the places for bandaging, the surgeons and wounded are shot at. As the manner in which our men carrying flags of truce are treated, contrary to international law, prevents us from sending our complaints in the direct way, we have no other means than to request, herewith, the American minister to state at Paris our formal protest against a breach of that international convention."

As soon as I could decipher the despatch I took a copy of it, in person, to the Foreign Office. But the minister being absent, I delivered it to his Chief of Cabinet. The Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne, however, gave the subject immediate attention, and addressed to me the following letter:

[Translation.]

PARIS, *August* 23, 1870.

SIR: You have been kind enough to hand me, under to-day's date, copy of a telegram which has been addressed to you by Mr. Motley, at the request of Count Bernstorff, representative of the North German Confederation at London, which has for its object to bring to the knowledge of the government of the Emperor the reclamations of Count Bismarck against the treatment on the part of our troops which may have been inflicted on flags of truce, ambulances, surgeons, and wounded.

The statements made in this telegram are too contrary to the traditions of the French army to make it possible for me to accept them as exact. I have this day made them known to the Minister of War, and will hasten to communicate to you the explanations which he will not fail to give me, and which will, I doubt not, reduce to their just value the protestations of the Prussian Government.

Receive, sir, the assurances of the high consideration with which I have the honor to be your very humble and obedient servant,

PRINCE DE LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE.

Mr. WASHBURNE, *United States Minister at Paris.*

This correspondence was carried still further. Having received from Count Bernstorff another despatch from Count Bismarck, I addressed the following *note verbale* to the Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
PARIS, *August* 28, 1870.

Mr. Washburne, Minister of the United States, presents his respectful compliments to the Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne, and begs leave to enclose him herewith copies of two despatches which have just been transmitted to him by Mr. Motley, the Minister of the United States at London, and which explain themselves.

Count Bismarck to Count Bernstorff.

Palikao declares in the *Corps Législatif* that franc-tireurs must be considered as soldiers. I beg you will communicate the following to Mr. Washburne:

Only persons recognizable as soldiers at rifle-range can be considered and treated as such. Blue blouse is general national costume; the red cross on the arm is only to be discerned at a short distance, and can at every moment be removed and replaced; so that it becomes impossible for our troops to know the persons from whom they may expect hostilities and at whom they have to shoot. If persons who are not always, and at the necessary distance, recognizable as soldiers, kill or wound German soldiers, we can only have them tried by a court-martial.

Please announce once more to Mr. Washburne that Captain Rochous, who was sent by General Alvensleben to Toul with a flag of truce, has been repulsed by successive shots, and that a trumpeter accompanying, yesterday, another flag of truce to Verdun has been killed. We protest solemnly against these repeated violations of international law, and declare that we shall be henceforth in the impossibility of sending flags of truce to the French army.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
PARIS, *September* 1, 1870.

Mr. Washburne, Minister of the United States, presents his respectful compliments to His Excellency the Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and begs to enclose him a despatch, which he has just received from Mr. Motley, the Minister of the United States in London, and which explains itself.

CLERMONT, *August* 29, 1870.

Will you kindly let the following be known to Mr. Washburne, which only now comes to my knowledge.

On the 15th instant General von Bothmer sent Captain Hanfstängl with a flag of truce to the commandant of the Fortress Mucal. The surrender of the fortress was refused. Before the captain was out of shot's range he was shot at from the fortress, and was severely wounded. This is the fourth case of breach of international law coming to our knowledge.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE REPUBLIC.

A Night Session of the Corps Législatif—The Bonaparte Dynasty Declared Fallen—Plans for a Government of National Defence—Uprising of the People—Gambetta Proclaims the Republic of France—Flight of the Empress—Judge Erskine's Recollections—Recognition of the new Government by the United States Minister.

IT was evident, during the very first days of September, that matters in Paris were drifting to a crisis. It was a strange and indefinable feeling that existed among the population of Paris on Saturday, September 3d. Everybody was groping in the dark for news of military operations. The people alarmed, discouraged, maddened, at all the disasters which had fallen upon their arms, were preparing for great events. I went down to the Chamber of Deputies, at the Palais Bourbon at five o'clock in the afternoon. On leaving the Chamber, a diplomatic colleague whispered tremblingly in my ear that all was lost to the French, that the whole army had been captured at Sedan, and that the Emperor had been taken prisoner. A session of the Chamber of Deputies was called to meet at midnight. The startling news had fallen like a thunderbolt over all Paris. The Boulevards were thronged by masses of excited men, filled with rage and indignation. The police authorities strove in vain to disperse them.

The ministry had issued a proclamation which recognized the gravity of the situation, and which was brought

by my secretary of legation, Colonel Hoffman, to my residence at midnight. I at once foresaw that stupendous events were on the verge of accomplishment. The news of the full extent of the catastrophe which befell the army of MacMahon was not made public in Paris until about midnight on Saturday, September 3d, though Palikao had, in the evening session of the Chamber, given out enough news to prepare the people for almost anything. That Saturday night session of the *Corps Législatif* was represented as having been solemn and agitated. The hour designated for its meeting was at midnight, but the President did not take his chair until one o'clock on Sunday morning. M. Schneider, the President, came into the Chamber without the beating of the drum which ordinarily announced his entry. The silence was death-like; but few of the deputies of the Right were in their seats, though the members of the Left were almost all present. Count de Palikao, the Minister of War, took the floor and said that in the presence of the serious news which had been received, he deemed it better not to take any action at that time, but to postpone everything until twelve o'clock of that day. After Palikao had made this suggestion, M. Jules Favre arose and said that he should not propose any serious opposition to that motion, but he asked leave to give notice of a proposition which he had to submit, and which he would discuss at the meeting at twelve o'clock (on Sunday). The proposition which he read was as follows:

1. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and his dynasty are declared fallen from the powers which the constitution has confided to them.

2. There shall be named by the legislative body a commission vested with powers and composed of ——— members, and you will designate yourself the number of members who shall compose this commission, who will make it their first duty to repel the invasion and drive the enemy from the territory.

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3. M. Trochu shall be maintained in his functions of governor-general of the City of Paris.

There was no discussion whatever on these propositions, and after a very brief session of ten minutes the Chamber adjourned.

It was easy to foresee that the sitting of the *Corps Législatif* on Sunday was likely to become historic. I went early to the hall of the *Corps Législatif*. When I arrived there I found a few troops stationed in the neighborhood, and there was not a large number of people in the immediate vicinity. Indeed, I was quite surprised at the tranquillity which seemed everywhere to reign in the quarter of the Palais Bourbon, which is the name of the building occupied by the *Corps Législatif*. Taking my seat in the diplomatic tribune, at a quarter before twelve, there was not a single person in the hall of the deputies, though the galleries were all well filled. Instead of the session opening at noon, it was precisely one o'clock when M. Schneider entered and took the chair of the President. The deputies then came rapidly into the hall. Count de Palikao was the first of the ministers to come in, and he was soon followed by the Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne and MM. Chevreau and Brame. Soon after, all the other ministers took their places on the ministerial benches. The members of the Left came in almost simultaneously, Gambetta hurrying along among the first, haggard with excitement. The venerable Raspail took his seat; Garnier-Pagès hurried across the area in front of the President's chair, in a state of intense agitation. Arago, Simon, Picard, Ferry, Estancelin, Guyot-Montpayroux entered and took their seats. Thiers, the little, brisk and vigorous old man, walked quietly to his place. The President sat in his chair quietly, and seemed in no hurry to call the Chamber to order. The members be-

came impatient and clamorous. There was loud talk and violent gesticulation. At precisely twenty minutes after one o'clock, M. Schneider swung his bell, and the gruff voice of the *huissier* was heard above the din, "*Silence, messieurs! s'il vous plâit.*" After some unimportant proceedings the floor was assigned to Count de Palikao, the Minister of War, who, in behalf of the Council of Ministers, submitted the following:

ART. 1. A council of government and of National Defence is instituted. This council is composed of five members. Each member of this council is named by the absolute majority of the *Corps Législatif.*

2. The ministers are named under the countersign of the members of this council.

3. The General Count de Palikao is named lieutenant-general of this council.

Done in a council of ministers the 4th of September, 1870.

For the Emperor, and in virtue of the powers which he has confided to us.

EUGÉNIE.

After that project had been read, M. Thiers arose and submitted another proposition which was as follows:

Considering the circumstances, the Chamber names a commission of government and National Defence. A Constituent Assembly will be convoked as soon as the circumstances will allow.

The proposition of Favre being already before the Chamber, "urgency" was voted on these three propositions, and they were sent to a committee for examination, under the rules of the Chamber. This voting of urgency, according to the rules of the Chamber, brings the matter before it for immediate consideration. At one o'clock and forty minutes in the afternoon, the sitting was suspended to await the report of the committee to which these three propositions had been submitted, and then

all the members left the hall, going into a large lobby-room, called *la salle des pas perdus.*

As it was supposed that the sitting would not be resumed for an hour or more, I left the diplomatic gallery and descended into the court of the building facing upon the street which runs parallel with the Seine. There I found a great many people who had been admitted by virtue of tickets. The street in front of the building had been kept quite clear by the military, though there was an enormous multitude of the National Guard and the people on the Place de la Concorde, on the opposite side of the river. The Pont de la Concorde seemed to be sufficiently guarded by the military to prevent their crossing over. All at once I saw quite a number of people on the steps of the Palais Bourbon, and soon they commenced to raise loud cries of "*Vive la République!*" "*Déchéance!*" "*Vive la France!*"

At this moment I was called away by the messenger of the legation, who brought me an urgent message from Madame MacMahon, who wanted a safe-conduct from me to enable her to pass the Prussian lines to visit her wounded husband at Sedan. I had asked my friend, the Honorable George Eustis, Jr., of Louisiana, who was a perfect master of the French language, to accompany me to the *Corps Législatif*, and he was with me at the time my messenger came in to get this *laissez-passer* for Madame MacMahon. Leaving the diplomatic tribune, we went into an antechamber, where I could find writing-materials, to prepare the document which was sought for. I had no sooner sat myself down to the table than the cry was raised that the people had invaded the building. It seemed but a moment before the flood was rushing in, even into the antechamber where Mr. Eustis and myself were. The crowd and confusion were so great that I

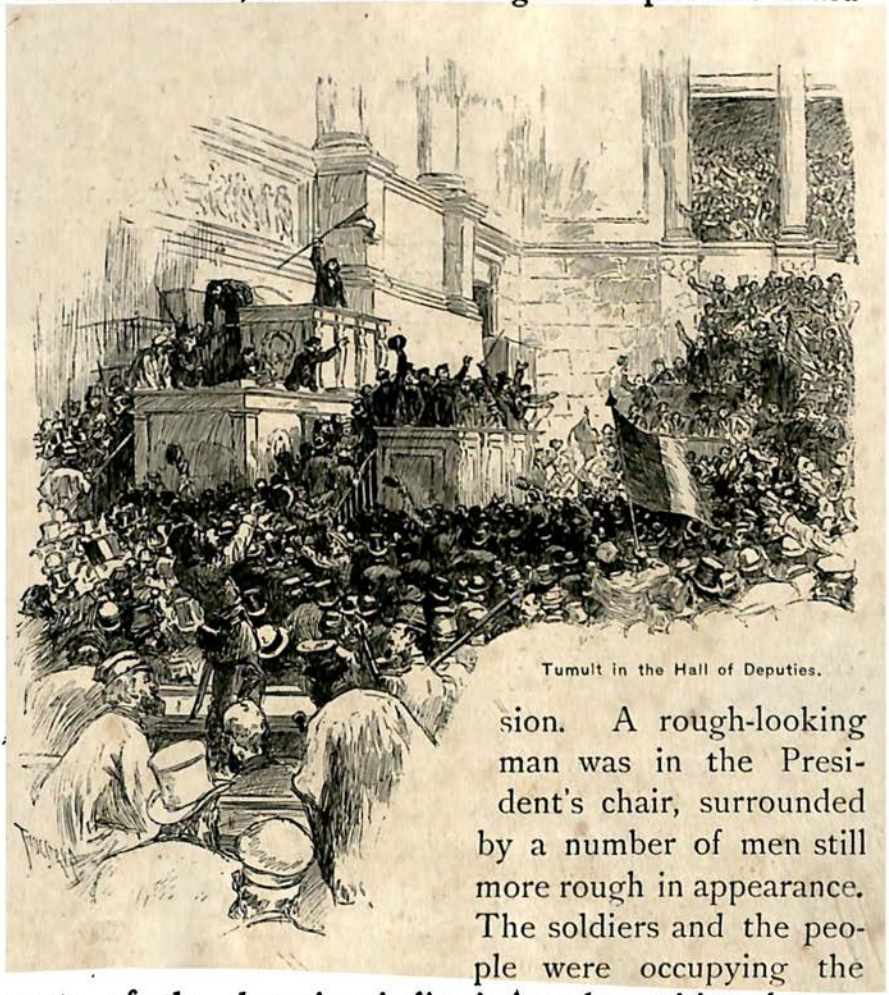
found it impossible to prepare the requisite paper, so we made our way into the court-yard. There was presented a most extraordinary spectacle. A part of the regiment of the line had been brought hurriedly into the yard, and had formed across it, and were loading their muskets. Behind them, and in the street, and rushing through the gates and up the front steps of the building, was a vast mass of excited people and the National Guard, who had fraternized—the guards having their muskets butt-end upward as a token of friendship. It was evident that there had been collusion between the people who were on the steps of the Palais Bourbon, and the people and the National Guard in the Place de la Concorde, on the other side of the river, for it was upon the signal of the people on the steps, that the guard and the people broke through the military force that was holding the bridge. As the crowd mounted the steps of the Palais Bourbon, it was received with terrific cheers and shouts of "*Vive la République!*" and "*Déchéance!*"

Making our way into the street, Mr. Eustis and myself managed to pass through the crowd and to reach the building of the Agricultural Club, in the immediate neighborhood, and from the balcony of which we could see all that was going on. And now the soldiers of the guard, many of them with their hats on the ends of their muskets, accompanied by an indiscriminate mass of men, women and children, poured over the Pont de la Concorde and filled the entire space, all in one grand fraternization, singing the Marseillaise and shouting "*Vive la République!*" The Municipal Guard, with its shining helmets and brilliant uniform, was forced back, inch by inch, before the people, until, finally, all military authority became utterly powerless. During this time the National Guard and the people had invaded the Hall of the Deputies, which they

found vacant. M. Schneider and about a dozen of the members rushed in. The President in vain made appeals for order, and finally covered himself by putting on his hat, according to the immemorable usage of the French assemblies under such circumstances. Gambetta addressed a few energetic words to the invaders, and, a little order being restored, quite a number of deputies entered the hall. But, at three o'clock, a grand irruption into the Chamber took place. M. Jules Favre then ascended the tribune and was listened to for a moment. "Let there be no scenes of violence," he said, "let us reserve our arms for the enemy and fight to the last. At this moment, union is necessary, and for that reason we do not proclaim the republic." The President then precipitately left his seat, and it turned out that it was for the last time. The irruption into the Chamber continued.

The floor and the seats of the deputies, on which a few members of the Left only remained, were filled with a motley crowd in blouses and coarse woollen shirts, or in the uniform of the National Guard or the Guard Mobile. They wore caps and *képis* of all colors and shapes, and carried muskets with their muzzles ornamented with sprigs of green leaves. The tumult became indescribable, and some of the invaders seized on the pens and paper of the deputies and commenced writing letters, while different persons were going up to the President's chair and ringing his bell continually. The crowd in the hall now demanded the "*déchéance*" of the Emperor, which was declared, and then it was proposed to go to the Hôtel de Ville and proclaim the republic. The cry was therefore raised, "*À l'Hôtel de Ville*," mingled with other cries, "*Cherchez Rochefort*," etc., and then this vast multitude commenced moving away from the Palais Bourbon.

The crowd having soon sufficiently dispersed, we were enabled to make our way back again to the *Corps Législatif*, and to enter the diplomatic tribune. The hall was filled with dust, and was in the greatest possible confusion. A rough-looking man was in the President's chair, surrounded by a number of men still more rough in appearance. The soldiers and the people were occupying the seats of the deputies indiscriminately, writing letters, looking over documents, and talking and laughing, all in the best humor. In the hall, at this time, I recognized Garnier-Pagès, Raspail and a few other members of the Left.

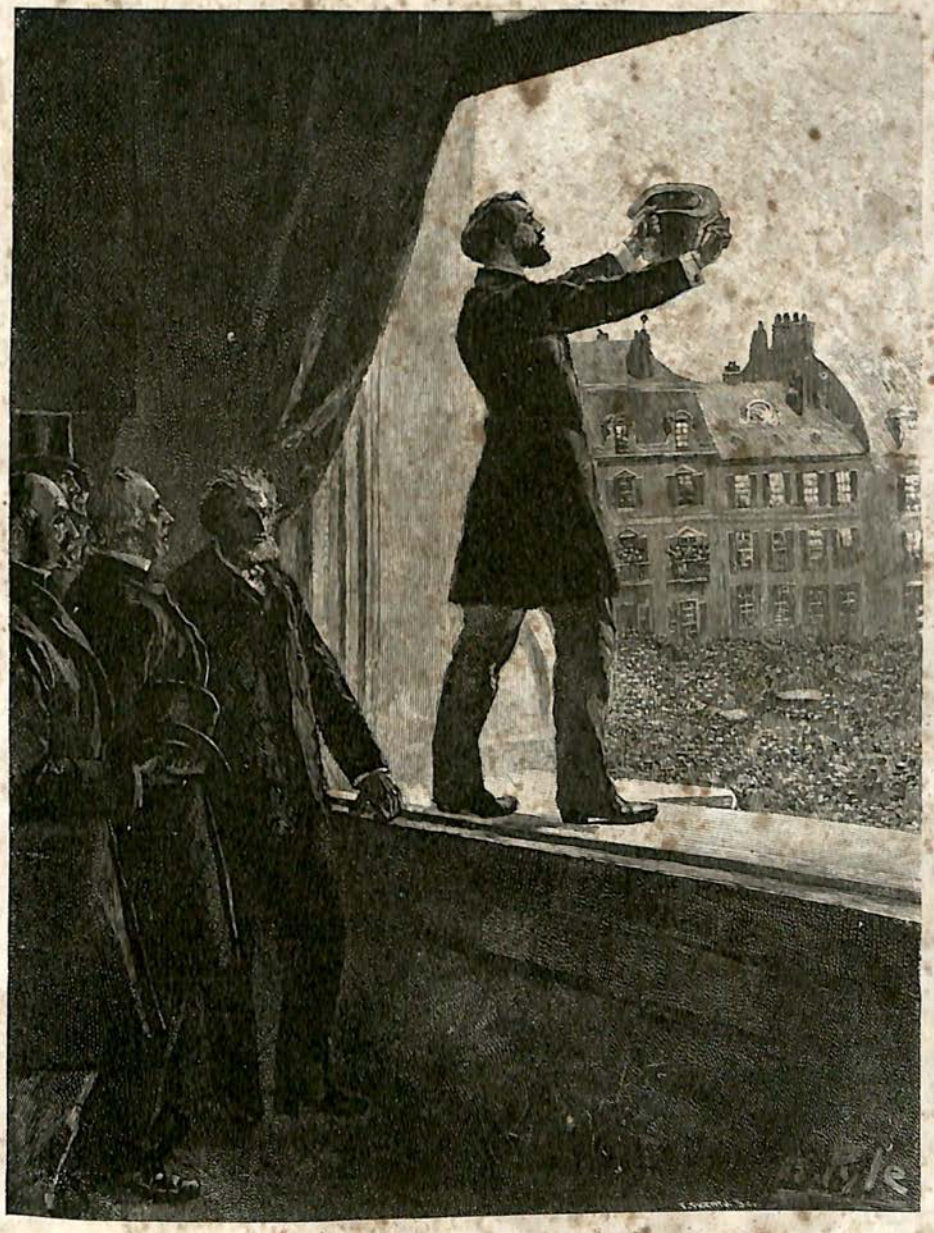


Tumult in the Hall of Deputies.

Leaving the Chamber, we went at once to the Hôtel de

Ville. The number of people assembled there was enormous, and we found the same fraternization existing between them and the National Guard as elsewhere. The building had been invaded by the people, and all the windows fronting on the square were filled with rough and dirty-looking men and boys. Soon we heard a terrific shout go up. Rochefort was being drawn in a cab by a multitude through the crowd. He was ghastly pale; he stood up in the vehicle, covered with sashes of red, white and blue, waving his hat in answer to the acclamations. As he was slowly hauled through the multitude to the main door of the Hôtel de Ville, the delirium seemed to have reached its height, and it is impossible to describe the frantic acclamations which were heard. At precisely four o'clock and forty-five minutes in the afternoon, as I marked it by the great clock in the tower of the Hôtel de Ville, at one of the windows appeared Gambetta; a little behind him stood Jules Favre and Emmanuel Arago; and then and there, on that historic spot, I heard Gambetta proclaim the republic of France. That proclamation was received with every possible demonstration of enthusiasm. Lists were thrown out of the window, containing the names of the members of the provisional government. Ten minutes afterwards, Raspail and Rochefort appeared at another window and embraced each other, while the crowd loudly applauded them.

During this time the public were occupying the Tuileries, from which the Empress had just escaped. Sixty thousand human beings had rolled toward the palace, completely levelling all obstacles; the vestibule was invaded, and in the court-yard, on the other side of the Place du Carrousel, were to be seen soldiers of every arm, who, in the presence of the people, removed the cartridges from their guns, and who were greeted by the



GAMBETTA PROCLAIMING THE REPUBLIC OF FRANCE.

cries, "Long live the nation!" "Down with the Bonapartes!" "To Berlin!" etc. During all of this time there was no pillage, no havoc, no destruction of property, and the crowd soon retired, leaving the palace under the protection of the National Guard.

Some discussion had been raised at the Hôtel de Ville about changing the flag, but Gambetta declared that the tri-color was the flag of 1792–3, and that under it France had been, and yet would be, led to victory. From the Hôtel de Ville, Mr. Eustis and myself went back to the Chamber of Deputies, to find it still in the possession of the people. From there I returned to my legation, which I reached at half-past six o'clock in the evening. At eight o'clock, I rode down to the *Corps Législatif* to see what the situation there was, but on my arrival I found everything closed and the lights extinguished. The doors leading to the Hall of the Deputies had been shut and seals put upon them. I then drove through some parts of the city, and found everything remarkably quiet. The day had been pleasant and the night was beautiful beyond description. Before returning to my lodgings, I called upon Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador, to talk over the events of the day which we had witnessed, and which we were certain would become one of the most memorable in the history of France. In a few brief hours of a Sabbath day I had seen a dynasty fall and a republic proclaimed, and all without the shedding of one drop of blood.

While all this was going on, the Empress and her ladies-in-waiting were at the palace of the Tuileries, and with great trepidation and suspense awaited events. After the people had chased the *Corps Législatif* from the Chamber, the opposition members and the crowd had proceeded to the Hôtel de Ville. General Trochu

then went to the palace to inform the Empress of the proceedings, and offered, if he could find troops enough, to make an effort to protect her from the surging and bellowing crowd which surrounded the palace. The Empress easily foresaw what would be the result of any attempt to defend the Tuileries, and she determined to escape at once, if possible. At a little after three o'clock in the afternoon, the imperial flag was lowered at the Tuileries for the last time. That was looked upon by the crowd as evidence that the Empire had fallen; and then commenced the rush into the palace by the great, motley, turbulent crowd, which showed however no signs of violence or ill-temper. Once inside the palace they began to roam through the magnificent halls and gilded salons. Occasionally a menacing cry was raised. The National Guard, though disposed to do its duty, was really in sympathy with the mob, and hence their appeals to the crowd to spare the national property were very effective, and very little damage was done. At this hour there was with the Empress quite a party of friends, who had entered the palace to look after her safety and support her in that fearful moment. Among the gentlemen who were present, were General Bourbaki, Prince Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, and Chevalier Nigra, the Italian Minister. It was determined that an effort would have to be made at once to escape from the palace, and, after running many hazards, the Empress and a lady-in-waiting were finally enabled to enter a covered *voiture*, with two places, and drive off unmolested. There has been a vast amount of foolish talk in respect to this escape, and it was undoubtedly a very fortunate one. Metternich and Nigra acted admirably, and it was through their tact and address that the Empress was enabled to get out of the way so easily and safely. On

entering the *voiture*, the Empress, seeking a place of refuge, bethought herself of the residence of Dr. Evans (the American dentist), on the Avenue de l'Impératrice, which was very near my house. She hurriedly gave the order to the coachman, who drove off rapidly, but not in a manner to attract attention. She and her lady-in-waiting remained at the house of the Doctor until the next morning when he proceeded with them to Deauville, where they took an English yacht, and, crossing the English channel, arrived at the harbor of Ryde, England. It was an interesting and perhaps a really hazardous adventure; but it was exaggerated to an extent which became simply ridiculous. Dr. Evans proved himself a friend in deed, as well as a friend in need, and was much complimented on the successful manner in which he cared for the Empress.

It was, as I have related, during the height of excitement in the Chamber of Deputies, that my messenger came to me with the urgent message from Madame MacMahon. Driven from one place to another in the Palais Bourbon, I hastily prepared the following in the nature of a passport and sent it immediately to her.

Mr. Washburne to the civil and military authorities of the North German Confederation.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
PARIS, *September* 4, 1870.

This is to request that full permission may be granted to Madame MacMahon, the wife of Marshal MacMahon, and to the Vicomte de Caraman, the brother of Madame MacMahon, and the Sister of Charity Madeleine, to pass all the military lines, in order to visit the Marshal, and to express a hope that all proper facilities may be granted to accomplish this end.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of this legation at Paris, this 4th day of September, 1870.

E. B. WASHBURNE, etc., etc., etc.

I have referred to the Honorable George Eustis, Jr., who had served with me in the Thirty-fourth Congress,

as a Representative from New Orleans, and was my associate on the Committee of Commerce, of which I was Chairman. He had been Secretary to Messrs. Slidell and

Mason when they were captured on the Trent. Our personal relations had always been of the most cordial character. He was among the first persons who called to see me, and welcome me to Paris, after my arrival there in my official capacity. I am glad to speak of him here and express my appreciation and value of his friendship. After the breaking out of the war and after I had been overwhelmed by the pressure which had fallen upon me, in virtue of my relations toward the Germans, and when I found it almost impossible to get the requisite help in my legation, Mr. Eustis kindly volunteered his services and gave me great aid. His perfect knowledge of the French language, his large acquaintance in Paris and with diplomatic usages, made his assistance invaluable. He was a gentleman of fine intelligence, of the most captivating manners, and was greatly beloved in all circles in which he mingled. It might be said that no American in Paris had, in common language, a greater "success" than he had, for he held relations with many of the most important public men in France. He was particularly allied, among others, to George W. de La Fayette, the grandson of General de La Fayette. Before the siege of Paris, his health began perceptibly to fail, and he sought recuperation in his beautiful *chalet* at Cannes. In the spring of 1872 I made him a visit, and found him in the last stages of Bright's disease, but even yet hopeful of recovery. Returning to Paris, in a few days thereafter, I received a telegram from M. de La Fayette as follows: "*Pauvre George est mort.*" His death was to me a great affliction and a great loss.

In going back in my memory to the events of the 3d and 4th of September, many things occur to me which I did not set down in my diary. I suppose there never was in any city more intense excitement than on the night of

the 3d of September, after the full news of the capture of the French army and the Emperor at Sedan. It was a most fearful night. The whole population had apparently turned out, and had abandoned itself to the most profound emotion, preparing for the events of the morrow.

I find that I recorded in my diary on Saturday evening, September 3d, as follows:

"This has been a most eventful day for Paris and for France. The absence of official despatches, put out by the French government, and the news furnished by the London Times of yesterday, convinced me that all was going against France at the theatre of war. And, at three o'clock this afternoon, I received a cipher despatch from Mr. Motley, our Minister to England, to the effect that the Times of that morning said, that MacMahon had been totally defeated yesterday between Carignan and Sedan; that the Prussians had captured the French General and over forty thousand men, seven thousand horses, and one hundred and fifty guns; that Bazaine had been defeated before Metz, and that the Crown Prince's army was reported to be at Sedan. As soon as I received this news, Mr. Eustis and myself started to go down to the *Corps Législatif*, but the sitting had been raised before we reached there. We were told, however, that, in that sitting, after Palikao had given the news, Jules Favre declared that the present government was extinct and that only a military dictator could save the country, indicating, but not naming, Trochu as the man. Reports were also current that the Emperor had been taken prisoner, and also that he had escaped to Belgium with Louis. There was a large crowd in front of the Palais Bourbon and a great many people on the avenues surrounding the *Corps Législatif*.

It was a sober crowd. The truth, so long concealed by the French government, had at length broken upon Paris in all its terrible reality, and the people seemed thoroughly stupefied. There was no demonstration and no loud talk, and the aspect was sad to the last degree.

"My son has just come from the prison La Roquette, and says that there are some 700 prisoners confined there, mostly Germans, and that they are so crowded that it is impossible for any of them to lie down, and that they all have to stand up. I am going to see the Minister of the Interior to-morrow, and shall ask him if he will not release the Germans *en masse*, if I will agree to send them out of the country. After dinner my son and myself went down to the Hôtel de la Place du Palais Royal to call on Judge John Erskine, of the United States District Court of Georgia, who was then visiting Paris with his daughter. When we came out, there was quite a crowd on the Rue Rivoli, bawling for Trochu, and demanding the Republic, and as it was in the street opposite the hotel and looked a little threatening, I suggested to the Judge that he and his beautiful daughter should come to my house for protection, where they are now. At half-past eleven the Judge and myself took an open *voiture* and rode into the heart of the city to see what was going on. We found large crowds of excited men on the Boulevards, but no very serious demonstration."

Judge Erskine has since sent sent me the following reminiscences of those exciting days:

I have still a vivid and, I think, not incorrect remembrance of novel scenes witnessed before and immediately after September 4th. For example: During a visit, accompanied by my daughter, to the Palais de Justice, and while lingering in the neighborhood of the Conciergerie an officer called our attention to a hundred or more of the vagabonds

of Paris, whom we could see huddled together in a large enclosure, and who had been brought there by the police, and were awaiting transportation to Southern parts of France—probably to the bagnios, hulks, or other prisons. The officers also told us, that the authorities were secretly sending off a hundred or so of these rogues and suspects every night; and the police, by cunning and stratagem, replaced them by others before the next morning; and that some two or three thousand had been sent away within the past two weeks.

It might be supposed that these *détenus*—for the officer said there were no particular charges against any of them—were wretched in their confined quarters. No, not they indeed; and they seemed to be in a general state of vivacity. Many were singing the Hymn of the "Marseillaise;" others, ironically piping "Partant pour la Syrie." Spurious priests were giving choice selections from "La pièce du Pape;" while three or four persons, in the garb of the "pompes funèbres," were chanting something not unlike the Dead March; and one tall fellow, partly rigged in a general's threadbare coat, was returning the mock salutations of some lively gamins, with martial dignity. We were likewise informed that many women were detained in the farther division of the enclosure; also to be sent Southward.

I have entertained the idea that great numbers of these vile men, by various means, returned to Paris after Sedan, and during the anarchic state of that city, and became "Communists," and resumed their former vocations of incendiaries and assassins. If, as I have conjectured, the men found their way back to Paris, to pursue their old trades, with improved and enlarged vigor; then, is it not highly probable that many of the females came likewise, and did service as pétroleuses? These are simply thoughts—and they cannot be placed on any higher ground than inferences from inferences—for *I* have no data or account, in print or in writing, indicating that these people, or any number of them, did return to Paris, and for the purposes I have supposed. Although I have not a basis upon which to build a logical hypothesis, nevertheless, I do not think it presumptuous to submit that the subject merits historic inquiry.

I call to mind an excursion we made to the inner Boulevards, on the memorable night of September 3d. About ten o'clock you said to me: "Let us go and see the Revolution, for it is nothing less." "Curious" as Mr. Pepys, I replied: "Lead on and I will follow thee." Not desirous, I presume, to use your own carriage, you ordered Antoine—that man of many tongues—to call a fiacre. He on the box with the coachman, away we sped to the Place de la Concorde; but there the press was too

dense for us to pass to the Rue Royale, so we took the Rue Boissy d'Anglas and the Rue Pasquier to the Boulevard Haussmann, and, turning to the right, drove to the Rue Taitbout, and into the Boulevard des Italiens; thence along it and the Boulevard Montmartre to the corner of the Boulevard Poissonnière: and here we drew rein;—you sending Antoine and the fiacre to the Cité Bergère for safety till our return. We then walked along the Boulevards Poissonnière and Bonne-Nouvelle to within a hundred paces of the Rue du Faubourg St. Denis, and took post under a bright gas light, to await the coming of the procession of citizens which, we learned, was forming on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, and also to observe the dénouement, and to witness whether the military, whose drums we heard in the direction of Saint Lazare and the Canal de St. Denis, would oppose the march.

It was but a brief while after we had selected our position, until we descried a dark mass approaching from the Boulevard des Italiens; its front filled the great thoroughfare from trottoir to trottoir; and as the column neared us, we could clearly see and scan the faces of the processionists: manliness of port, steadiness of purpose, and decision were manifest; no childish effusion or indecorum was to be seen. The greater number of these citizens, observable to us, was evidently of the better-class traders, mechanics, merchants and persons of the learned professions; some wore the sash of office, some the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Intermixed, were men in blouses, zouaves, chasseurs d'Afrique, soldiers of the line, women and gamins. The head of the column passed us, and when near the Rue du Faubourg St. Denis, it seemed to vibrate, soon it paused, and then halted; for doubtless soldiers were seen, or their tramp heard, advancing from the Porte St. Denis. But no face blanched. Not endowed with prescience, none could divine whether impending danger hovered around them; or, if they proceeded, the instant they might be taken in flank, and riddled into eternity; and many of these must have remembered the 2d of December. Presently, infantry entered from the Porte St. Denis, deepening their ranks as they came upon the Boulevard; the head of the column passing over, and resting just within the Rue St. Denis, thus barring any advance of the citizens. Quickly following this movement, a body of infantry emerged from the Boulevard de Strasbourg, and cavalry from the Porte St. Martin, and marching across the Boulevards St. Denis and St. Martin to the trottoir, halted. While the procession remained near the Rue du Faubourg St. Denis, scores of its members broke ranks, and spread themselves upon the sidewalk or trottoir, obscuring our view to such an extent, that I could no longer distinctly see the rank and file; but the

mounted officers and troopers were still discernible. Yet, notwithstanding this impediment, twice or thrice, I caught glimpses of the men, through momentary openings (for I was astutely intent on discovery); but the chassepôts, at shoulder, and their fixed sword-bayonets, glistening, as the light danced upon them, were clearly visible. When the troops entered the Boulevard, from the Porte St. Denis, the citizens, leading in the procession, with one accord, and with outstretched arms, offered fraternal welcome, and filled the air with cries of "*Vive le Garde National!*" "*Vive la ligne!*" and "*A bas Napoleon!*" But there was no response: all was still but not calm. Solicitude and Obedience stood opposite. The period of suspense passed; a loud word of command was given; the column front-faced the procession.

Soon, another command; the glittering sword-bayonets, slanting toward the citizens, disappeared from our sight. The extreme moment—of life or of death—was at hand; "And the boldest held his breath for a time." And now a longer period of anxiety and distrust prevailed; but the prospect being obstructed, by the crowd on the sidewalk, and the voices indistinct, I personally knew not whether the citizens and soldiers passed the time in conference, fraternization, or how otherwise. At length, still another command; and the bayonets—bright and bloodless—sprang to view; the drums beat, the soldiers faced to the head of the column, and marched toward the Seine and the Boulevard St. Michel. When the encumberers of the trottoir, had returned to the procession, and the military had crossed the Boulevard, and disappeared in the Rue St. Denis, we could see the distant troops—foot and horse—wending their way in the direction of the Boulevard du Temple. The procession moved on; and joy abounded for a space; but soon countenances became sombre; then anger and hatred arose; for the people remembered the *coup d'état*,—remembered the political prisoners and exiles,—remembered Thiers, Hugo, Lamoricière; and forgot the *New* Paris, although it was around them! As the vast column proceeded, denunciatory cries were voiced aloud; and there was one—the last—more portentous and appalling still; and, to my mind, it flew in material shape from the front to the far, far rear, rending and tearing the Imperial structure: *Déchéance, Déchéance, Déchéance!* It thrills me to this hour. You were right, my friend, "It was a Revolution, and nothing less."

True though strange, that during these scenes, the catastrophe of Sedan was unknown to the people of Paris.

The following day, amid thousands and thousands of people, I stood upon that historic spot—the old Place de Grève, in front of the Hôtel

de Ville, and looking up at an open window, I saw the tricolor and Gambetta; and at the moment I beheld the national flag and the MAN, the régime of the *coup d'état* toppled and crumbled to dust. Then arose the gladdening shout, "Vive la République." I thought to myself, *La chaîne est brisée;* and came away.

I record on Sunday morning, September 4th, as follows:

"At half-past twelve this morning, my secretary Colonel Hoffman came to my house and awakened me to tell me of the news of the defeat of MacMahon, the capture of the Emperor, etc. At seven this morning the messenger brought in the official bulletin, containing the proclamation of the Ministers, and also a despatch from Mr. Motley of the same purport."

M. Crémieux.

The perfect good nature of the masses could not fail to have attracted the attention, particularly, of a foreigner. I did not see any indication of bad feeling or violence, except, in one instance, when the crowd ran after the carriage of the Spanish Ambassador, making certain threats; but nothing further occurred. The sight in the grand square in front of the Hôtel de Ville was one which can never be forgotten by any person who witnessed it. The crowd was immense, some three hundred thousand. As Mr. Eustis and I stood on the outside of it, we could but remark the peaceable disposition of the people. The ef-

fect produced by the throwing out of bulletins containing the names of the government of the National Defence was prodigious. Immediately after this performance had taken place and the government of the National Defence had been accepted by the people of Paris, we were immensely amused when we saw the old Hebrew advocate, Crémieux, who had been named to the Ministry of Justice, come out from the Hôtel de Ville without a hat, hastily enter an open cab and ride bare-headed towards the Ministry.

On September 7th I received a telegraphic despatch from the State Department at Washington directing me to recognize the new government as soon as the situation, in my judgment, should justify, and "tender congratulations of President and Government of the United States on successful establishment of Republican government." Having received this despatch, on the same day I addressed the following letter to M. Jules Favre, Minister of Foreign Affairs:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
PARIS, *September* 7, 1870.

SIR: I have the honor to state that your communication of the 5th instant was received at this legation at 11 o'clock last night, in which you inform me that the government of the National Defence has, by a resolution of its members, confided to you the Department of Foreign Affairs.

It affords me great pleasure to advise you that I have this morning received a telegraphic despatch from my government instructing me to recognize the government of the National Defence as the *government of France.*

I am, therefore, ready to put myself in communication with that government, and, under your permission, to transact all such business as may properly appertain to the functions with which I am charged.

In making this communication to Your Excellency, I beg to tender to yourself and to the members of the government of the National Defence the felicitations of the Government and the people of the United States.

They will have learned with enthusiasm of the proclamation of a *Republic in France*, accomplished without the shedding of one drop of blood, and they will associate themselves in heart and sympathy with that great movement, confident in the hope of the most beneficial results to the French people and to mankind.

Enjoying the untold and immeasurable blessings of a republican form of government for nearly a century, the people of the United States can but regard with profoundest interest the efforts of the French people, to whom they are bound by the ties of traditional friendship, to obtain such free institutions as will secure to them and to their posterity the inalienable rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." In conclusion, I desire to say to Your Excellency that I congratulate myself that I am to hold relations with the government of the National Defence through a gentleman so distinguished as Your Excellency, and one so well known in my own country for his high character and his long and devoted services in the cause of human liberty and free government.

I take this occasion to assure Your Excellency that I have the honor to be, with great respect, your obedient servant,

E. B. WASHBURNE.

His Excellency JULES FAVRE,
Minister of Foreign Affairs.

On the next day I received the following answer from M. Jules Favre, which bore evidence of that mastery of the French language for which he was so much distinguished:

[Translated.]

PARIS, *September* 8, 1870.

SIR: I look upon it as a happy augury for the French Republic that it has received as its first diplomatic support the recognition of the Government of the United States. No one can better remind us in words, both just and noble, of the inappreciable benefits of a republican government than the representative of a people which has given to the world the salutary example of absolute liberty.

You have founded your wise and powerful institutions upon independence and upon civic virtue, and notwithstanding the terrible trials sustained by you, you have preserved with an unshaken firmness your faith in that grand principle of liberty, from which naturally spring dignity, morality, and prosperity.

Nations, masters of their own destinies, should strive to follow in your footsteps. They cannot be truly free unless they are devoted, fearless, moderate; taking for their watchword the love of labor and respect for the right of all. This is the programme of the new-born Government of France, springing from the painful crisis provoked by the follies of despotism; but at the hour of its birth it can have no other thought than to save the country from the enemy. Here, too, it meets the example of your courage and your perseverance.

You have sustained a gigantic contest, and you have conquered. Strong in the justice of our cause, rejecting all lust of conquest, desiring only our independence and our liberty, we have a firm hope of success. In the accomplishment of this task we count on the aid of all men of heart, and of all governments interested in the triumph of peace. The adhesion of the Cabinet of Washington would alone give us this confidence. The members of the government beg me to communicate to you all their gratitude for it, and to request you to transmit its expression to your government.

For my part I am happy and proud that fortune has permitted me to be the link of union between two peoples bound together by so many glorious memories, and henceforward by so many noble hopes, and I thank you for having, with so great kindness toward myself, expressed all which I feel toward you, as well as my desire to strengthen more and more the relations of affectionate esteem which should unite us forever.

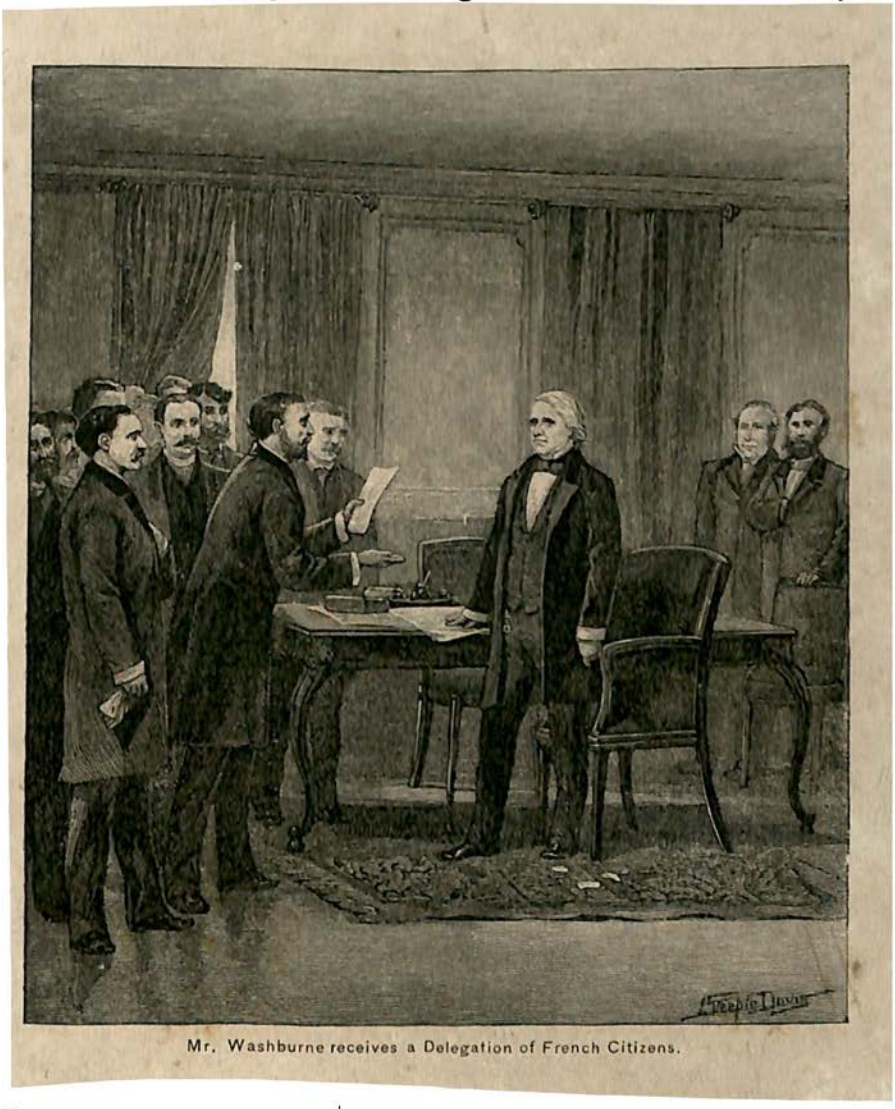
Accept the assurances of the high consideration with which I have the honor to be, sir, your humble and obedient servant,

JULES FAVRE.

Mr. WASHBURNE,
Minister of the United States.

The new government of the National Defence was very soon installed in Paris. All the new ministers had taken possession of their respective departments, their predecessors, in no case making the least objection to surrendering their portfolios to a new government of France, which had been made only by the people of Paris. This was to me a most extraordinary spectacle, that a government could be thus so completely and en-

tirely changed. Nowhere in France, that I know of, was any protest made against it; but it was everywhere received and accepted as the government of the country.



Mr. Washburne receives a Delegation of French Citizens.

The agitation in Paris continued, and the people seemed stunned at a revolution so peacefully accomplished.

The recognition of the government of the National

Defence as the government of France by myself was the first recognition by any nation, and it created a great deal of enthusiasm everywhere. Masses of people paraded in the streets, bearing the American and French flags, and repeating the cries, "*Vive l'Amérique*," "*Vive la France.*" This feeling found expression by their waiting upon me and tendering their thanks and congratulations for what I had done in respect to the recognition. On September 8th, a large delegation, composed of very respectable gentlemen, waited upon me in my private room and read a short address begging that I would transmit to my government, the thanks of a great number of French citizens for the promptness and cordiality with which I had recognized the French government. The following is a translation of the address which they left with me:

LÉGATION DES ÉTATS-UNIS,
PARIS, *September* 8, 1870—4 P.M.

We come in the name of a large number of French citizens, certain that we shall be approved and followed by the whole nation, to beg you to present our thanks to your government for the spontaneity with which it answered the notification of our French Republic. To you, sir, reverts a large part of our thanks for the gracious words which your heart dictated in communicating to us the recognition by your government. The French people will long remember the excellent words of the American Minister. We did not expect less of this great and generous nation whose aspirations and principles have always been in communion with the ideas of France. America and France are sisters, sisters as republics, that is to say, sisters in liberty. The ocean which separates us is less deep than the sentiments which unite us.

I responded:

GENTLEMEN: On behalf of my government I thank you for this demonstration. I shall take pleasure in transmitting the thanks which you have so eloquently expressed for the action which the Government of the United States has taken in recognizing the new republic of

France. In my communication, to which you so kindly allude, I only expressed the sentiments of the President and of the people of the United States. The American people feel the greatest interest in the grand movement which has just been inaugurated in France, and will indulge in the most fervent wishes for its success, and for the happiness and prosperity of the French people. Living themselves under a republican form of government, they know how to appreciate its blessings, and to-day, with warm hearts and eloquent words, they felicitate their ancient ally on the accomplishment of that peaceful and bloodless revolution which must challenge the profound interest of all lovers of liberty throughout the world.

For several days companies and regiments of the National Guard appeared in the street in front of the legation, with music playing, and French and American flags flying. Halting in front of the legation, their cheers were continued until I stepped upon the balcony and bid them welcome, and thanked them for the compliment they had paid my government. Then a committee would be selected to pay their respects to me, in the legation. This committee would consist of officers decked out in full military toggery. They would be very effusive and cordial in their thanks, and the principal man of the delegation would end his complimentary remarks by adopting the custom of the First Revolution in giving me the *accolade* (that is, a kiss on both cheeks).

On the 16th of September, I supposed I had got all the expelled Germans out of Paris, with the exception of a few sick, who were unable to be removed. For the last few days before the gates of Paris were finally shut on September 18th, the pressure at the legation for passports was greater than ever. Those poor people were completely panic-stricken, and many feared that they would be shut up in Paris and either starve to death or be made victims of bad treatment. During these times I devoted myself to the work for eighteen hours a day.

I would be at my legation before seven o'clock in the morning. But that was not all. There was great difficulty in getting cars enough to take the *expulsés* away, and the scenes at night at the Gare du Nord, when hundreds of Germans were struggling to get their tickets and their places in the cars, were most exciting. The trains

The American Legation at Paris.

were to leave every night at half-past ten, and I went there some time before their departure to try and regulate matters and to assist these people in getting off. It is but just to say that the railroad company behaved admirably and did all in its power to facilitate their departure.

Soon after the government of the National Defence had become installed, it was a question whether the mem-

bers should leave Paris and go to Tours, or whether they should remain in Paris. It was finally determined that they should remain in Paris and depute the Minister of Justice, M. Crémieux, M. Glais-Bizoin and Admiral Fourichon to go to Tours to represent the government of the National Defence. About the middle of September all the Ambassadors representing the European powers, in France, together with the Italian Minister, M. Nigra, left Paris for Tours. They evidently "picked up their hats in a hurry," and left without any consultation with other members of the Diplomatic Corps. The Papal Nuncio and several ministers of smaller powers still remained in Paris. On the 23d of September the members of the Diplomatic Corps remaining in Paris were convoked by the Pope's Nuncio, the Doyen of the corps, to meet at his residence, at No. 102 St. Dominique, St. Germain, Paris. The proceedings of the meeting are stated in a *procès verbal* which is here inserted:

A meeting of the diplomatic corps having been convoked by the Pope's Nuncio, the Doyen of the corps, some twenty-two members of the body met at 11 o'clock A.M., Friday, September 23, 1870, at the residence of the Nuncio, No. 102 St. Dominique, St. Germain, Paris. The Nuncio stated his reasons for convoking the body. Their present position as diplomatic representatives was comparatively a useless one, as their communications with their various governments were now cut off. He considered it proper that they should consult together and decide—

First. Whether the time had come when it was proper for them to leave Paris.

Secondly. Whether they should act together, or act separately.

Thirdly. If it should be decided not to leave at the present time, that it should be determined what steps were to be taken to send and receive despatches through the military lines.

The Nuncio thought the time had not yet arrived for the corps to leave. He thought it best for the members to act collectively, and he hoped measures would be taken so that they could communicate with

their governments. He concluded by asking a general expression of opinion.

Mr. Kern, the Swiss minister, expressed a decided opinion that it was not proper for the body to leave now. The time for leaving would be, according to diplomatic usage, when the notice of bombardment had been received. He had thought strange of certain members of the corps leaving without notice or consultation with their colleagues. He thought it was more dignified to remain and act collectively. He wished the Nuncio to take upon himself to communicate with the Minister of Foreign Affairs and obtain all information possible in relation to communicating through the military lines, and to arrange for the egress, if it should become necessary, of the diplomatic corps.

After a few observations of Baron de Zuylen de Nyevelt, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Holland, and by Baron Beyens, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Belgium, Mr. Washburne remarked that he fully agreed with the opinions expressed by his colleagues who had spoken. He was obliged to the Nuncio, who had taken the trouble to convoke the body, for, in the circumstances that existed, he considered it important that they should act in concert. He did not consider that the time had come for the diplomatic corps to leave, for he thought they should stay as long as possible, not only for the dignity of their own governments, but for the protection of such of their countrymen as might yet be in Paris. For himself, he wished to give to the government of the National Defence such consideration as was due to it as a government recognized by the United States. He thought steps should be taken immediately to open communication through the lines for the despatches of the diplomatic body, and that as soon as anything was accomplished, another meeting should be convoked. It would be unnecessary at the present meeting to take any steps in relation to going out of the city, as the emergency had not arisen to render it necessary to go.

After further and informal expression of opinions, the Nuncio consented to accept the mission confided to him, and said he would reconvene the body at an early day to report as to what had been done. The meeting then separated.

On the 22d of September, seven consuls general and consuls of Central and South American Republics, who had no accredited diplomatic representatives in France, invoking the sentiments of union and fraternity which

should unite states having republican institutions in common, "had the honor to pray me, in the name of the laws of nations, of justice and humanity," to take under my official protection the chancelleries of the above mentioned republics. Having no time to communicate with my own government and obtain instructions relative thereto, I addressed a communication to M. Jules Favre, asking if the French government would assent to my taking these chancelleries under my charge. He promptly answered that, my request had been favorably received, and added that the foreign consuls could not make a choice which would be more acceptable than that of the representative of the United States.

Having thus obtained this assent from M. Jules Favre, I addressed to the consuls, a communication on September 30th. I stated that not being able to communicate with my government on the subject, I took it for granted that on account of the warm feeling of friendship it held for its sister republics, it would most willingly have me assume all the good offices and protection which I could properly render in the premises; and that it would give me pleasure to place myself at their disposition and to offer my own good offices and the friendly protection of my government, so far as they might be in accordance with usage and public law in such cases. I stated further that my government would feel highly complimented by the distinguished mark of confidence shown to it by its sister republics of Central and South America; and that the government and the people of the United States took the deepest interest in all that concerned their welfare and happiness, and that they cordially reciprocated the sentiment of fraternity and sympathy which had been so kindly expressed.

In the early part of the troubles, M. Favre had ex-

pressed to me, incidentally, the hope that our government might feel like intervening between France and Germany in the interests of peace. By doing so, he said, we might be able to render a service to our ancient ally and stay the tide of war. I guarded myself very vigilantly against giving him any assurance in that respect. But, afterwards, he presented the matter in a more formal manner and expressed the idea that I might, in my individual capacity, and not as minister, do something in the way of bringing about an understanding between the two governments. When it was presented in this more formal light, I answered that it was impossible for me to separate my position as a private citizen from that as a diplomatic representative; that in a matter of so grave concern, I would not presume to act, except under the direction of my government. I told him that I always considered myself as the minister of the United States. I, therefore, telegraphed to my government what was desired on behalf of M. Favre, and asked instructions, which I duly received by telegraph and which were of the purport which I expected,—that the United States government would not intervene, in any way, except upon the demand of both of the belligerent powers. Awaiting this reply, M. Favre was very anxious, as he seemed to regard it as a matter of great importance that the United States should in some way intervene. On reaching my legation the morning after I had received the despatch, I found M. Favre awaiting me to ascertain its character. I read it to him and explained fully how our government regarded all those matters, and that it had been the traditional policy of our government to keep out of all entangling alliances with foreign governments. M. Favre thanked me cordially for what I had done, and said he hoped that while our government could not intervene of-

ficially it would give the new Republic of France its moral support.

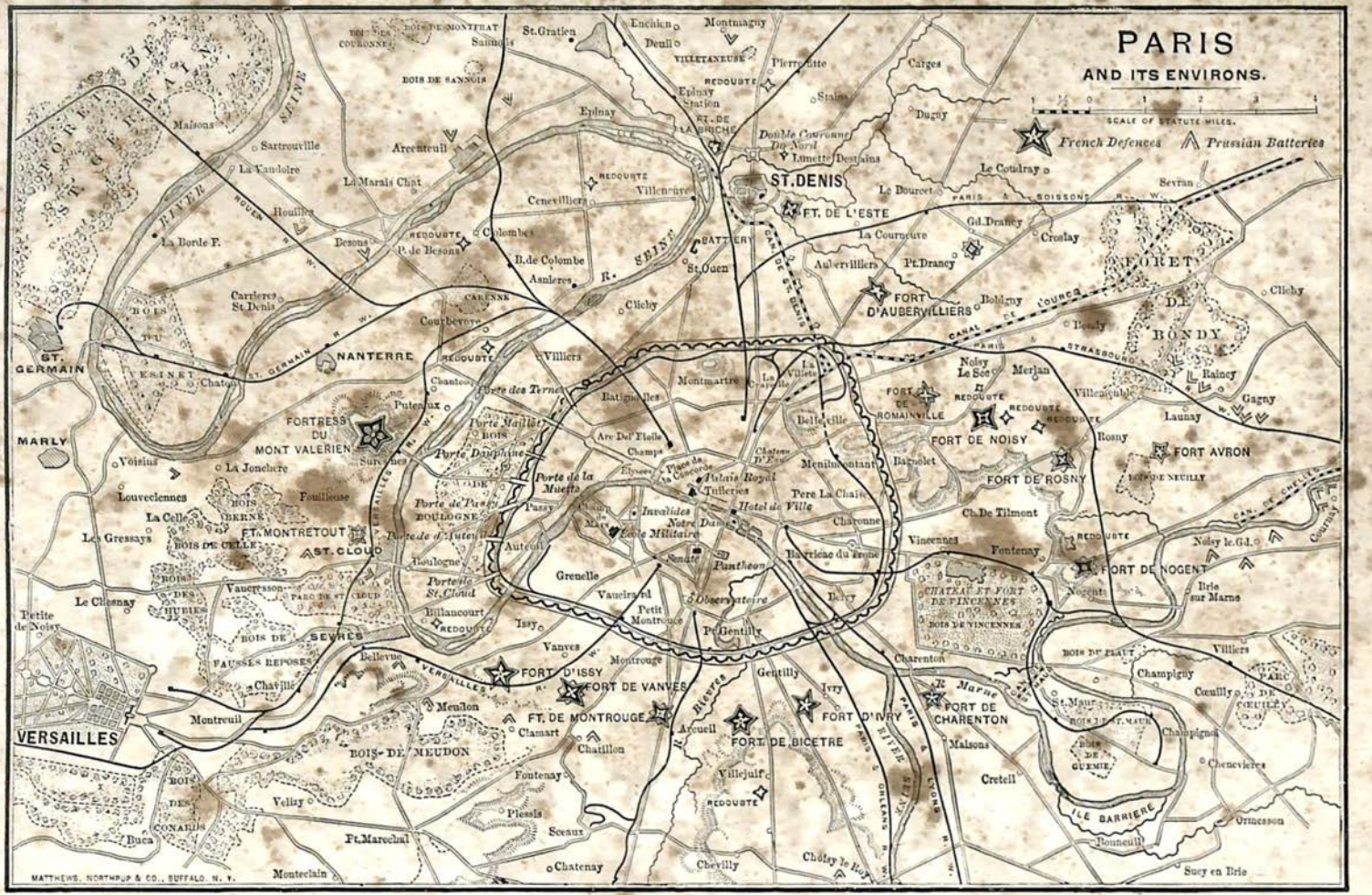
The first business of the government of the National Defence was to address itself to making preparations for the defence of the country. On September 14th there were no less than three hundred thousand soldiers in the city, which was the very worst place they could be in. Instead of having a country campus for instruction, where the soldiers could be properly drilled, and away from adverse influences, a good deal of their time was spent in parading up and down the streets and avenues of the grand city, sipping wine at the cafés and smoking cigarettes. It is but just to say that these men had in them all the elements to make good soldiers, that they were brave and patriotic, and only needed good officers and strict discipline to mould them into a magnificent army.

On September 9th I had addressed a despatch to my government in explanation of the state of affairs existing at that time in Paris. One could hardly realize how complete the change had been, and how thoroughly it had been acquiesced in by France. On Sunday morning, September 4th the Journal Officiel de l'Émpire Français appeared as usual; on Monday morning it appeared as the Journal Officiel de la République Français, with all the addresses, proclamations and decrees of the new government, designated as the government of the National Defence. The government was composed of the eleven deputies of Paris to the *Corps Législatif.* To these were added General Trochu, as President, Jules Favre, as Vice-President and Jules Ferry, as Secretary. As constituted, the government of the National Defence was composed of well known men of the Left. The Journal Officiel of Monday, speaking of the revolution of Sunday, said:

"The characteristic peculiarity of the revolution of the

4th of September is the complete order and uniformity with which it took place. The National Guard, hardly organized, evinced the admirable power which it possessed, at the same time saving the honor of France and preserving order in the city. At two o'clock in the morning the most profound quiet reigned throughout Paris. The Senate and Legislative body are vacant and seals are fixed to the doors of the chambers. Paris is calm in every part."

On Monday morning everything was remarkably peaceful throughout the city; the ministers were duly installed in their departments attending to their duties. The new order of things, accepted by the people of Paris was really wonderful. The terrible misfortune brought upon France by the misfortunes of the fallen dynasty, the rivers of blood that had been uselessly shed in the war, the terror and anguish felt by all, tended to render them satisfied with almost anything. The liberal journals of Paris commented with exultation upon the change, while the other journals accepted the new state of things with resignation.


PARIS
AND ITS ENVIRONS.
SCALE OF STATUTE MILES.
French Defences
Prussian Batteries
ST. GERMAIN
MARLY
VERSAILLES
NANTERRE
ESTAING
MEUDON
SEVRES
ST. CLOUD
MONTRETOUT
FORTRESS DU MONT VALERIEN
FT. DE L'ESTE
FORT D'AUBERVILLIERS
FORT DE ROMAINVILLE
FORT DE NOISY
FORT DE ROSNY
FORT AVRON
FORT DE NOGENT
FORT DE CHARENTON
FORT D'IVRY
FORT DE BICETRE
FT. DE MONTROUGE
FORT DE VANVES
FORT D'ISSY
ST. DENIS
BOIS DE BONDY
BOIS DE VINCENNES
CHATEAU ET FORT DE VINCENNES
Invalides
Notre Dame
Ecole Militaire
Hotel de Ville
Tuileries
Palais Royal
Pantheon
Senate
Observatoire
Pere La Chaise
Barricade du Trone
Ch. De Tilmont
Montmartre
Batignolles
Belleville
Menilmontant
Charonne
Vincennes
Fontenay
Bercy
Grenelle
Vaugirard
Petit Montrouge
Pt Gentilly
Gentilly
Ivry
Arcueil
Villejuif
Chevilly
Choisy le Roy
Thiais
Fontenay
Clamart
Chatillon
Meudon
Montreuil
Bellevue
Chaville
Velizy
Plessis
Sceaux
Chatenay
Pt. Marechal
Monteclain
Buca
Bois de Meudon
Bois de Boulogne
Bois de Vincennes
Bois de Sannois
Bois de Montmorency
Bois de la Malmaison
Bois de Vesinet
Bois de Celle
Bois de Fausses Reposes
Bois de Verrieres
Bois de Clamart
Bois de Chatillon
Bois de Meudon
Bois de Fontenay
Bois de Velizy
Bois de Conards
Bois de Plessis
Bois de Sceaux
Bois de Chatenay
Bois de Montmorency
Bois de Sannois
Bois de Montmorency
Bois de Vincennes
Bois de Vincennes
Bois de Vincennes

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST WEEKS OF THE SIEGE.

Closing of the Gates on September 18th, 1870—Street Scenes—Victor Hugo's Return from Exile—Panic of the French Troops—Favre's Interview with Bismarck—The Spy Episode—Scarcity of Fresh Meat and Abundance of Bread—General Burnside's Visit—Bismarck's Special Favor to the United States Minister—A Diplomatic Correspondence.

THE gates of Paris were practically closed on Sunday, September 18th, though, on the subsequent Monday, a telegraph despatch from the United States got through to me, exactly how I never understood. It was indeed, a lonely feeling that came over the Parisians when they reflected that they were shut out from the wide, wide world. No letters, no mails, no news from the outside. No one believed that the siege would endure more than a few weeks, and people went along quite as usual. The great feature was the immense military force, all to be fed. Provisions had been laid in for a reasonable time, and that man would have been deemed insane who would have predicted that the gates of the besieged city would not be open until the last day of February—four and a half dreary and mortal months. That great and beautiful city, the pride of France, with nearly two millions of people, surrounded, besieged, cut off from all communication with the world! The contemplation of all the incidents of that siege of all the patient suffering of the people, of all the anxiety and terror, of all the hunger, cold, starvation, sickness, and hope deferred, the bom-

bardment, the battles, the wounded and the dead, made one of the most interesting and important events that could possibly be presented to the student of history.

A short time previous to September 4th, my family being absent from Paris, I had left my own residence, in the Avenue de l'Impératrice, to occupy a large hotel in the Avenue Montaigne. It was there I was on the day of the revolution. A curious incident had happened on the night of September 4th, after the imperial dynasty had fallen. The Prince and Princess Murat, members of the family of the Emperor, resided in the Avenue Montaigne, not far from the house which I was temporarily occupying. About midnight one of the domestics of Prince Lucien Murat, who had lived a long time in Florida and had married a South Carolina lady, brought to me a large bag of gold with the compliments of the Prince, begging me to take care of it for him that night. In the excitement which was then prevailing I have no doubt there was great fear on the part of the Prince and his family, that the populace might attack his residence. That was the reason why he desired to have his gold coin in what he considered a safe place. I received the bag, which was a pretty heavy one, and put it between my mattresses and went to sleep. The next morning, when everything seemed to be more quiet and peaceable, the same servant came back and took away the bag, very much to my relief.

And this incident illustrated the saying that "when times change men change with them." The court etiquette required that every diplomatic representative, after entering upon his duties, should make a formal call on all the members of the family of the Emperor, and that was all arranged through the Foreign Office. Soon after my arrival in Paris the time had been fixed when

the Minister of the United States and Mrs. Washburne were to call on the Prince and Princess Lucien Murat. We arrived at the hotel of the Prince and Princess very promptly on time, and perhaps a little in advance of the moment when we were expected, for we found the old Prince hurrying down to the court to take his carriage in order not to be present at the interview, leaving the Princess alone to receive us. It was a little more than a year after this that he sent his bag of gold to my house to have me keep it for him.

On the day after the gates of Paris were closed, that is, on September 19th, I left the Avenue Montaigne and returned to my home, No. 75 Avenue de l'Impératrice. Reaching there at six o'clock in the afternoon, I found it in strange contrast to what it had been in the peaceable times before the war. The first thing that I saw, as I proceeded up the avenue was two cannon, placed directly in front of my house. Before the large door on the Rue Spontini, which entered into the court, were the *caissons*, the artillery men and horses, and they were strung out all along the Avenue Bugeaud. The soldiers were cooking their suppers and every few minutes was heard the random discharge of a gun. Yet all in the house was quiet, and there was no occasion to realize the least sense of any danger. The grand entrance into the Bois de Boulogne, which was very near my residence, was being fortified, and there were no carriages passing on the avenue. That great artery through which had passed for so many years all the royalty, wealth, fashion, frivolity and vice of Paris was cut, and there was the silence of death. Many friends called on the evening of that day, and we all wondered if the world had ever before witnessed so great a change in so short a time. It seemed to us all like a dream; we felt for the first time that we were cut

off from the outside world. It seemed odd to be *of* the great world and yet not *in* it, shut out from all communication. But after all, a certain portion of Paris did not seem to mind it much. There were the same little *voitures*, the same omnibuses, the same stores open, the same people moving about, and it seemed a little singular that they were cleaning and watering the Champs Elysées as usual. There was quite a movement occasioned by the Guard Mobile electing their own officers. There were a great many groups in the streets. Late in the afternoon there came the news of the complete surprise of the French troops outside of the walls. There was a general rushing to the inside, and as the soldiers poured into the city, in a very demoralized condition, they told awful stories of the Prussian power and strength.

I made an informal and unofficial call on the government of the National Defence on that day. I went down to the Hôtel de Ville at noon, where the government held its sittings. I traversed the magnificent halls of that historic building, and finally was ushered into the splendid *salon* which was the room of the government. It was a large room and most elegantly furnished. There was a long table around which the members of the government sat. In the room I found the following members of the government: Emmanuel Arago, Jules Simon, Garnier-Pagès, Jules Ferry and Eugène Pelletan. It was perhaps Arago, who, of that number, impressed me most. He was a man of Herculean frame, with a fine head and intellectual face, and was distinguished for his courage and energy. He was an advanced republican, and figured in the revolution of 1848, and was sent as minister to Berlin. Jules Simon had been a moderate republican, a man of real ability and exceptional accomplishments. He had devoted himself much to the cause of education, and was

regarded as one of the most eloquent talkers in France. All of these gentlemen were extremely cordial and full of thankfulness to our country for the sympathy it had manifested with the new republic.

After all the excitement and the labor I had been through, I was much refreshed by a night's rest; and on Tuesday morning, September 20th, as I arose, I found that the company of artillery had disappeared, and that quiet reigned in our immediate neighborhood.

I should have before stated that, on September 9th, the government of the National Defence issued a proclamation to the French people. They said that power lay prostrate; that which commenced by an attempt, finished by a desertion. They had only picked up the government which had escaped from impotent hands. Europe needed to be enlightened, they said, and it was proper that it should know, by irrefutable proof, that France was with its government. Then followed a little innocent bravado. The invader was to encounter upon his route, not only the obstacle of an immense city, resolved to perish rather than surrender, but a whole people, moreover, organized and represented by a new government; in fine, which was to carry into every place, in spite of every disaster, the living soul of the country. This whole proclamation now read in the light of the events which followed, seems somewhat amusing. It ended by decreeing that the electoral college of France should be convoked for Sunday, October 16th, in order to elect a Constituent National Assembly.

Victor Hugo had been driven from France after the *coup d'état* of 1851, and had been twenty years in exile in the Island of Jersey. The Revolution of the 4th of September had opened the door for his return to his own beloved France, and on the 6th of the month he entered

Paris, and had a grand ovation at the Gare du Nord, on his return, by way of Brussels. To the boisterous and enthusiastic crowd, who received him, the brave old man answered at his best. He exclaimed: "Paris must not be sullied by invasion. To invade Paris is to invade liberty: it is to invade civilization. No such invasion shall triumph; Paris will be saved by the union of all souls, all hearts, all arms, in her defence. To defeat Paris means new hatred, new resentments, new barriers between people and people. Paris must be victorious in the name of fraternity; for only by making the fraternity of all possible, can the liberty of all be gained." And seeing our flag, he called attention to it, and said, "That banner of stars speaks to-day to Paris and to France, proclaiming miracles of power which are easy to a great people, contending for a great principle; the liberty of every race and the fraternity of all."

In the Journal Officiel of September 7th there appeared a circular addressed to the diplomatic agents of France, by the Vice-President of the government of the National Defence and Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Jules Favre. This was an able document, drawn up in that captivating style which belonged to M. Jules Favre, and which pleased the French people immensely. After speaking of the war with the Prussians as a defiance, he said they accepted it; and then he made use of that language which has become historic:

"*Nous ne cédérons ni un pouce de notre territoire ni une pierre de nos fortresses.*"

He said that a shameful peace would only be a war of extermination; that they would only treat for a durable peace. He said that they had an army resolved, well provided, well established; *and everywhere* the breasts of three hundred thousand combatants, decided to fight to

the last. And then he alluded to the statue of Strasbourg which had been set up on the Place de la Concorde, and this was one of the absurdities of the time. The statue was heavily covered with crape, and the people in great numbers, and many companies and regiments of soldiers would surround it. I shall never forget walking down the Champs Elysées one pleasant afternoon when I saw this great crowd surrounding the statue and covering it with immortelles and with small flags and bouquets. There were many mottoes, and there was a picture of General Uhrich, who had just leaped into public notice on account of some little military fame which he had gained. The people, by hundreds and hundreds, would stand before the statue, their whole bearing being that of extreme grief.

Jules Favre took advantage of that feeling by saying in his communication that, when the people came piously to place crowns at the feet of the statue of Strasbourg, they were not only obedient to a sentiment of enthusiastic admiration, but they took their heroic *mot d'ordre*, and they swore to be worthy of their brothers in Alsace and to die as they had.

There also appeared in the Journal Officiel of September 7th the announcement that a voluminous correspondence of the imperial family had been seized at the frontier by the watchfulness of the Prefect of Police; that that correspondence appertained to history, and, in consequence, the Minister of the Interior had instituted a commission with the direction to unite, to classify and prepare for publication, those curious pieces. These "curious pieces" were afterwards published in a pamphlet by the French government and created an immense amount of scandal. In the interests of decency, such documents should never have been made public.

It was on the 8th of September that Gambetta, as Minister of the Interior, had announced that three *corps d'armée* of the Prussians were marching towards Paris. I think that official announcement created more consternation and excitement in Paris than I had hitherto seen. Great numbers of excited people gathered on the Boulevards, and the scenes were extraordinary. In the midst of all this, Trochu, for the purpose of quieting and pacifying the people, issued his proclamation saying that the defence of Paris was "assured." One of the revolutionary papers called for a subscription to be raised to purchase a *fusil d'honneur* to be given to any man who would take off King William. And then there was a great deal of talk and clamor, and it was demanded that "liberty, equality and fraternity" should be inscribed on the public edifices. That had long before been held to mean "infantry, cavalry and artillery."

Victor Hugo now proclaimed that "Paris has an anchor, a civilization fermenting within her, that the Red French of the Republic placed in her crater; and that the city was full of all the explosions of the human soul. Tranquil and troubled, Paris awaited the invasion. The volcano needed no assistance." That was regarded as wonderful.

I wrote in my diary on September 15th as follows: "The Paris of to-day is not the Paris of a few weeks ago. Every carriage of pleasure has disappeared; the streets are no longer sprinkled or cleaned, and before the recent rain the dust on the Champs Elysées was so great that you could hardly see a rod before you. Indeed the city is but one vast camp; three hundred thousand soldiers passed in review before General Trochu on Tuesday. There are soldiers everywhere, organized and organizing, of all arms, uniforms, shades and colors; demoralization,

confusion and disorder, everywhere ; streets and avenues filled with tents and baggage wagons, horses, forage, etc. The garden of the Tuileries is filled with artillery. There is a great movement of troops to-night, regiments are marching down the Champs Elysées, and as I write, I distinctly hear them singing the eternal, but ever inspiring Marseillaise. I have not spoken of the demonstrations in honor of our country Tuesday night. There were two, the telegraph men, about twelve hundred, and a regiment of the National Guard both coming to the house temporarily occupied my me, at No. 29 Avenue Montaigne. On Tuesday, the day of the review, there was no end of marching and countermarching before the legation. No less than twenty-one delegations called on me, each one having a spokesman to make an address, thanking the United States for its prompt recognition of the new republic, and myself as the organ, and then such shaking of hands, embracing, cheers and 'vivas!'"

The first affair before the walls of Paris was on September 19th, and was called indifferently "battle," "reconnaissance," "combat," "sortie." It was the next morning that I found that the company of artillery, which had been about my house, had disappeared. The weather was splendid. As I walked down to my legation, I heard the news on every side that the French forces had been driven back. It turned out to have been a most disgraceful affair, for the French soldiers ran like sheep and poured pell-mell into the city. In the evening Gambetta, as Minister of the Interior, issued a proclamation saying that the cannon sounded and the supreme moment had arrived, and implored the soldiers not to be troubled by cowards or by laggards, but stating that if cowards came flying into the city and bearing with them disorder and panic and falsehood, that they (the soldiers) should re-

main unmoved, assured that a court martial would be instituted to judge the cowards and deserters, which would watch over public safety and protect national honor.

On Tuesday evening, September 20th, I wrote in my diary: "This may be considered the second day of the siege, and it has been almost without incident. The cowardice of the troops yesterday has been strongly denounced in the papers, and General Trochu has issued a proclamation on the subject. It is high time, for, if the demoralization of the troops be not stopped, they will be utterly worthless. The city is filled with them, roaming in all directions; some with arms and others without any. The papers say Jules Favre has gone to see King William. I think that may be true, but the papers are so filled with canards, it is very hard to tell what to believe. La Liberté, one of the best of them, says this evening, that I accompanied Favre. However, so far as I know myself, I am here quietly at my residence in Paris at nine o'clock this night. The Avenue de l'Impératrice, as we know it, has, by a freak of the day, been changed to the Avenue 'Uhrich.' The day has been perfectly lovely—a beautiful fall day, bright and clear. I rode down the Champs Elysées at two o'clock P.M. The Avenue has been cleaned and sprinkled; regiments of soldiers were stringing along on both sides, resting on their arms. I hear that there was a movement of about forty thousand troops through the city, but I did not see any of them. Many persons were at the legation to-day, of all nations, and all wanting something from the representative of the great republic. Several South American consuls want to put themselves under my protection; a Mexican woman wants *secours;* a daughter of a former minister of San Domingo wants protection; a French woman badly

scared, wants to know if I am going out of the city, and if so, she wants to accompany my party.

On September 12th, the Journal Officiel had announced that, in the present circumstances, M. Thiers would not refuse his services to the government, and that he would depart that evening on a mission to London, and from there go to St. Petersburg and Vienna. That painful and difficult mission, thus undertaken by M. Thiers, at his time of life, and at the approach of winter, was one of the most touching incidents connected with the life of that remarkable man. I well recollect the day of his departure, and the emotion and the interest it created in all Paris. It was another evidence of his patriotism and love of country.

On September 21st Trochu issued a proclamation, or rather an address, to the National Guard, to the Guard Mobile and to the troops in the garrison at Paris, in which he denounced the panic of the 19th as being unjustifiable and that their excuses for their conduct were puerile, and that they were lying excuses; they said that they wanted cartridges, and all sorts of things, and that they had been betrayed by their chiefs. He said further, that he was resolved to put an end to such disorders. He ordered all the adventurers of Paris to be seized,—isolated men, soldiers of all arms, Gardes Mobiles who had wandered into the city in a state of drunkenness, spreading scandals, and by their attitude dishonoring the uniform which they wore.

I wrote in my diary, on September 21st, in the evening, that the third day of the siege was almost without incident, and that the weather was still lovely and so many people on the streets that you might almost call the day a gay one; that the Avenue of the Champs Elysées was cleaned and sprinkled as I rode down town

at one o'clock. "There were not so many people at the legation as the day before, but a good many straggled in to see if I had any news. A balloon started at four o'clock that afternoon to get outside of the besieging forces. I entrusted to it a couple of letters to be sent to London. At three o'clock in the afternoon I visited the American ambulance which had been established on the Avenue de l'Impératrice, nearly opposite my house. I met there Baron Larrey, the Surgeon General of the French army. He paid the highest kind of a compliment to the institution." I record in my diary: "I think this ambulance of ours is far superior to any I have seen in the French army. The news this evening is that Favre has returned, and that the government has refused the terms of peace offered by the Prussians. If so, what next? There is a great deal of talk about dying in the last ditch. That is an old acquaintance; we heard so much of it during our war. It will turn out that these men who refused all terms of peace will be the last to fight and the first to run. I hear of no fighting to-day, but it will come, for the Prussians are right up to the walls."

On September 22d I recount that it was the 4th and most serious day of the siege. The declarations of the Journal Officiel and other French journals of that morning showed that there was no hope of peace. The Prussians demanded territory, and no government could yield to such a demand and live a day in France. There was great excitement all over the city; there were more than the usual number of men in Paris on that day swearing to die on the ramparts; indeed, almost every man was going to die instantly for his country. Such sort of nonsense in the face of danger was only ridiculous. There were demoralization and disorganization every-

where. Nothing was accomplished and all was talk and swagger.

The Journal Officiel of September 23d published in full a long report which Jules Favre had made to Bismarck, on the 19th of that month. It is impossible for me to recount all that took place between these two distinguished men, at Ferrières, on the 19th. But it is evident that the cool-headed German got the advantage of the Frenchman. This interview was a terrible ordeal for M. Favre. In reading over his report to his colleagues, it is impossible to repress a feeling of respect and pity for M. Favre, for the anguish which this matter had brought to him. After recounting what had taken place between him and Bismarck, he says, "I have only one word more to say, for in reproducing this grievous recital my heart is agitated with all the emotions which have tortured it during three mortal days." In this interview, propositions were made on both sides but no result was reached. M. Favre returned to Paris to make known in his report to his colleague, which I have alluded to, the result of all the *démarches* he had made, looking towards peace.

And now came the "spy" episode. It was a great event to arrest some person as a "Prussian spy." Every foreigner was a "*suspect.*" Dr. Curtis, an American gentleman, who had resided for seven years in Paris, and was then devoting himself to a hospital, was brought to the legation by a Colonel of the National Guard to have him identify himself. It was great business for the Colonel to arrest this peaceable American who was devoting his services to the French sick in the hospital.

More and more Americans came to the legation every day. Before the siege they were all going to stay and "see it out;" but now, on the 4th day, they came around

to inquire how they could get out in case of an emergency. One woman had tried twice to get out, but both times had been turned back. She then came to the legation in the highest state of grief and excitement. Riding down town that afternoon, I heard of a demonstration at the Hôtel de Ville, and rode up there through the Rue de Rivoli, which was filled with soldiers, marching and countermarching. There was a very large crowd, mostly of unarmed soldiers, in an open square in front of the building. They were quiet and orderly, and their object was to demand that the elections might be postponed. The day before there were five hundred women on the same spot, asking for alms. So that every day there was a crowd clamoring for something. My diary continues: "The next demand will probably be for a change of government to let in the Reds. The grand thing of the day now, is the ovation to the statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde. The crowd there to-day was immense; when I was there, three regiments were saving Paris by filing before it. The Nuncio has sent to the Diplomatic Corps a notice to be at his house at eleven A.M. to deliberate on the question of leaving the city."

On Friday morning, September 23d, at eight o'clock, the 5th day of the siege, I wrote as follows in my diary: "As I descend into the *petit salon*, I see soldiers on every side; a company is drilling in front of the house, another in the Avenue Bugeaud, and yet another is quartered in an adjoining house. Discharges of artillery, which were heard at six o'clock this morning, are now more distinctly heard as I write, the sound coming from beyond the Trocadéro. An action is evidently going on. From all I see and hear, perhaps the Prussians will soon be in the city." (Half an hour later.) "The firing is more rapid. I shall take a *voiture* and ride by the Troca-

déro, as I go to the legation, to see what I *can* see. It is one of the most beautiful and lovely mornings." The same evening I wrote: "There was quite a little action this morning, and the French claimed an advantage; but I do not see that it amounts to much. Yet they take courage from the result. Jules Favre's letter has created a great impression, and quite a different spirit seems to animate Paris. At eleven o'clock, I went to the Nuncio's to meet the Diplomatic Corps to consult as to what we should do. The Ambassadors had all gone away the week before, but there were several members of the corps present. All agreed that it was not the time for us to leave now, and that we would hereafter act collectively. It was further agreed that steps should be taken to see if we should not find means to have our despatches taken through the lines. Then we separated, to meet again on call of the Nuncio. I called on Gambetta at four o'clock this afternoon to get at the truth of the wild reports flying around the city in relation to the action this morning. He seemed in better spirits and more hopeful than when I had seen him previously, and his statement of the extent of the military forces in Paris rather surprised me. He said they had 500,000 men with arms in their hands in the city; the National Guard alone numbered 300,000, Guard Mobile, 160,000, and besides, they had quite a force of troops of the line; that was a larger force than the Prussians had outside.

"The consuls general and consuls of the various South American powers, who have no diplomatic representatives here have addressed to me a communication, asking the protection of the United States legation under the present grave circumstances. There seems to be more order, more earnestness and more drilling of troops to-day than I have yet seen. General Trochu is out

with a proclamation forbidding further parades and manifestations. The time for sober work has arrived."

I recorded in my diary that Tuesday September 27th, the 9th day of the siege, had been a troublesome one. I was not up in the morning when the messenger of the legation came to see me in relation to sending off some despatches and to bring me two letters that had come to the legation. This messenger was Antoine Schmidt. He was a native of Luxemburg and had been serving as messenger of the legation for twelve or fifteen years. He spoke French and German perfectly and English indifferently. He was intelligent, polite and strictly honest, and had become well known to nearly all the members of the American colony. He was ever ready to make himself useful to our compatriots in every possible manner, and such was the good opinion entertained of him, and their sense of many obligations, that when, some time after the peace, he concluded to emigrate to the United States, they contributed very liberally to a fund to aid him in carrying out his purpose. Antoine represented to me that one of the letters was from Jules Favre in relation to an attack which had been made by the soldiers on the house of Mrs. Hedler, who had a large school for American and English boys, in the Rue de la Faisanderie. M. Favre seemed to appreciate the gravity of the action of the soldiers and placed himself fully at my disposition, and said he would make all possible reparation. This attack showed how ridiculously people could act when panic-stricken. On Sunday, September 25th, a pigeon flew out of the garden behind the house of Madame Hedler, and made its way over the ramparts towards the beseiged forces. Nobody, not under the influence of a panic, could have made anything out of that simple incident.

But it was then suspected that a carrier pigeon had been sent off by some Prussian, who was in the house, to carry news to the enemy. So a lieutenant, with a squad of men, broke into the house, and searched every room from cellar to garret. One of my sons was in this school and roomed in the house; his room was completely ransacked. The two guardians, who were in charge of the house, were seized by this military force and, with threats and oaths, taken off to the police station. The other letter was from the United States Consul at Paris, relating a cock and bull story about a pretended invasion of the consulate.

In the afternoon of that day I went to see M. Jules Favre to talk to him about both of these matters. He seemed very much troubled, and said such things must stop, and if Trochu, the military Governor, did not do it, the government itself would. He seemed sober and much oppressed.

M. Favre saw at once the gravity of the affair at Mrs. Hedler's, and said energetic measures should be taken to inquire into the matter, punish the perpetrators and make the fullest reparation. The Prefect of Police, M. Kératry, was immediately notified, and he went in person to the premises to make an examination. He had the battalion, to which the soldiers belonged, who committed the outrage, mustered, and he made a speech to them, denouncing in the strongest language the proceedings, and declared that every one engaged in them should at once be sent to a military tribunal; and said further, that the government would make the most prompt and complete reparation.

Favre up to this time had made a favorable impression upon the Diplomatic Corps. My old friend Mr. Kern, the Swiss Minister, spoke highly of him; he said he

considered his report of his interview with Bismarck the most remarkable diplomatic paper on record; that it was drawn up with a degree of ability, eloquence and skill, which made it almost without a parallel. About this time we had all become very anxious to receive intelligence from the great outside world.

On the evening of the 9th day of the siege, I had a dinner party of eleven covers at my house. Among the guests were Dr. Johnston, a distinguished American physician in Paris, and Dr. John Swinburne of New York (now a Member of Congress from Albany, N. Y.), both of whom afterwards became connected with the American ambulance, and won much credit for the admirable manner in which they discharged their duties. Dr. Johnston told us that evening that he had, the day before, distinctly seen the Prussian guns.

Wednesday evening, September 28th, I recounted the events of the 10th day of the siege. I had been busy all day. I find I recorded in my diary as follows: "It looks more and more like 'grim visaged war' right in our neighborhood—a new defence going up right inside the old one. This morning, on the main avenue directly opposite our house, we saw them digging holes, and, on inquiring to-night, I found they were mining the street. Pleasant little neighborhood this! As I came home this evening I found them erecting a barricade, the other side of Dr. Evans' house, and so in a day or two we shall be between upper and nether mill-stones, besides being in a capital position to have a bomb fall upon us. I am the last man to leave the neighborhood, but I shall soon have to be getting out of this, as I shall be shut off from getting here. But what am I to do with all the furniture in the house? We have a large amount. I cannot move one half of it, and the chances are the whole con-

cern will be destroyed, and that we shall never again enjoy our delightful home, one of the pleasantest in all Paris. I shall take away some of the most valuable things and leave the balance to take their chances."

On September 29th, the 11th day of the siege, I first alluded in my diary, to the magnificent weather that we were having in Paris at that time. I described that after breakfast I walked to see the new defence thrown across the Avenue de l'Impératrice about one hundred feet from the rampart. I said that it would prove formidable and that the soldiers were still throwing up the defence that I had spoken of the day before, and that I should soon be completely blockaded, so that I should have to leave in a day or two for other quarters. I was then fortunate enough to receive a cordial invitation from a German friend, Leopold Hüffer, to have myself and my son, who was then stopping with me, go down and stay with him at his hotel, No. 18 Rue de Londres. Mr. Hüffer had been a long time resident in Paris and for many years had been a contractor to furnish large amounts of tobacco to the French government. He had lived many years in New York and was well acquainted with American affairs, and a most intelligent and accomplished gentleman. He had a magnificent hotel, and his family were all away. He was kind enough to think that in the days of the siege our company might be agreeable. All that day I was busy at the legation until three o'clock in the afternoon. After that hour I went down into the heart of the town, —which might be considered in the neighborhood of the Grand Hotel,—but found no news of any interest or importance. On the subsequent day, which was the 12th day of the siege, we heard very heavy cannonading all the morning. After breakfast I walked out towards the fortifications, but no one there knew anything about what

was going on. From there I went to the legation, and was occupied until one o'clock. After that, accompanied by a friend, I went in search of news, first to the Ministry of the Interior, but heard nothing satisfactory there; then I went out in the direction of the forts, Montrouge and Bicêtre, where we heard firing. We passed through the Latin Quarter and the old palace of the Cæsars and by the Quartier Gobelin. Then we went through the Avenue d'Italie, and even out to the fortifications. At this time the Avenue d'Italie was a very hard part of the city, and the street was crowded with people of the very lowest class. We met several regiments of the National Guard marching into town accompanied by a dismal procession of thieves, beggars and marauders, who had been arrested and were on their way to be tried by a drum-head court martial. Some of them were probably summarily disposed of. We saw a wine shop that had been smashed, and upon inquiring, learned that a poor wounded soldier had asked for a glass of wine that morning and that the proprietor charged him ten sous. This little incident showed that human nature is really the same everywhere, among the high and the low, the rich and the poor. It was revolting to the mind of those common people that a wounded soldier should have to pay ten sous for a glass of poor wine. The populace walked into the wine shop and gutted the establishment, and the verdict was "served it right." We then went to the head-quarters in the neighborhood, to get at the truth in regard to the fight in the morning, and an intelligent young officer gave us, as it proved to be, a very correct account of what had really taken place.

We returned to the legation and remained there until five o'clock P.M., then rode down to the Palais de l'Industrie, at that time a large hospital, where the wounded

had been brought in. There I learned more of the details of the fight in the morning. The French had made a *sortie* and attacked two or three little towns with great courage and spirit, and actually took one or two, and held them for a short time against immense forces. When driven by overwhelming numbers to retire they marched back like troops on parade. That was the story of the French; but their losses had been heavy, some five hundred killed and fifteen hundred wounded. Going into the hospital, among the wounded, I met Nélaton, the greatest surgeon in Europe, a very unpretending and plain-looking man of about sixty. The truth of the matter was that while not much had been accomplished, the soldiers showed dash and spirit, which justified the highest hopes of the future. The wounded soldiers were all in the best of spirits, which was considered a good sign; the French were evidently inspired with fresh hopes, and they believed that their own loved France would yet be saved, and that the French soldiers would vindicate the ancient prestige and glory of the country.

Even at that time, the 12th day of the siege, fresh meat had become scarce and the butcher-shops were surrounded by people in a riotous spirit. Bread was always abundant and cheap. Great stocks had been laid in by the government. A friend told me on that day that he saw in one immense building, five thousand barrels of Minnesota flour in store. Forage was getting very scarce, and horses were already put on a short allowance. Then, there began to be talk about killing horses for food, and it was estimated that about forty thousand of them would have to go for that purpose. Then the horses began to be thrown on the market and were sold at auction. A man had nothing to feed horses on if he bought them, and of course there was no object in buy-

ing. I went to an auction about that time and saw five horses sold for from five to eight dollars a head. Many people were anxious to give away their horses if they could only be persuaded that they might be saved from starvation.

On October 1st, the 13th day of the siege, all was quiet on the banks of the Seine. The weather was still beautiful, and I thought I had never in my life seen such beautiful days as we had been having all through the past month. I recorded the menu for breakfast on that day, which I considered very good for starvation times. It consisted of chicken hash, fried potatoes, eggs, rolls, butter, milk, fruit, etc. In the evening I recorded that I had ridden about the city a good deal during the day and had visited the fortifications at two points. I thought they were amazingly strong. They were all manned by sailors—ten thousand of them—and were commanded by the ablest officers in the French navy. I had a talk with two French admirals who expressed the greatest confidence in being able to defend Paris against all comers.

There was an interesting incident on Sunday, October 2d, the 14th day of the siege. Before I was dressed in the morning, a servant brought to me the card of General Burnside, of Rhode Island, a distinguished officer in the War of the Rebellion, whom I had known very well. I dressed hurriedly, and on going down stairs I found there the General who was accompanied by Mr. Paul S. Forbes, who had been for long years a resident of Paris. I was very much surprised, as I certainly was most delighted, to see these gentlemen, particularly as they had brought in my despatch bag from London. General Burnside also was the bearer of a letter from Count Bismarck to Jules Favre. As I knew M. Favre would

like to talk with these gentlemen, who had just come through the Prussian lines, I sent him word that they were at my house. He called at noon and had an interesting conversation with General Burnside and Mr. Forbes. After M. Favre had left, General Trochu's carriage came to the house to take General Burnside to ride over the city. The General, never having been in Paris before, and the day being beautiful, he enjoyed the drive very much. We called on General Trochu in the course of the afternoon. I had never seen him before. I found him a little, brisk, bald-headed man, who was exceedingly polite and courteous. I asked M. Favre, just before leaving, what news he had from Tours. He answered with ominous sadness, "*Malheureusement, ça ne va pas bien.*" That meant a great deal, and I was satisfied that if the French did not get up an outside army very soon, all would be up with them. I noticed that Favre was greatly oppressed and the gentlemen who were with me noticed it also.

This despatch bag, which came from London, and which General Burnside brought in to me, contained New York papers to September 10th and London papers to the 23d. I always devoured, with great avidity, the contents of my despatch bag. As General Burnside and Mr. Forbes were the first persons who had come to Paris from the outside for two weeks, their presence created a great deal of excitement. General Burnside was a man of striking and imposing presence, and he had a military bearing which attracted the attention of the Parisians. Mr. Forbes was also a large man, of courtly presence and fine manners. On the whole, these two American gentlemen were compatriots of whom I could well feel proud.

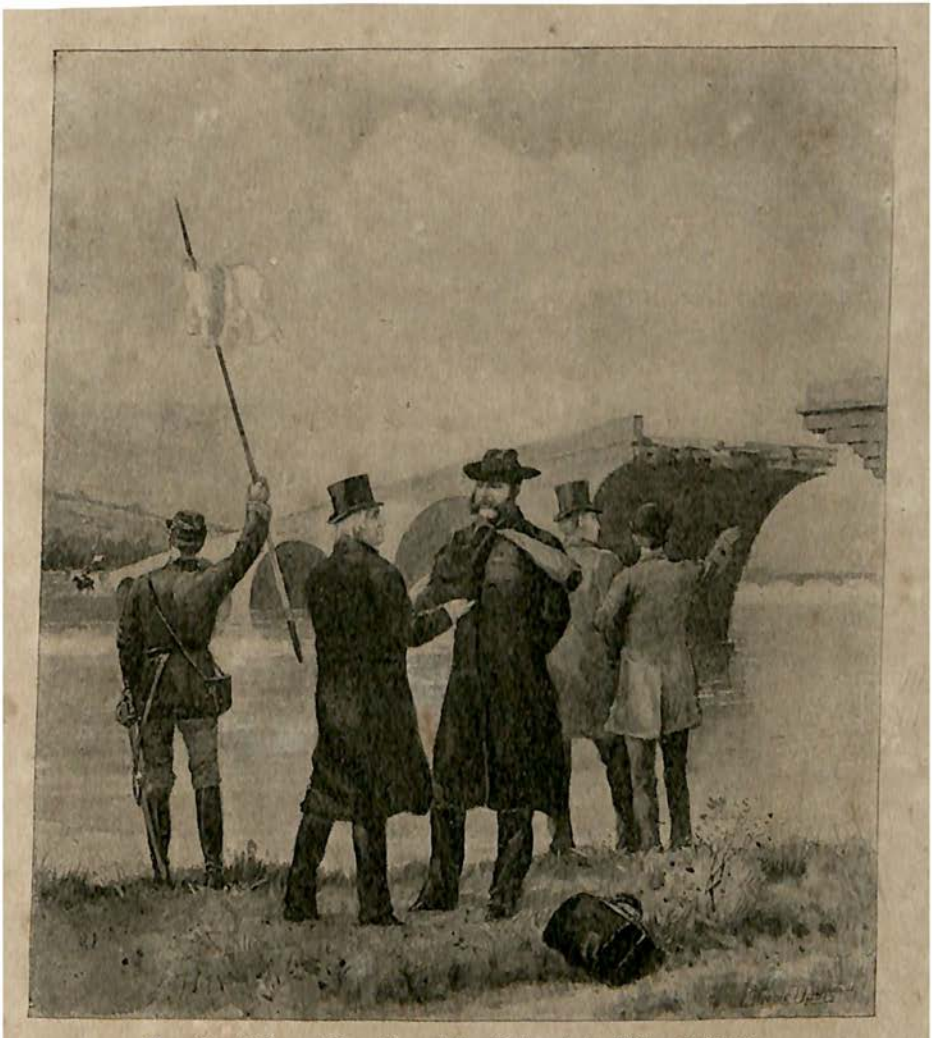
On Monday, October 3d, the 15th day of the siege, I

was very busy in preparing letters and despatches to go by the bag which was to be taken out by General Burnside. It was arranged that he and Mr. Forbes should leave my house to go through the Prussian lines at noon; but they did not get away until nearly two o'clock in the afternoon. General Trochu was kind enough to send one of his aides with his carriage to take them to the lines. I accompanied these gentlemen. We went through the Bois de Boulogne, entering by the Avenue of the Grand Army.

On our way we stopped to see General Ducrot, who was at his head-quarters just outside the ramparts. Ducrot had been a General of Division, and escaped from Sedan after being taken prisoner. The Germans charged him with having violated his parole, but the friends of the General said that he had given up his parole, and notified the German military officers that he would get away if he could, and the Germans replied that they would like to see him try it. And he did try it. He procured a peasant's cap and pair of old pantaloons and a blouse; and watching his opportunity, he cut off his beard, donned his peasant's suit, put some dirt on his face, and, with a basket of potatoes on his arm, he managed to get away and reach Paris, where he was at once intrusted with a high command. But I think the Germans always contended that he violated his parole. I noticed that when we called upon him he did not seem to be very much at his ease, and he was not as polite as Frenchmen generally are. Indeed, he left on me anything but a pleasant impression.

On entering the Bois, we saw the destruction of the timber and the extent of the work that had been done to strengthen the defences. We passed entirely through the wood and into the village of Boulogne-sur-Seine, and

through the village to the bridge of Sèvres, which leads over the Seine to Sèvres. The river was the dividing line between the hostile forces. One span of the bridge



Transfer of General Burnside and Mr. Forbes at the Bridge of Sèvres.

had been blown up. We displayed our flag of truce at one end of the bridge. A truce-flag was displayed in response to ours, and the *parlementaire* came up within easy

speaking distance. Owing to some mistake, we had to wait two hours and a half before the order came to receive our friends in the Prussian lines, and it was not until five o'clock when a little steam tug, with a white flag at the fore, took Burnside and Forbes to the other side of the river. With great courtesy, General Trochu's aide delivered his charge into the hands of a Prussian major.

About half past five we, my son and myself, started from the bridge of Sèvres on our return to Paris. We went directly to the house of our friend, Mr. Hüffer, which was to be our home for some weeks. We found one continued succession of defences from the Seine to the walls of the city. But after all, it was known to men who had studied the defences carefully that these were really of no account, if the Prussians should, at any time, get possession of one of the forts which surrounded the city, from which they could bombard it. The Prussians at that time occupied the heights of St. Cloud and the village of St. Cloud on the other side of the Seine. They were in the Palace of St. Cloud, which had been designated as the residence of the Empress, when the Emperor and "Louis" went off to the war. Just before the Emperor left, I went to this palace, in my official capacity, to "inscribe," as they call it, which was a sort of necessary ceremony imposed on the Diplomatic Corps. Little did I dream, at that time, that the Prussians would so soon be occupying that grand old palace.

The call for a second meeting of the Diplomatic Corps was made for the 4th of October, 1870. The principal matter discussed at this meeting was a communication from Count Bismarck to Jules Favre in relation to a notice of bombardment to the Diplomatic Corps, and in respect to their sending out despatches to their govern-

ments. I give below the *procès verbal* of the meeting, by which it is seen there was much feeling excited by the character of Count Bismarck's despatch and his requirement that only unsealed despatches from the diplomatic representatives to their governments, would be permitted to go through the Prussian lines. In this meeting I said I would reject, instantly, any concession of a courier coupled with the condition that my despatches should go unsealed; that I would not write a despatch to my government which would have to be submitted to the inspection of any other government on the face of the earth. At this meeting a committee was appointed to agree upon an answer to be made to Count Bismarck, and their action is set out in the following communication:

In accordance with a previous notice, the diplomatic corps met at the residence of the Pope's Nuncio at eleven o'clock on Tuesday, the 4th day of October, 1870. Twenty-one members of the corps were present.

The Nuncio reported to the meeting that, in pursuance of the previous action of the body, he had seen Mr. Jules Favre, and had verbally requested him to communicate with Count Bismarck for the purpose of ascertaining, first, whether he would give notice to the Diplomatic Corps of a bombardment; and, second, whether he would permit a courier to pass the Prussian military lines to take out and bring in official despatches for the members of the body. After a long delay M. Jules Favre had received the response of Count Bismarck, the substance of which he had in his hands and would read. As to the first matter, Count Bismarck said that he was unable at the moment to state what the necessities of the war might require; and, touching the request for a courier, he would allow one to pass the lines once a week to bear official despatches, provided such despatches should not be sealed and have no reference to the war. The Nuncio said the first answer was evasive, and that the condition imposed in relation to the manner of sending despatches would render it impossible for the diplomatic body to avail themselves of Count Bismarck's offer.

Mr. Kern, the minister from Switzerland, said there had been a misapprehension as to the communication to Count Bismarck. It should

not have been a communication by Jules Favre to Bismarck, but the Nuncio should, as the organ of the Diplomatic Corps, have written direct to him and sent it through Favre as the intermediary. In regard to the inquiry which had been directed to Count Bismarck touching the bombardment, he certainly should have strongly protested against it. The Diplomatic Corps had a right by the laws of war to a notice of bombardment, and the body had been placed in a false position by requesting something which they had a right to without asking for it.

Baron Beyens, the Belgian minister, expressed himself as not being very clear in regard to the questions which had been raised ; some of the people in the foreign office had told him that the Diplomatic Corps had no right to a notice of bombardment. Mr. Kern replied he considered such opinions of no value ; he had himself studied the question, and he had no doubts on the subject. He would further say, in relation to the courier, that, as a matter of courtesy due to their respective governments, the Diplomatic Corps had a right to be advised by the Prussian authorities of their intention to cut off their communications with their governments. Baron de Zuylen de Nyevelt, minister of Holland, said the Prussian authorities ought to be informed at once of the presence of the Diplomatic Corps in Paris, and that they rejected the offer of a courier on the terms proposed.

Mr. P. Galvez, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from Peru, said that body owed it to the countries they represented, to the dignity of the diplomatic service, as well as to themselves, to respond negatively to Count Bismarck's proposition to have their official correspondence sent unsealed.

Mr. Washburne, minister of the United States, said there seemed to have been a misapprehension in regard to the character of the communication sent by Mr. Jules Favre, on behalf of the Diplomatic Corps, to Count Bismarck. He had not understood that a request had been sent to have notice given to the Diplomatic Corps when the bombardment would take place. He conceived that no such request should have been made, for the diplomatic body had a right to that notice without asking for it. He would further reject instantly any concession of a courier coupled with the condition that his despatches should go unsealed. He would not write a despatch to his government which would have to be submitted to the inspection of any other government on the face of the earth.

Mr. Kern, Baron de Zuylen de Nyevelt, and Mr. Washburne were then joined to the Nuncio, as a committee to draw up a communication, to be signed by all the members of the corps in Paris, to be sent to

Count Bismarck; the same to be submitted to a future meeting for approval.

OCTOBER 5, 1870.

Mr. Kern, Baron de Nyevelt, and Mr. Washburne met at the residence of the Nuncio, at 2 o'clock P.M., to agree upon the answer to be made to Count Bismarck. Mr. Kern submitted the *projet* of an answer, which was agreed to, and the Nuncio was requested to notify the members of the diplomatic body to meet at his residence the next day, at 11 o'clock A.M., to act upon it and to sign it if it met their views.

OCTOBER 6, 1870.

The members of the diplomatic body met in accordance with the notice given by the Nuncio yesterday. The committee submitted the answer to Count Bismarck that had been drawn up, which was unanimously agreed to and signed by all the members.

The communication is hereto annexed.

Diplomatic Corps to Count Bismarck.

The undersigned, members of the Diplomatic Corps residing at Paris, had the honor to send to Your Excellency, on the 24th of September last, the expression of their wish, that a courier, carrying their official despatches, might pass the lines of the besieging army every week on days to be hereafter named, and proceed to some point whence a regular postal communication could be assured.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs of France has informed us, by a letter of October 3, that he had the day before received as the reply of Your Excellency, "that a diplomatic courier could not pass the lines of the besieging troops except upon condition that the despatches be unsealed and treat of no subject relating to the war."

We should have made it a duty, as regards the contents of our despatches, to conform scrupulously to the obligations imposed during a siege upon diplomatic agents by the rules and usages of international law.

On the other hand, our position as diplomatic agents, and our obligations toward our governments, do not permit us to accept the other condition, viz., to address to them unsealed despatches only.

If this last condition is to be maintained, it will be impossible for the

diplomatic representatives of the neutral states, to their deep regret, to keep up official communication with their respective governments.

Receive, sir, the assurance of, &c., &c., &c.

PARIS, *October* 6, 1870.

On the 9th of October, I addressed the following official despatch to the State Department at Washington:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

PARIS, *October* 9, 1870. (Received November 9.)

SIR: I came to the legation late last night to write you a despatch to send out by the minister of the United States of Colombia, who was to have left this morning. On my arrival I was both surprised and gratified to learn that General Burnside and Mr. Forbes had returned to the city. They very soon afterward reported themselves and explained the reason of their visit. In several interviews with Count Bismarck, he expressed the idea that it would be well to have certain suggestions conveyed to Mr. Jules Favre in relation to an armistice, for the purpose of enabling the French people to elect a Constituent Assembly. You will recollect that was the matter which was talked of in the interview between Favre and Bismarck, and that the former rejected it because it was insisted that, as a condition to such an armistice, the Prussian army should have possession of some of the forts about Paris. It is evident that both powers desire a convention of the people of France; Prussia, because she wants a more substantial power to treat with than the present provisional government; France, because the government of the National Defence do not want to take the responsibility of making a treaty, but desire that any treaty to be made should be made by a power emanating directly from the whole people, acting through a Constituent Assembly. Count Bismarck authorized General Burnside to suggest to M. Jules Favre that he would yield the question of the forts and would grant an absolute armistice of forty-eight hours for holding an election, and give every facility for a fair election, for the distribution of tickets and circulars, for a committee to go out of Paris, as well as for the departure of the members elected from the city of Paris, and to render themselves wherever the convention should be held, &c. In addition, it was suggested that a sort of *semi-armistice* might be agreed upon, to extend over a sufficient time to permit the convention to be held; that is to say, there should be no firing; but that the Prussians should be permitted to bring up their guns and provisions, and that everything in Paris should remain *in statu quo*.

I accompanied the two gentlemen this morning to see M. Jules Favre, and we had an interview of an hour. The whole subject was gone over, and M. Favre stated the objections to Count Bismarck's suggestions. He is, however, to see his colleagues on the subject to-night, and we are to have another interview with him to-morrow morning in season. I hope to give you an account of it before General Burnside shall leave to-morrow noon. I trust some starting point may be found, so that negotiations with a view to peace may be entered upon. In accordance with your instructions, if both parties shall signify a desire for the good offices of our government disconnected with the European powers, I shall feel authorized to extend them in a proper manner.

MONDAY NOON, *October* 10, 1870.

I have this moment returned from a long interview between General Burnside and Mr. Forbes, Mr. Jules Favre and General Trochu. As the flag of truce is waiting to take our countrymen into the Prussian lines, I have time to say but one word, and that is, that the parties are a long way apart, and that there is hardly a possibility that anything will be accomplished. The door, however, is left open, and it is barely possible that something may be accomplished in the future.

I have, &c.,

E. B. WASHBURNE.

On the 18th of the same month I addressed another communication to the State department, (more particularly in relation to the despatch,) which is as follows:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
PARIS, *October* 18, 1870. (Received November 8.)

SIR: I have not had the honor to receive from you any communication since the last despatch I addressed to you, No. 303, and dated the 9th instant, and which I sent out by General Burnside. I had go out with the general the messenger of this legation, Antoine Schmidt, with the expectation that the Prussian authorities would permit him to go to London with the bag and bring back to me here the bags for this legation that have arrived there within the last three or four weeks. I may here state that I have nothing from the Department since the 8th ultimo. How much longer I am to remain without instructions, advice, or communication from my government, I cannot tell. My messenger went as far as Versailles, near the Prus-

sian headquarters, and although General Burnside urged that he might be permitted to go to London with the bag and return, bringing back other bags, permission was refused. The Prussian authorities would permit him to go to London with the bag but they would not allow him to return. In obedience to my instructions he did not go on, but returned to Paris last Friday night. General Burnside sent word by him that he would take charge of the bag himself and deliver it in London.

I have kept you fully advised as to what the Diplomatic Corps has done in relation to keeping up communication with their respective governments. With what I have sent you and with what you will have received from the Prussian Government, you will have had the whole case before you.

Since my last despatch, I have received from Count Bismarck the letter, a copy of which I send herewith, marked 1. I send also a copy of a letter from the Count to the Pope's Nuncio, marked 2, which I presume you have also received from the Prussian Government. I further send the circular of M. von Thile, marked 3.

You will perceive that Count Bismarck, in his very friendly and courteous note to me, declares his readiness to have my despatches to my government conveyed by his weekly messengers to London, to be delivered in the manner designated, &c. I presume it is implied that his messengers should bring the despatches of my government to me. If not, the concession has little value. The permission accorded to me by Count Bismarck is on account of the anomalous position I occupy toward the Prussian government, and is not conceded as a matter of *right*. I have made no answer to that part of the Count's letter, leaving it to be determined by you, unembarrassed by anything I may have said, how far the Government of the United States will claim the absolute right to communicate with its representative to a friendly power, situated as I am.

I have, &c.,

E. B. WASHBURNE.

Count Bismarck wrote to me a special communication on that subject, as he considered that the position which I occupied in Paris was different from the positions occupied by other members of the Diplomatic Corps. It will be seen that the subject was not so serious to him as to prevent him from indulging in a bit of pleasantry. A

friend of mine in Paris, who had relations with Cuba, had been kind enough to present me with several boxes of *genuine* Havana cigars, and one of these boxes I had subsequently sent to Count Bismarck, and in his acknowledgment he stated that his liberality in permitting General Burnside and Mr. Forbes to pass through his lines had been rewarded by the excellent cigars I had been kind enough to send him.

Count Bismarck to Mr. Washburne.

VERSAILLES, *October* 10, 1870.

YOUR EXCELLENCY: The exceptional position you occupy makes it incumbent on me to give you an answer separate and different from that I am going to return to the other diplomats who have signed the collective letter of the 6th instant, on the subject of communication with their respective governments. You have been good enough, in compliance with the desire of your government, to take upon yourself the official protection of the Germans residing in France. For this reason alone I should not have sent off my answer without adding the expression of my sincere thanks for the zeal and good-will you have bestowed upon the very troublesome task of assisting my unfortunate countrymen expelled by the French in glaring contradiction to the usages of civilized nations.

As to the subject in question, I regret that reasons of a military character should make it absolutely impossible to allow, as a rule, messengers to pass through our lines, considering that it is not in the power of even the most honorable correspondent to make himself responsible for what the messenger may bear or communicate, besides what he is authorized to carry.

We cannot but maintain the principle set forth in my letter to M. Jules Favre, of the 26th of last month, a translation of which you find in the inclosed copy of the North German Correspondent. I beg further to add a translation of a circular of M. von Thile, bearing upon the same subject. With respect to the American embassy, however, it being accredited already with the French Republic, and officially charged with the representation of our interests, the case is different, and I willingly declare my readiness to have any despatches they may address to their respective governments, conveyed by our weekly messengers to the embassy of the United States in London, provided the despatches

be delivered by the French outposts to ours under flag of truce. It is the individual character of our relation with the American embassy which has caused us already to allow Mr. Burnside and Mr. Forbes to go there and back, between this and Paris, both of them being gentlemen whose loyalty removes every apprehension as to any misuse of that privilege. Perhaps I may be permitted to avail myself of the present opportunity to state that this liberality of ours has been rewarded by those excellent cigars you have been kind enough to send me. I pray Your Excellency to receive the assurance of the very high regard and most distinguished consideration with which I have the honor to be

Your humble, obedient servant,

BISMARCK.

In the interest of the history of the times, and as illustrating the embarrassment of the state of things which had arisen, growing out of the siege of Paris, I insert the letter of Count Bismarck to the papal Nuncio:

VERSAILLES, *October* 10. 1870.

SIR: I have had the honor to receive the letter of the 6th of October, by which the members of the Diplomatic Corps still residing at Paris have seen fit to inform me that it would be impossible for them to keep up official correspondence with their respective governments if the condition prescribing that they should forward only *open* despatches should be insisted upon.

When the continuation of the siege of Paris was rendered inevitable by the refusal of an armistice by the French Government, the government of the King, of its own motion, by a circular note of the Secretary of State, M. von Thile, of the 26th September last (of which I have the honor to send you a copy), notified the agents of the neutral powers accredited to Berlin that liberty of communication with Paris would exist henceforth only so far as military events would permit. The same day I received at Ferrières a communication from the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the government of the National Defence, which informed me of the wish expressed by the members of the Diplomatic Corps to be authorized to send their despatches to their governments by weekly couriers, and I did not hesitate, in conformity with the rules of international law, to make a reply, dictated by the necessities of the military situation; a copy of which I also transmit to Your Excellency. The representatives of the present power (government?) have seen fit to establish

the seat of their government in the midst of the fortifications of Paris, and to choose that city and its environs as the theatre of the war. If the members of the Diplomatic Corps who have been accredited to a preceding government have decided to share with the government of the National Defence the inconveniences inseparable from a residence in a besieged fortress, it is not the government of the King which is responsible for it.

Whatever may be our confidence that the signers of the letter of October 6 would conform, in their communications addressed to their governments, to the obligations which their presence in a besieged fortress imposes upon the diplomatic agents according to the laws of war, we must provide for the possibility that the importance of certain facts in a military point of view may escape them. It is evident, too, that they cannot furnish us the same guarantees for the messengers whom they may employ, and whom we shall be obliged to let pass and repass through our lines.

There has been created at Paris a state of things to which modern history furnishes no precise analogy in the point of view of international law. A government at war with a power which has not yet recognized it, shuts itself up in a besieged fortress, and finds itself there surrounded by a part of the diplomatists who were accredited to a government which has been superseded by the government of the National Defence.

In presence of a situation so irregular it is difficult to establish, on the basis of the law of nations, rules which should be free from doubt in all points of view. I hope that Your Excellency will not fail to recognize the justness of these observations, and will appreciate the considerations which prevent me, to my great regret, from consenting to the wish expressed in the letter of the 6th of October. If, however, the signers cannot admit the justness of these considerations, the governments which they represent at Paris, and to which I shall hasten to communicate this correspondence, will consult on their side, and will put themselves in communication with the government of the King for an examination of the questions of the law of nations which grow out of the abnormal situation which events and the measures of the government of the National Defence have created at Paris.

Receive, &c.;

BISMARCK.

Monseigneur CHIGI,
Nonce Apostolique à Paris.

There were a great many peace-makers about this time, and many suggestions were made by various parties as to how peace might be brought about. There was then living in Paris Mr. John L. O'Sullivan, who, at one time, occupied the position of Minister-Resident to Portugal during the administrations, I think, of Pierce and Buchanan. He had been the editor of the Democratic Review, and was a polished and scholarly man. He became very much interested in the matter of peace, and believed he could accomplish great things by his personal intervention. He, therefore, made application to me to be put in relations with Bismarck and to go through the lines. Of course I declined entering into his project. But in the meantime, he had, in some way, secured, as I understood, a permission to pass through the French lines, and what he wanted from me was to get some sort of a paper which would enable him to enter the German lines. That I declined to give. Then he insisted that I should give him a letter of introduction to General Sheridan, who was known to be with the German army. As he asked for a mere general letter of introduction, having, of course, no official or other significance, and being an American gentleman who had held a high official position abroad, I could not decline his request. But had I had the least thought of the use he was going to make of the letter, I should not have given it to him. The letter was as follows:

PARIS, *September* 10, 1870.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

I beg leave to introduce to you, the Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan, United States Minister-Resident to Portugal under Pierce and Buchanan. He proposes to visit the headquarters of the Prussian army, and I beg to commend him to your acquaintance as an intelligent gentlemen, much interested in passing events and whose acquaintance you will be glad to make.

I am truly yours,

Lieut.-Gen. SHERIDAN. E. B. WASHBURNE.

Armed with this letter, Mr. O'Sullivan started off on his expedition, and, much to my chagrin, magnified it into an important official document from the American Minister. He got through the French lines very well; but when he reached the German lines, he was stopped in his progress, managing, however, to have the letter sent to Sheridan. Of course, his attempt to enter the German lines was known at the Prussian head-quarters, where his mission, as he had given out it was, was rated at its true value. It was known to be a letter to General Sheridan from me, and as the former did not express any burning desire to see the bearer, Bismarck made a suggestion that he would better leave the German lines and return to Paris. This he attempted. While *going* through the French lines, the bearer of my letter, he was treated with great consideration, and every facility afforded him, that was possible, to pass through the lines. But, as he returned, it being known that he had not been permitted to enter the German lines, he was treated very roughly by the French, and subjected to many insults. Returning to Paris, he soon called on me to get permission to leave Paris. He went to Versailles and remained there some little time, where he made the acquaintance of many prominent persons, and advanced certain pet theories he had in relation to patching up a peace between France and Germany. Colonel Wickham Hoffman, who published in 1877, a pleasant volume entitled "Camp, Court and Siege," and who knew O'Sullivan well, printed this incident touching his stay in Versailles. He says:

"One evening O'Sullivan dined with the Crown Prince. He sat next to Bismarck and discoursed upon his pet 'neutrality' theory. As they parted, Bismarck

shook his hand and said he was charmed to make his acquaintance. 'But, Mr. O'Sullivan,' said Bismarck, 'a curious thing sometimes happens to me. I make the acquaintance of a most agreeable gentleman in the afternoon, and in the evening I find myself reluctantly compelled to order him out of Versailles.' O'Sullivan mentioned this to the friends he was visiting, in the evening, but did not see its application to himself. *They* did, however. He went to his hotel and found a Prussian officer at his door with orders to have him leave Versailles that night. He remonstrated, and it was finally agreed that he should leave at eight o'clock in the morning. A sentry was placed at his bedroom door, who thought that a proper discharge of his duty required him to open it every five minutes during the night, to make sure that his prisoner had not escaped."

On September 24th, the sixth day of the siege, I recorded the following in my diary: "A very uninteresting day and scarcely an incident worth naming. Quite a number of people at the legation. Many who were determined to stay through the siege now find reasons for leaving. I request all of them to send their names and addresses to the legation. It is evident that the people do not find as much to fear as they expected, in being shut up in a besieged city. The day has been lovely, but I hear of no military operations. I rode down town as usual this afternoon, but heard no news. At five P.M., I called on M. Jules Favre at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, to hand him a letter I had written to him, and he spoke of the eventful trip he had had to the Prussian head-quarters, which he explained as having been undertaken on his own responsibility and entirely without the knowledge of his colleagues. He spoke most hopefully of the situation, and seemed in much better spirits than I

had ever before seen him. He said that the spirit of the troops and the people of Paris was now excellent, and he thought that the Prussians would try and take the city by assault."

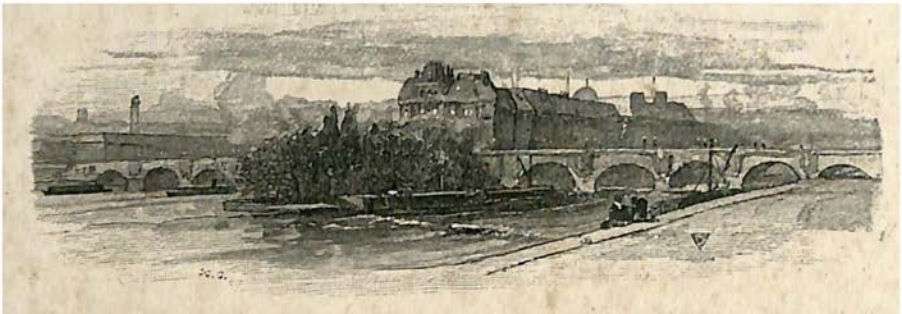
From the very beginning of the troubles in Paris the spy-craze set in. The *sergents de ville* and the National Guard affected to see spies (*espions*) on the streets at almost every corner, and it was a great card to arrest a man as an *espion*. A few days before the siege set in, an American clergymen who had come up from the south of France, was stopping a few days in Paris. He strode up the Champs Elysées and carelessly seated himself on one of the benches beneath the shade of a beautiful tree. There it occurred to him that he might make an entry in his diary, which he drew from his pocket for the purpose. While writing down the hour that he reached Paris, the hotel he stopped at and what he had for breakfast, he was seized by a policeman, accused of being a Prussian spy who was taking a plan of the city and recording the state of its defence in his diary. He was dragged off to prison, without any attention being paid to his remonstrances and claim of being a peaceable American citizen who had arrived from the south of France and was merely passing through Paris before leaving for the United States. He was thrust into a vile hole, utterly without comfort or cleanliness; but he was fortunate enough to get a little note borne to me, and I was enabled to have him released at once.

I recorded in my diary September 25th, the 7th day of the siege, another incident about a spy as follows: "Weather is still beautiful. It is literally a morning without a cloud. At 9.15, precisely, *les canons grondent*. We wonder where the firing is. It seems quite near for it shakes the house. The Republic is just three

weeks old to-day; the government of the National Defence has gained strength within the last few days. The mission of Jules Favre has done wonders, but it is yet to be seen how much there really is in the people of Paris. La Liberté of this morning, claims that they have 600,000 soldiers in Paris." In the evening of that day I recorded as follows: "Went to the legation at 10.30 this morning. Many people called. At half-past two, rode to Montmartre to see if the balloon was going off, and found it was not. Then rode through La Villette out to the fortifications and when outside as far as the village of Pantin. This must have been a town of some 15,000 people, though the portion of it nearest the fortifications had been destroyed entirely, and the remainder, a great portion of it, was almost utterly deserted. Only a few little groceries remained on the main street. Outside of that street it was like a city of the dead. Went out on the field of 'Langlois,' which was the theatre of the murder of the Kink family by Tropman. Coming back through La Villette, we found a man who had just been arrested as a Prussian spy, who was in charge of four soldiers of the Guard Mobile. I am inclined to think he was a real spy. He had on a uniform of one of the old soldiers of the Invalides, though he was comparatively a young man. Our carriage passed very near him, and he had a thoroughly German look. The fortifications look stronger outside than inside, and it seems to me it would be a difficult matter to get over them and get into the city without great slaughter. Paris is much stronger to-day than a week ago, taking into consideration the improved *morale* of the troops and of the people. I have not learned what the firing this morning meant."

Entry in my diary, September 26th, 8th day of the siege: "Absolutely nothing of importance to-day. The

weather has been perfectly splendid; no military operations, no firing, no excitement. I propose to send a letter off by the balloon which will leave in the morning. The idea seems to be that the balloon line is a success. I wish there could be a balloon to come in, for this absence of all intelligence from the outside world is becoming quite unbearable."



CHAPTER VI.

MONOTONOUS DAYS IN THE BESIEGED CITY.

Gambetta's Departure for Tours by Balloon—A Sketch of his Remarkable Career—His Rapid Rise from Obscurity to Power—Personal Qualities—Disorder in the Streets of Paris—The Tuileries Correspondence—Another Visit from General Burnside—A Succession of Rainy, Uneventful Days—Departure of Americans from Paris—Bismarck's Memoir on the Hopeless Struggle.

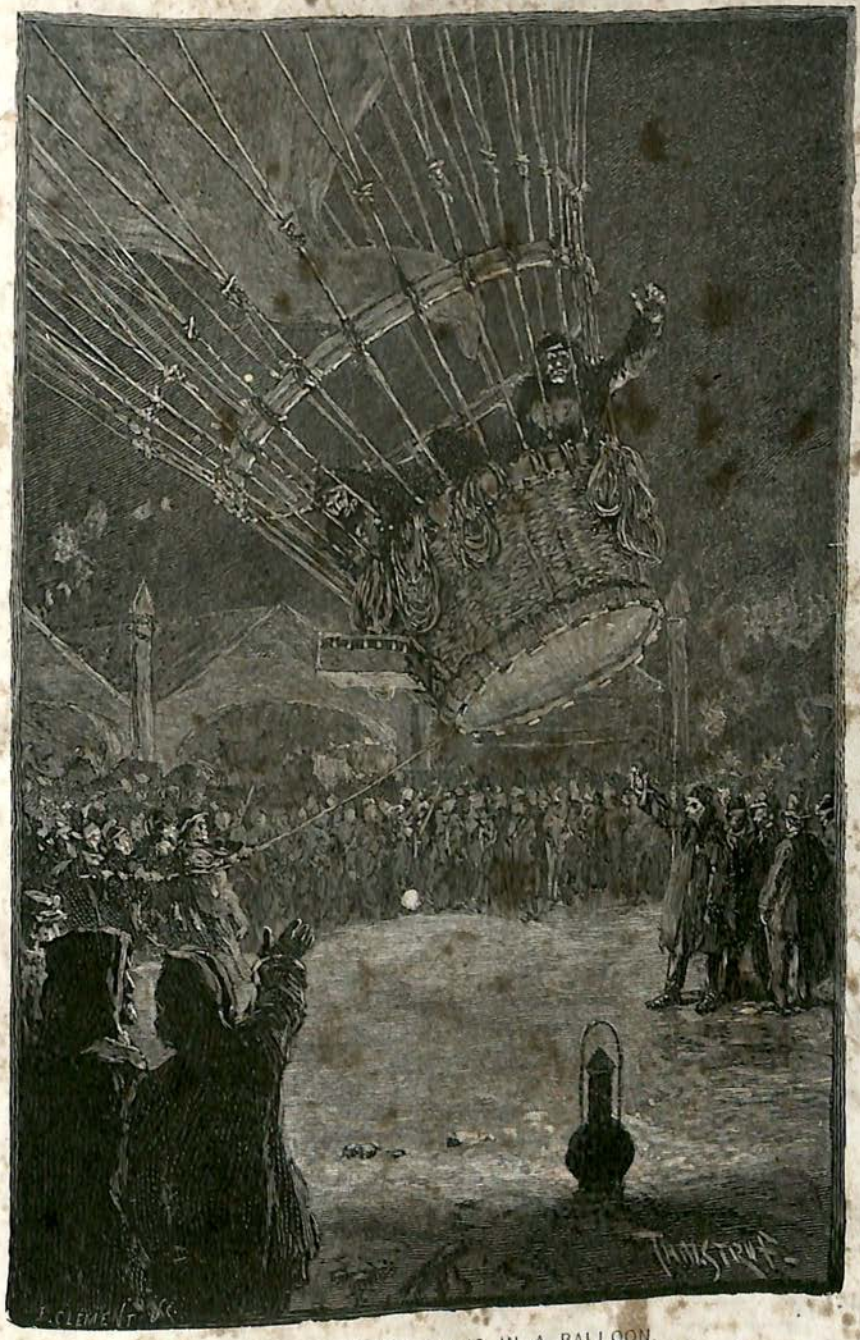
ON October 7, Gambetta, Minister of the Interior, took his departure from Paris in a special balloon. I had never known Gambetta personally, until he became the Minister of the Interior in the government of the National Defence. I had seen him often in the Chamber, where he was a conspicuous figure. I had seen him, on the day of the Revolution of the 4th of September, throw out from one of the windows of the Hôtel de Ville the slips containing the names of the members of the *Corps Législatif*, from the department of the Seine, who were to form the government of the National Defence. This list was accepted by the surging mass below with unbounded applause. The members of this provisional government, who were assigned to the heads of the different ministries, descended into the streets and took open cabs for their several departments. It was an extraordinary and unheard of thing. These men, without any warrant of authority

except that of the approval given by this dense mass of people of the city of Paris, were received and acknowledged by all the officers of the departments, as representatives of the newly proclaimed government of the National Defence. They took instant possession of their respective ministries. Gambetta had been designated as Minister of the Interior, while Jules Favre was assigned to Foreign Affairs, both of them very important ministries. But that of the Interior, having such intimate relations with all the internal concerns of France, was most important. It was very soon after Gambetta had been installed in the ministry that I found it necessary to call upon him, officially, in relation to matters of much importance. I found him a young man of striking personal appearance, with coal-black hair and black whiskers, closely trimmed. He was a little under middle height, and rather a slim person (he afterward became uncomfortably heavy). He received me with great cordiality and kindness, and expressed a desire to place himself at my disposition in whatever I might desire. M. Chevreau, his predecessor as Minister of the Interior under the Empire, I had always found very courteous and anxious to do what he possibly could to aid me in getting the Germans out of Paris. He seemed however to be hampered by the *Corps Législatif;* but I always felt thankful to him for the extreme good will he had manifested in respect to matters concerning the Germans, which came within his immediate jurisdiction. Still, he was not able to carry out what he would have been glad to do. At the time of the fall of the Empire, I had become very much embarrassed in sending the Germans away. But when the government of the National Defence came into power, seeing how great the danger was that many Germans could not possibly get off, that many

were imprisoned for being without work or visible means of subsistence, that many were confined as spies and dangerous persons, and that all of them might fall into the hands of the legation in case of a siege, I called upon Gambetta, and there concerted with him measures, at the last moment, to have them discharged *en masse*. I went over the whole question with the minister, and explained to him precisely how matters stood in that regard. He at once comprehended the situation and arranged with the Count de Kératry, the Prefect of the Police, to have them discharged *en masse* and sent, at the expense of the French government, to the Belgian frontier. That was a magnanimous act of the French government, and the credit was due to Gambetta. I was struck by the quickness of his perceptions, his executive ability and his promptness of decision.

This was the beginning of our acquaintance, which ripened into a firm friendship. His energy, patriotism and supreme love of his country were already recognized. He had developed at the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies all that ability and eloquence which had attracted public attention, and later in his colossal struggle to save his country he exhibited all those grand qualities of courage, devotion and pluck which captured the hearts of so many of his countrymen. For all of these great services, the pen of history, now that he is dead, has done him full justice. He won undying laurels as an orator, statesman and patriot; and when he died, one of the great figures in French politics disappeared.

It is no part of my purpose here to trace in detail the career of this extraordinary man, whose name and memory will live as long as his country shall have a name in history. I may however mention some striking features of his life. The manner in which he was first introduced



GAMBETTA LEAVING PARIS IN A BALLOON.

to the public was somewhat extraordinary. He was born at Cahors, in the department of the Lot, in April, 1838, of French parents, though the family was originally Italian. After acquiring a good education, like so many of the most talented and enterprising of young Frenchmen, he left the province to come to Paris to pursue the study of law. Taking up his residence as a student in the Latin Quarter, at the Café Procope, which had become the rendezvous of a great number of poor students like himself, he made himself famous, by the charm of his conversation, and his eloquent and profound disquisitions on public and political matters. His Bohemian companions at the Café Procope soon recognized in him his great power and ability, and predicted that he would make his mark. He was a diligent student, and kept abreast with political events, and was distinguished for his irreconcilable opposition to imperialism. He amazed his opponents by the bold denunciation which he hurled into the camp of the Bonapartists. It was not long before his day came. He was an obscure lawyer struggling for a scanty living. One of the victims of the *coup d'état* by which Napoleon came into power, was a young man by the name of Baudin, who had been shot on the ramparts of Paris. The recollection of his fate had been kept green in the memory of the vast mass of the French people, who held in detestation the author of the frightful *coup d'état* which struck down the Republic of France and enabled the Empire to rise on its ruins. The grave of Baudin was decorated every year with flowers and wreaths, as a protestation against the government which was held responsible for his death. Then, it was proposed to raise a monument to his memory, and many of the Radical journals, particularly Le Réveil, proposed opening subscriptions for the purpose of defraying the

expense of building a monument. This action of Le Réveil led to the prosecution of the paper in the courts. Scarcely known at all in his profession, Gambetta was now selected to defend the paper before the Tribunal, and it was on that occasion that he made the most remarkable speech that had ever been heard in France under such circumstances. A gentleman whom I knew in Paris, who was a contemporary and friend of Gambetta, although not in sympathy with his political views, was present at that trial, and he once described to me the proceedings. Gambetta was unknown to the magistrates who held the court. But my friend, who had known him and had a great opinion of his eloquence and his talent, desired to hear him make his *début*, as it were. Without fame, Gambetta began the speech in a somewhat commonplace manner; but proceeding, he poured forth a torrent of eloquence, denunciation and argument which seemed to completely stun the court. Under ordinary circumstances the speaker would have been arrested in his speech, and would have been fortunate had he not been sent to prison. But such was the power of his eloquence and the effect that it had upon the judges that they sat spell-bound and listened with such amazement to his arraignment of the Empire that they were too stupefied to call him to order. The little stifling court room was crowded with people, who were carried away by the eloquence and arguments of the young advocate.

Efforts were made by the government to suppress the speech, but the greater the effort made, the greater was the desire of everybody to read it. In spite of every effort the speech crept over the whole Empire, and was read by the electors in every city and village in France within a week; and from the student sipping his coffee and eating his crust in the Café Procope, and from the

briefless lawyer without fame, it was but a few days before Gambetta's name was upon the tongue of almost every man in France.

Soon after this, Gambetta was elected one of the members of the *Corps Législatif* from the Department of the Seine. There he became one of the ablest of the leaders of the opposition. He was a member of the *Corps Législatif* at the time of the revolution of the 4th of September. In anticipation of the siege of Paris and the determination of the government of the National Defence to remain in the city, it was determined to send a delegation of three of its members to Tours to represent the government outside of Paris. It was soon realized, however, that the delegation already at Tours would have to be reinforced from Paris. This delegation, which had been sent to Tours by the government in the first place, consisted of Crémieux, the old Hebrew advocate and Minister of Justice and Worship, and Glais-Bizoin, an old and eccentric republican, a member of the *Corps Législatif*, from the Department of the Seine, and a minister, without a portfolio, in the government of the National Defence. I recollect him well as he appeared in the Chamber of the *Corps Législatif*, a little old man, very carelessly and slovenly dressed. Following closely the proceedings of the Chamber, he was noted for his constant habit of interrupting the speakers. He had no particular reputation as a speaker or as an influential member of the Chamber. It seemed to me that his selection was a very absurd one. Fourichon, the third man of the delegates, was the Admiral who had fulfilled, under the government of the National Defence, the functions of Minister of War and Minister of Marine.

These were the three men who were entrusted, by the government of the National Defence, with the manage-

ment of the affairs of France outside of the walls of Paris; but they all wanted in energy and in that spirit of initiative which the situation so imperatively exacted. With the German army encircling Paris like a wall of fire, the question was how to accomplish the object, and Gambetta was selected as the member of the government to go out of the city to join the Tours delegation. The only way was to get out by balloon, and there never was a more desperate or more hazardous undertaking; but it was a success. Gambetta took the balloon, in the company of two American gentlemen whom I well knew, and landed outside the Prussian lines. He soon made his way to Tours. Clothed with the most ample powers, he at once seized the helm. With his soul on fire, his indomitable purpose, his pauseless energy, his magnetism, his enthusiasm, he at once subordinated his colleagues to his own imperious will. His enemies were right, for once, when they called him the "dictator" of France. That dictatorship is one of the most interesting episodes in French history. A German military writer, influenced by the most generous impulses, has published a book in regard to the connection of Gambetta with the army of the Loire, which does him the most complete justice. Many believe that if Gambetta had been loyally supported by his reactionary countrymen, he would have been able to have saved France.

After the war was over, his enemies put into operation all the machinery of a parliamentary inquisition, in the hope of blasting his reputation and soiling his honor and destroying him in the public estimation. Pursuing him for months, tracking him with spies, they could find no spot upon his garments. With absolute control of uncounted and untold millions, they had found his record clean, and his hands unstained with plunder.

From the temperament of Gambetta, and from the manner in which he had been mixed up in the defence of France, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that he was opposed to making any peace with the Germans. His motto always was, war *à outrance*. There is a long story of the differences which sprang up between him and M. Thiers as *Chef du Pouvoir Exécutif*, M. Jules Simon and others, but I cannot go into it here.

After peace was made, worn out by his intense labors, he went to Spain to remain a few months to recruit. In the elections of July, 1871, Gambetta, having returned to Paris, was once more elected a member of the National Assembly. There he became one of its most influential members and wielded a power unequalled by any of his colleagues. Gambetta entered public life as an extreme Radical; but reaching positions devolving upon him great responsibilities, he developed great moderation and sagacity. As an orator in the Chamber, he scarcely had an equal, and not a superior. Mirabeau, in his palmiest days in the National Convention, was never his superior. I was present in the diplomatic gallery when he made his speech in the Chamber, the day after the overthrow of M. Thiers, by the coalition, and I never listened to a speech of so much eloquence and power. It was a good deal like his speech in the *Affaire Baudin*. It was so eloquent, so powerful and so denunciatory that it seemed to stupefy the reactionary majority, which the day before had turned M. Thiers out of power. He proceeded through the whole length of his speech with scarcely an interruption, which was strange enough considering the excitable qualities of the reactionary deputies. These deputies recovered themselves, however, the next day; and when he attempted to speak, it was almost impossible for him to proceed on account of their cries, vociferations and insults.

From the time that Gambetta had taken his place in the Chamber, after the establishment of peace, to the time I left Paris to return home, in September, 1877, I saw much of him. He lived in a small apartment *au second* in the Rue de Marignan. His house-keeper was an old aunt who had tenderly looked after him, for many years, in Paris. Much had been said by the reactionary papers about the vast wealth that Gambetta had accumulated during the war and his luxurious style of living. I never visited him in this apartment, but an American friend who had much to do with him, and who, in fact, went out with him in the balloon, often visited him, and he once described to me the *palatial* residence of the great Tribune. Its entrance was into a little ante-chamber which had been utilized as a *salle à manger*. In the middle there was a little round table covered with oil-cloth, at which Gambetta and his aunt took their frugal meals. From the ante-chamber you entered into a little *salon*, which fronted on the street, and on either side was a sleeping room—one occupied by Gambetta, and the other by his aunt.

The République Française, established by Gambetta, having reached a very large circulation, it was necessary to have new quarters, and quite a large building was bought for that purpose in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, situated in a little court. Gambetta moved into this building to be in more direct proximity to his business. Then another howl went up from the reactionary newspapers, which represented him as occupying a palace furnished in more than Oriental magnificence. Having occasion to visit him in his new quarters, I was able to judge of his luxurious manner of living and the way in which (according to the journals) he was expending his ill-gotten gains. His grand *salon*, as it had

been described, was of very fair proportions, and it is safe to say that five hundred francs would have purchased all of the furniture in the room. The principal article was a large wooden table in the centre of the room, on which were thrown books, newspapers, magazines, etc. On the table were quite a number of his photographs and, upon my request, he gave me several of them, to which he attached his name.

Léon Gambetta.

The engraving which here appears is from one of these photographs, which I have guarded ever since he presented it to me. Gambetta was not a man of society, his engagements and occupations rendered it impossible for him to accept invitations. I remember having met him only once at dinner at the house of a friend. It was impossible for any man to make himself more agreeable at a dinner table than he, for he was almost unrivalled as a conversationalist. The three most eloquent and instructive talkers (*causeurs*) I ever knew in Paris, were M. Thiers, Jules Simon and Gambetta. Indeed I never knew their equal anywhere. Of the three I should put Jules Simon first as a conversationalist. Jules Favre was a fine

talker, and he used the French language in the most exquisite style.

I shall never forget a visit I made to the government of the National Defence, at the Hôtel de Ville, in the winter of 1870–71. I found there assembled the government of France in one of the most elegant and splendid *salons* in that magnificent old palace, one of the grandest in Europe, so allied for centuries to the most interesting and important events in French history,—alas, so soon to be destroyed by the Commune, with all its historic wealth and with all its associations! The members of the government whom I met on this occasion, were Emmanuel Arago, Jules Ferry, Garnier-Pagès, Eugène Pelletan, Ernest Picard and Jules Simon. After a little casual conversation with the Paris members of the government, M. Jules Simon became the spokesman of the body and entered upon an explanation of the situation and the action of the government, the prospect for the success of France, etc., and for a time he poured forth a stream of conversation more eloquent and interesting than anything I had ever listened to.

In all this time Paris was called a "Republic," but the government was that of the National Defence. Though the republican constitution was subsequently made, there was not a republican government; in fact, the National Assembly, chosen so soon as possible after the war was over, did not fairly represent the country. The old reactionary elements were found to be on the *qui vive* and ready for action when the election took place, while the opposition was scattered and comparatively demoralized. It was this assembly, binding together all the elements of the opposition to the Republicans (the Legitimists, the Orleanists and the Imperialists), which was always ready to unite to strike a blow at

republicanism. They managed to overthrow M. Thiers and drive him out of the presidency. While it did not change the form of the government, yet it elected a President deadly hostile to a republic, who selected ministers equally hostile, and who did everything in their power to overthrow the government which they were bound by every obligation of honor and good faith to sustain. But that assembly was to come to an end.

In the fall of the year 1877, a new election for members of the assembly was to take place. The two parties, Monarchical and Republican, were brought face to face at this election, and the world has never seen a more bitter contest or a fiercer political struggle. Though in comparative retirement, M. Thiers gave the Republican party the benefit of his wise counsel, while Gambetta was its right arm, arousing everywhere the utmost enthusiasm by his arguments and his eloquence. It was in the height of this terrible struggle that M. Thiers suddenly died at St. Germain-en-Laye. His body was soon moved to his residence in the Place St. Georges, in Paris, and his funeral took place on Sunday, September 8th, 1877. As I had perfected all my arrangements to leave France for my return home on the following Monday, I went to the Place St. Georges, before the hour of the funeral, to take leave of Madame Thiers, and her sister, and it was there that I met Gambetta for the last time. He spoke to me in accents of the deepest emotion of the affliction that M. Thiers's death had caused, and of the irreparable loss that France had sustained by the sudden demise of that great man, coming as it did at the moment of the fiercest political struggle that had ever taken place in France.

To return to the story of the siege—on September 27th, 1870, we had news that Ledru-Rollin, an old Revolutionary of 1848, had got into Paris after an exile of twenty years, and found himself quite at home in the convulsions then taking place in the city. Félix Pyat had commenced publishing a journal of the most violent and revolutionary type,—La Patrie en Danger. Notwithstanding the situation, I was enabled to have quite a party at dinner on that evening, and though we had been shut up for ten days we were yet enabled to have a very good gentlemen's dinner of eleven covers. One of the guests, Dr. Johnston, interested us by recounting that on the day before he had plainly seen the Prussian guns, and that they commanded all of our part of the city. But that news did not seem to disturb the equanimity of the party.

It was amazing to see how quickly the demoralization set in after the fall of the Empire. Up to that time, I think Paris was one of the best governed cities in the world, speaking strictly of the municipal administration. The police were vigilant, alert and honest, and life and property were everywhere safe. I had never seen the time, up to the revolution of the 4th of September, that I would have been afraid to have visited the most remote and unfrequented streets in the city; for everywhere were to be found the most watchful policemen on their different beats. But this city government practically fell with the Empire, and in the absence of governmental and political regulations, there was much disorder; the streets were filled with the most obscene and disgusting literature, and the vilest caricatures were cried on the streets by men and boys, and sometimes even by young girls.

It was during the last of September or the first of October, 1870, that the Tuileries correspondence, to which I

have referred, was published in the Parisian journals. Independent of the scandal and gossip which it revealed, there were certain other revelations which created a great deal of talk. Facts came out in respect to the civil list which were truly astonishing, as they revealed a great many persons who had been receiving pensions from the government. Not only were "sisters and cousins and aunts" provided for, but a great many outsiders. One thing in these revelations that struck me was that Anna Murat received as her marriage portion 200,000 francs when she married the Duke de Mouchy. She was the daughter of Lucien Murat, upon whom was conferred the title of Prince of the Imperial family, by Napoleon after the *coup d'état* of December 2d, 1851. Her father had lived a long time in the United States and had married a Charleston lady (a Miss Fraser). Having lost all their property, they kept a boarding school. Anna Murat, afterwards the Duchess de Mouchy, was born in the United States, in 1841, and was therefore an American to all intents and purposes. Having some knowledge of her antecedents and having known of the career of her father in the United States, I was guilty of a *contretemps* in once speaking to her of being an American. She immediately corrected me with spirit, saying that although she was born in the United States, yet it was while they were "*in exile.*" She was a lady of very stylish appearance, and, it might be said, one of the most attractive connected with the court. Her husband, the Duke de Mouchy, was a descendant of an old family, of fine personal appearance and large fortune. He only entered political life after his marriage with Anna Murat, when he was elected to the *Corps Législatif* from the Department of the Oise.

Those days of the last of September and the first of

October were comparatively uneventful. There was some fighting going on outside of the walls of Paris, and the usual number of proclamations and notices were issued, which now, read in the light of history, seem very absurd. The Figaro made itself ridiculous by its advice and suggestions. One day it recommended that the National Guard should choose its *vivandières* from the most celebrated members of the *demi-monde*. Other recommendations, equally absurd and puerile, appeared in the newspapers. Mr. O'Sullivan, whom I have alluded to as a would-be peacemaker, published about this time an account of his expedition to the Prussian head-quarters, in a Paris journal called L'Électeur Libre. Having said in this account that the Prussians were conducting themselves well in the villages they occupied, the editor was reviled and attacked on every side for publishing an account which spoke well of the Prussians. At that time there were about 250 Americans in the city.

On October 4th, the 16th day of the siege, I recorded the following in my diary:

"I had an unusually busy day to-day; everybody calling on me to do something. People now begin to want to get out of the city; and they are very persistent. The most persistent and unreasonable had the least occasion to remain. Great quiet to-day and no event of the least public interest. The people of Paris are becoming very sober and much discouraged. It seems to be understood that the Provinces are doing nothing. If that be so, the 'jig is up,' and it is only a question of time as to how long Paris will hold out. It can resist shells and bombardments, but it cannot resist starvation. The long processions at the butcher shops are ominous."

October 5th, 17th day of the siege.

"The day lovely, as usual, and a great many people on

the streets, much parading of the military and a little cannonading. Being on a committee with the Nuncio, Mr. Kern and Baron Zuylen, the Holland Minister, to draw up a paper to Bismarck, went to the residence of the Nuncio at two P.M. After that, at 3.30 P.M., went to the Préfecture of the Police with one of my countrymen who had been badly treated."

October 6th, 18th day of the siege.

"For the first time for weeks we have had a dull, foggy morning. The servant comes in and says the streets are vacant and sombre. My feelings are in accord with the appearance of the streets. This being shut off from all intercourse with the world, when you are on dry land, is becoming tedious.

"(Evening). The day has run out without any incident of importance. Some little glimmer of news has come in from the Prussians and the Parisians are a little more cheerful. But it all amounts to nothing, in my judgment. Nothing is being done. The days go and the provisions go. Speaking of provisions, I saw day before yesterday in the street a barrel of flour made at Waverly, Iowa, some seventy or eighty miles west of Galena.

"Made a visit to the Prefect of Police, Count de Kératry, now 'Citizen' de Kératry. He formerly belonged to the French army, and is regarded as a man of courage and ability. He spoke quite hopefully about affairs, but I do not see it. Curious place is that old, dismal, dilapidated, gloomy, sombre, dirty Préfecture of Police, the theatre of so many crimes and so many punishments. If those frowning walls could speak, what tales of horror they might tell! Here were the head-quarters of Pietri, that Prefect of Police who had become so odious under the Empire. And what may be esteemed a little curious under this new deal, I have learned that the same

system is in actual operation now as was under the Empire."

October 7th, 19th day of the siege.

"The weather is changing at last; the morning was quite cool, the afternoon cloudy and raining a little as I came in to dinner this evening. There has been a good deal of cannonading to-day, and, I presume, as usual without results. There is still a little more news from the outside to-day which is interpreted as favorable. The balloon went off at eleven this morning with six passengers, including Gambetta and two Americans. A large crowd saw it move off, amid great excitement. I hope that we shall hear that it landed safely. A very quiet day at the legation. Drove down town this afternoon and went as far as the Hôtel de Ville, where all was quiet. I have never seen such a change in my life, and one can hardly believe that we are in a besieged city. At five o'clock P.M. I called on Jules Favre on an unofficial matter."

October 8th, evening, 20th day of the siege.

"I came to the legation this morning to finish a despatch to the State Department and to write some letters to send out by the Minister of Colombia. To my surprise, I found that General Burnside had been at the legation, having come in with Mr. Forbes from the Prussian lines. They have now gone down to report to General Trochu, and G—— has gone down to the Foreign Office to arrange for an interview to-morrow, with Jules Favre. I shall go with them, and they will stay at my house, No. 75 Avenue de l'Impératrice. They leave day after to-morrow to go through the Prussian lines. They bring letters but no later London papers than we had before. They bring a few American papers, among them the Washington Republican of the 16th

ult. This has been a blue, dull, rainy day, in Paris. There is a good deal of discontent brewing, and I understand there was a large demonstration at the Hôtel de Ville this afternoon, but I have not heard the result. No news from the balloon that went out yesterday. I am quite anxious, as there were two Americans in it. I should not tell the truth, if I said it was not getting a little dull. This long absence of all news from the outside world is depressing, and this dull weather coming on, makes it worse."

October 9th, 21st day of the siege.

"All very comfortably lodged at No. 75 Avenue de l'Impératrice. I have the pleasure of entertaining General Burnside and Mr. Forbes. A very good breakfast, and a very good dinner for starvation times. At nine o'clock, M. Jules Favre met these two gentlemen by appointment at my house and had an interview of half an hour, but of too confidential a character to be alluded to here. I have been quite busy the rest of the day writing despatches and letters. Quite a number of callers after dinner. At nine o'clock General Burnside and myself made a call upon some friends at the house of an American. Nearly all the people there were French—Barons and Counts and Marquises, but now pretty much played out. A Frenchman was telling me of a meeting of Amazons he had attended the night before, which illustrates the character of the French people and recalls to mind the scenes of the first Revolution. Though it was advertised that no men would be admitted to the meeting, that was just the reason why there were more men than women present. First, a half crazed young fellow mounted the table and announced that he had a plan that would enable the patriotic women of Paris to accomplish great results. He proposed that each woman should arm

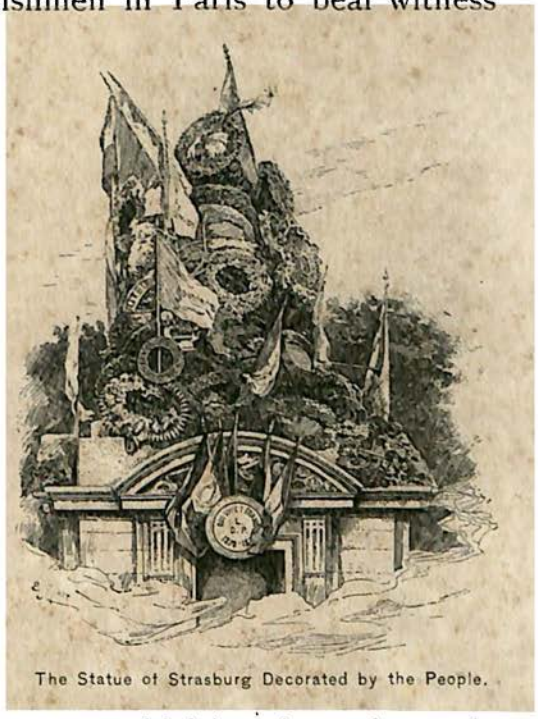
herself with a thimble in which there should be prussic acid, and by that means she could crown herself with dead Prussians. This proposition was received with thunders of applause. Then another Frenchman arose in the crowd and denounced the proposition of his brother. It was assassination, and not war, and Frenchmen abhorred assassination. Then came louder applause than followed the first speaker, the thimble man. That encouraged the second orator, who jumped upon the table, collared his antagonist and pitched him into the crowd amid yells and vociferations. And now on and on they went with this sort of nonsense for four hours, calling it 'saving France.' Weather rainy and unpleasant, but made very cheerful by the glowing fire in the *petit salon*. This finishes the third week of the siege and the fifth week of the new republic."

October 10th, 22d day of the siege.

"I was very busy until noon to-day getting the bag ready to send off by General Burnside. I determined to send Antoine with him to take the bag from Versailles to London and to bring back the bag from London and one from Brest. Another interview by Burnside, Forbes and myself with General Trochu and M. Jules Favre, and it lasted an hour and a half and was very interesting. Our American friends left No. 75 at a quarter before three o'clock precisely to go into the Prussian lines. Their arrival in Paris created a great excitement. There were some twenty people at the house to see them off. They were accompanied to the Prussian lines by an aide of Trochu and my Secretary of Legation, and were delivered over this time without any delay."

News crept in on the morning of October 2, that Strasburg and Toul had fallen. This created a very sad impression all over the city. Public opinion was

voiced by Gambetta, who issued a proclamation saying that, "in falling, these places cast a glance toward Paris to affirm once more the unity and indivisibility of the republic; that they leave us a legacy, the duty to deliver them, the honor to avenge them." Louis Blanc made an appeal to the people of England, and he called upon the Englishmen in Paris to bear witness to the fact that the windows of the Louvre were being stuffed with sand bags to preserve the treasures there from the risks of bombardment. The clubs began to denounce the government. The Mayor changed the names of the streets, and the Avenue de l'Impératrice was changed in name to the Avenue "Uhrich," a hero of the passing hour. The journals continued to publish the Tuileries papers, which ministered to the morbid taste of a portion of the public. Paris wore a sombre aspect. The guns from the forts no longer attracted much attention. There were very few carriages in the Champs Elysées and the *cafés chantants* disappeared. The aspect of the villages outside of Paris, at this time, was a sad one. The houses were deserted, the streets were vacant, but one would constantly run across certain inscriptions intended to be insulting to the common enemy, such as "*Mort aux*



The Statue of Strasburg Decorated by the People.

Prussiens," "*Deux têtes pour trois sous, Bismarck et Guillaume.*" And that is called making war!

October 13th, 25th day of the siege.

"Quite an incident to-day; a package of London newspapers, a letter from General Burnside and one from Count Bismarck were left at the legation this afternoon. The latest London date is the 16th ult. The news looks bad for France. The letter from Bismarck is clever and complimentary, and alludes to matters which I cannot properly mention here. Colonel Hoffman, my son and myself dined with a Mr. Lazard to-night, who is a German American and who now lives in Paris. The result of the fighting seems to have been as unfavorable as usual to the French. The Palace of St. Cloud is reported to be a heap of ruins, destroyed by the shells sent by the French from Mont Valérien. Where will all this end?"

October 14th, 26th day of the siege.

"A short story for to-day. I was very strangely attacked last night at midnight by great dizziness followed by a violent vomiting for two hours. I will only sit up a moment to-day to jot down this memorandum in my diary. Antoine returned from Versailles this evening, the German authorities there having refused to let him go to London. He brought me a few late London papers, but no letters. No events in the town worth recording."

October 15th, 27th day of the siege.

"I only sit up long enough to record this day's events, or rather not to record them, for I hear nothing worth setting down. Many people have been to see me—but the same old story to tell them: 'No news.' I have had quite a feast in reading some London newspapers as well as two or three American papers of an old date. I am

suffering much all day. The cold feet and the ague-pains in my limbs bring back to me memories of Galena in early times."

October 16th, 28th day of the siege.

"Dull, cold, rainy day. Though I was able to get up and dress and go down to dinner, I have not been out of doors. I cannot hear any news. The funeral of the Count Dampierre, Chief of the Battalion de l'Aube, who was killed on Friday last, took place to-day in the Madeleine. It was most numerously attended and a very profound impression was produced. He was young, brave, patriotic and possessed of a large fortune. He was shot while leading his battalion. His young wife had died three years before, and his last words were an expression of satisfaction that he was going to join her in another world. How many gallant men on both sides are yielding up their spirits in this dreadful war! It is now four weeks since the siege commenced, and very little has been done as yet on either side. With the exception of two days, when the French have made attacks, there has been a most profound quiet. It seems to me that this most terrible calm will soon be broken by events which will stir the world at large. In and surrounding Paris are nearly a million of men in arms, and inspired with a deadly hate of each other."

October 17th, 29th day of the siege.

"I went to the legation quite early this morning and have been busy all day. Many people called. At noon went to the prison of St. Lazare; I found seventy-four German women in prison, for no offence except being Germans. They were induced under various pretexts and promises to remain after the siege commenced, and then they were all arrested and sent to prison. I have made arrangements to have them all released to-morrow, and

shall have them cared for until the siege is over. When I called and explained to them what I proposed to do, many of them shed tears. They have been on rations of the very lowest diet; not a morsel of meat is now dealt out to them. It seems to be now quite clean in the prison, and many Sisters of Charity are in attendance. At 5 P.M. called to see M. Jules Favre about sending a *parlementaire* out with my despatch bag, and about getting permission for the Americans to leave Paris. A good deal of cannonading all day but no results."

I had a great deal of trouble in relation to getting the Americans out of Paris. Through the intervention of General Burnside, I obtained permission from Count Bismarck for all the Americans to go through their lines, in a letter which he addressed me, dated Versailles, October 19th, 1870, and which is as follows:

SIR: I had the honor to receive your letter, dated the 17th instant, concerning the withdrawal of the American citizens from Paris. In answer, I beg to say that your countrymen will be permitted to pass through our lines, if provided with passports delivered by you, and stating that they are citizens of the United States. The departure should be taken by the Porte de Creteil. Recent experiences, and a decision adopted, in consequence, by our military authorities, make it necessary that all persons leaving Paris for the purpose of passing through our lines should be earnestly warned that they are not allowed to carry any parcels, letters or communications whatsoever besides those to be delivered to our outposts, and that any contravention in this respect will unfailingly bring down upon them the full rigor of martial law. I beg you will be good enough to have it stated on the passports that the bearer has been warned accordingly.

With the expression of my highest respects, I remain, sir, etc., etc.

BISMARCK.

His Excellency, E. B. WASHBURNE,
Minister of the United States, Paris.

My diary continues:

October 20th, 32d day of the siege.

"I have omitted the 30th and 31st days of the siege on account of indisposition. On Tuesday, the 30th day of the siege, I was at the legation all day, and very much engaged, although feeling quite ill. On the 31st day of the siege was in bed all day and suffering a good deal. I thought I should be able to get up and go down stairs to breakfast, but I found it impossible to sit up, and was therefore obliged to take to my bed again. I hear of nothing transpiring which is of any interest. I am afraid that even now, when I have got Bismarck's permission to have the Americans go through their lines, that the French will refuse. I sent off official despatches yesterday morning by a flag of truce into the Prussian lines, to be sent to London by a Prussian messenger. It may be of interest to know the names and the number of newspapers published this day, as follows: La Vérité, Le Réveil, Le Rappel, Le Paris Journal, Le Figaro, La Cloche, Le Peuple Français, La Gazette de France, Le National, La Tribune du Peuple, La Patrie en Danger, Le Combat, Le Journal de Paris, L'Avant-Garde, Le Journal des Débats, L'Avenir National, Le Siècle, L'Opinion Nationale, L'Univers, La France, Le Gaulois, L'Electeur Libre, Le Journal Officiel—total, 23. It may well be asked if there was ever before a city besieged which published twenty-three daily newspapers! Some of these papers are able, but the amount of absolute trash, taken all together, surpasses anything in history."

On October 19th Count Bismarck wrote me still further in relation to certain persons in Paris, not French, leaving the city, and said that he had written to M. Jules Favre that they could only leave on the condition that their identity and nationality should be verified and attested by me. He expressed the regret that in addition

to so much trouble, he should be obliged to draw still further upon my kindness. In view of so many persons leaving Paris who were required to have my passports, I got out a printed form for a special passport, to which I affixed my signature and the seal of the legation. On the back I placed the following indorsement, which was required to be signed by every person holding a *laissez-passer:*

"Departure through the Creteil gate. The undersigned, whose name is in the passport on the opposite page, admits that he has been notified by the aforesaid minister of the United States that he can be the bearer of no newspapers, letter or package, except personal baggage, under penalty of military law."

On October 21st I wrote to Count Bismarck at Versailles, in relation to the subjects of the North German Confederation who still remained in Paris. I stated that it was no wonder that, in so large a German population as there was in Paris at the breaking out of the war, quite a number of them should still be found in the city, when communication was cut off. Some were too old and some were too sick to leave; some were children without protectors, but the greater number were female domestics, most of whom had been persuaded to remain with their employers under pledges of protection. As the siege progressed, these poor people, either abandoned by their employers or denounced to the authorities, were turned into the streets, only to be arrested and cast into prison. I stated further that I had a few days before made a personal visit to the prison of St. Lazare (which was for female prisoners), and I had found there no less than seventy-four persons of that class, subjects of the different German powers at war with France; that I had lost no time in arranging for their release and had them

all comfortably cared for and upon reasonable terms. I already had some twenty others, mostly females, whom I had provided for, making a total of about one hundred. The government of the National Defence had acted very well in this matter, and had promised me that these poor people should have full protection. The fund that had been so generously placed in my hands by the German government had given me sufficient means to care for the Germans then remaining in Paris. I stated to Count Bismarck that in using the fund as I had done, I was sure that I correctly interpreted the humane and generous sentiments of the royal government toward its unfortunate subjects then in Paris, whose sufferings and distress I had been compelled to witness since the commencement of the war.

Entry in my diary, October 21st, 33d day of the siege.

"Was able to go to the legation to-day, and have been busy all day. At 5 P.M. went to see M. Jules Favre about Americans leaving Paris. Pressure to get out is getting to be very great. All the nationalities are now calling upon me, and I believe that I am charged with the protection of half of the nationalities of the earth. It is understood that there has been a good deal of fighting to-day, but nothing has been heard at General Trochu's head-quarters up to 6.30 this evening. I think that is ominous; if the French had been successful there certainly would have been some news of it."

It was at this time that I was in constant discussion with Trochu and M. Jules Favre in relation to getting the Americans out of the city. I shall never forget the interview which I had with these two gentlemen. One afternoon, accompanied by my secretary, I went with Jules Favre to the head-quarters of Trochu, and was ushered into a private *salon*. Trochu, notified of our

presence, soon appeared. Coming in with slippers and dressing-gown, he did not look much like a soldier. The discussion was entered upon, and Trochu was evidently prepared to antagonize every proposal I should make in respect to the Americans leaving the city; and I must say I was never more surprised in my life than at the arguments he adduced and the reasons

Porte de Creteil.

he presented. He would strut up and down the room talking about the susceptibility of the French character, posing in the most remarkable manner and striking his breast. I think one of the arguments he used was that nobody could fully see the emotion that it would create among the French people when they saw the Americans moving out through the Ave. d'Italie to the Porte de Creteil, and how much danger there was that a riot might be created by such a sight which might lead to

the gravest consequences. I declined to be satisfied with the puerile reasons which he presented, but insisted that my *nationaux* should be permitted to leave the city, particularly as they had received the permission of the German authorities to pass through their lines; that that permission I had obtained in the full belief and understanding that a like permission would be granted by the French; and that I then felt bound to insist upon its being given. Indeed, I intimated some ulterior measure if I did not receive this permission. As I was the only man then in Paris through whom the French could have any communication with the Germans, Jules Favre evidently saw how important it was that I should be satisfied. Indeed, he always behaved very well on this subject, and expressed a great desire that my wishes should be complied with. The result was, after an almost interminable gabble for three hours, that it was finally agreed that I should have the permission. A day was agreed upon (October 27th) when the Americans and all others who held my passes might go out.

It was a large cavalcade; a line was formed which passed out of the city under military escort, and which proceeded to the Porte de Creteil. I sent an attaché of the legation to accompany this cavalcade, who made a full report to me of the proceedings and of the parties who went out at that time. There were forty-eight Americans, men, women and children, and nineteen carriages, and also a Russian convoy of seven carriages and twenty-one persons, having my passes. The passes were all closely examined before the persons holding them could pass the French lines. I refer to this episode in the following entries in my diary:

October 22d, 34th day of the siege.

"This has been a raw, chilly, lonesome day and I think

there have been more 'blue devils' about than on any other day during the siege. The meat ration (fresh meat) has been cut down to one-eighth of a pound for two days. But even that much meat cannot be had. Mule meat has come into requisition, and is regarded as superior to horse meat. The Parisians are standing up pretty well under their deprivations. They are showing, however, symptoms of lawlessness, for a few days. The people of the city have been going outside of the ramparts into the small villages and robbing the houses. No effort is made to stop it, so far as I can learn. We are awaiting the official report of the fighting yesterday, but from what I gather, there were no particular results for the French. Thirty-five of their wounded were brought into the American ambulance. I had an interview with Trochu this afternoon on the subject of the Americans leaving Paris. It was far from satisfactory, and it was impossible to tell what the French government is driving at. I shall, however, get out about a dozen to-morrow. I hope the people who have been waiting a long time, and are very anxious to leave, will be permitted to go. Bismarck requires that all people leaving the city to go through the Prussian lines, shall have my pass. That is going to bring a great many persons to the legation. I now must have as many as ten different nationalities under my protection. I was at my house, No. 75 Avenue de l'Impératrice, to-day. The whole avenue is now barricaded, except as you enter it by the Arc de Triomphe, and so we have to go around by the back streets to get to the house. It looks dismal."

October 23d, 35th day of the siege.

"A long, dull, tedious Sunday, and raining the first part of the day. Am arranging to get all the people out who have passes. They were to leave to-morrow at noon,

but I have just learned they are to be detained another day. There is no end to the delays, vexations and annoyances of this business. Went to see Jules Favre this evening and talked it all over, once more, for an hour. I should have no trouble if I had him alone to deal with. Arranged for a meeting at noon to-morrow. After leaving, went to the Moultons and met many people there, mostly our countrymen and countrywomen. On the whole they were in pretty good spirits. To-day completes the fifth week of the siege, beginning from September 18th. Some count from Saturday, September 17th, but I count from Sunday the 18th, because telegraphic communication was kept up with the outside world until the afternoon of that day."

October 24th, 36th day of the siege.

"Interview to-day with Trochu and Jules Favre at noon on the subject of the departure of the Americans from Paris. This has been a very embarrassing question and I had feared unpleasant results, for if the government had insisted on its refusal I should have had to appeal to our government for instructions. As it was, the government of the National Defence had declined to permit the departure of foreigners. Considering the situation of so many countrymen in Paris desirous of leaving, I felt bound to insist on permission for their departure. It was only after long and frequent interviews with Favre and Trochu that I was able to procure that permission. The English and Russians were also permitted to go, but the Prussian government required that every person leaving Paris must have my *laissez-passer;* so to-morrow and next day I shall be very busy in getting all of these people away. To-day I have been constantly occupied in getting off my bag. I only got through and reached

my lodgings at eleven o'clock at night. There have been no military operations since last Friday."

On October 25th, the 37th day of the siege, I find this entry: "Dull, rainy day, but many people calling at the legation about leaving Paris on Thursday. Some of the most clamorous to go, now decline doing so, when they have the opportunity. No news and nothing of interest transpiring. Feeling quite unwell I retire early."

On October 29th Count Bismarck addressed me a communication in respect to Dr. Fontaine, a Prussian subject and a well known historian. He said that while travelling for literary purposes in French districts he had been arrested and carried to Besançon, where his life appeared to be in danger. He declared that there was nothing to justify such a proceeding against an inoffensive scholar, and he begged me to demand formally his release by the provisional government, and to state explicitly that in case of refusal, a certain number of persons of analogous condition of life would be arrested in different towns of France and taken to Germany to undergo the same kind of treatment, whatever it might be, that should be reserved for Dr. Fontaine in France. It is scarcely necessary to add that upon my bringing the subject to the attention of M. Jules Favre the release of Dr. Fontaine was promptly ordered; for it was understood from the communication from Count Bismarck to me that he "meant business."

On the same day Count Bismarck also addressed me the following letter, enclosing a memoir which is set out in full:

VERSAILLES, *October* 29, 1870.

SIR: Having before them the resolution adopted by the government of National Defence, to continue a hopeless struggle and to defend Paris as long as provisions will last, the government of His Majesty have felt obliged to give their attention to the consequences which the carrying

out of that resolution will entail upon the inhabitants of Paris, consisting, as they do, for a great part of foreigners. By a memoir communicated to foreign cabinets some weeks since, we have declined any responsibility for the sufferings to which the residents will find themselves exposed when the resources are exhausted, and when, owing to the waste laid all around Paris by order of the French Government at an extent of three or four days' marching, it will be impossible to provide the survivors with food or to transport them beyond the zone of destruction.

While sending you a translation of the said memoir, I take the liberty of earnestly calling your attention to the considerations detailed therein and bearing directly upon the interests of those American residents who, either by their condition of life or for want of means, have been obliged to remain at Paris.

I have the honor to be, with the highest consideration, your obedient servant,

BISMARCK.

His Excellency, Mr. WASHBURNE,
Minister of the United States.

MEMOIR.

Mr. Jules Favre and his colleagues have rejected the proposal of an armistice, the conditions of which would have afforded to France the starting-point for a return to a regular order of things. So they pronounce for the continuation of a struggle which, to judge by the march of events up to the present day, does not offer any prospect of success to the French nation. The chances of this struggle, demanding so heavy sacrifices, have constantly gone from bad to worse for France. Toul and Strasburg have fallen, Paris is strictly invested, and the German troops are extending their incursions to the banks of the Loire. The considerable forces assembled before those two fortresses are now disengaged awaiting further orders of the commander-in-chief. The country will have to undergo the consequences of a war *à outrance* resolved upon by the members of the French Government at Paris. The sacrifices of the nation will go on increasing to no purpose, and the decomposition of society will attain proportions more and more threatening. To counteract such a course of events, the leaders of the German armies are unfortunately powerless, but they carefully weigh and clearly foresee what will be the effect of the resistance proclaimed by the men in power in Paris, and they must call beforehand general attention to

one point above all, the particular condition of Paris. The more important fights that have taken place before this capital till now have proved too evidently that Paris is doomed to fall after some period of longer or shorter duration. If that period should be prolonged to the day when capitulation will be necessitated by want of food, terrible effects will be produced. The destruction of railways, bridges, and canals, absurdly executed within a certain radius (of about 50 English miles) around Paris, did not arrest the progress of our armies. As far as communications are required for us, they have been restored by us. But what remains unrepaired will, even after a capitulation, interrupt the traffic between the capital and the provinces for a long time to come. In such a predicament the chiefs of the German army would find themselves in the absolute impossibility to furnish a population of nearly two millions with food, be it only for twenty-four hours. The environs of Paris would likewise, within several days' marches, be devoid of every kind of resources, including means of locomotion capable of removing the Prussians to the provinces. The inevitable consequence would be starvation of hundreds of thousands. The French rulers cannot but foresee these consequences as clearly as the leaders of the German armies, yet they leave to the latter no alternative but to follow up the struggle which is offered to them. He who brings matters to extremities of this kind will have to bear the responsibility thereof.

Entry in my diary, October 30th, 42d day of the siege.

"Ill health since Wednesday last has compelled me to omit my 'jottings down.' Yesterday, however, I was able to be up and write a number of letters. I passed last night at our house, No. 75 Avenue de l'Impératrice, and came to Mr. Hüffer's this morning. My health is somewhat better, and I hope that the attack which I have had will soon wear off. The weather is very wretched, raining nearly all the time. Friday and yesterday some little military operations. The French captured a little town a short distance from Paris, Le Bourget, and they claim to have held it so far against the attack of the Prussians; but the French newspapers exaggerate so that one cannot place any reliance on what is found in them. To-day completed the 6th week of the siege, and I must

say that within that time a great change has taken place in and around Paris. Six weeks ago, accompanied by some friends, I made an excursion through the city and along the ramparts. Nothing was completed and the confusion everywhere was immense Had the Prussians known the weakness of Paris, they could have come right in. It was the same as Washington after the first battle of Bull Run. But now the thing is changed, the amount of work which has been done on the defences is very great, and the troops have been put into shape and are under quite good discipline. Looking at the ramparts, it does not seem that the city can be taken by assault. From all I can gather, I believe the Prussians intend a bombardment. Every day they have got out their heavy guns, and they will soon open fire on the devoted city. The French say they cannot send their shells into the city, but we shall see. The aspect of the Parisian population has improved; no more riots, no more turbulences, but more sobriety and earnestness."

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST MUTTERINGS OF THE COMMUNE.

The Revolution of a Day—Imprisonment of the Government of National Defence—A Farcical Proceeding—Leaders of the Red Republican Movement—Speedy Overthrow of their Municipal Government—Restoration of Order—Election Day—A Large Majority in Favor of the Republic—A Dreary Thanksgiving Day.

I DO not find that I made any entries in my diary for the 43d day of the siege, October 31st. I can only account for my failure to make an entry on this day, which was nearly the most important and interesting day during the siege, from the fact that I ordinarily made my entries in the evening, after the affairs of the day were over, but on the evening of the 31st, I was at the Hôtel de Ville until after six o'clock, as will be hereafter recounted. After my dinner I was very busy at the legation in getting off some despatches.

Entry in my diary on November 1st, 44th day of the siege:

"First as to the events of yesterday. *Voilà!* Another revolution. I was very busy at the legation all day. The same night brought me news of the state of feeling in the city. The arrival of M. Thiers, the surrender of Metz and the disgraceful affair of Le Bourget created profound emotion among all classes. The Reds, up to this time, cowed by the force of public opinion, now had their opportunity. It had become necessary that I should see M. Jules Favre on an important matter, and I went to the

Foreign Office at half past five, and on my arrival, for the first time, I learned of the gravity of the situation. I was then told that Trochu had been dismissed, and that Favre and all the members of the government of the National Defence had resigned; that there was an immense crowd at the Hôtel de Ville, and that all was confusion. I started immediately for the Hôtel de Ville, in company with a friend, and arrived there at six o'clock. When within two or three squares of the Hôtel we found the Rue de Rivoli blocked up with troops singing the "*Marseillaise*," "*Mourir pour la Patrie*," and other revolutionary songs. We left our carriage and made our way on foot through the dense crowd of people and soldiers, and entered the building. There we found mostly soldiers, who were roaming around with their muskets reversed, in the magnificent Hall of the Municipality. There seemed to be a sort of public meeting going on, and we started to mount the wooden staircase. We had scarcely reached the head of the stairs when we saw there had been a grand irruption of other soldiers into the building. They appeared to be composed mostly of the Garde Mobile and Garde Sédentaire. We immediately descended and got out of their way and went around by another staircase, and finally got into the hall by a side door.

"This hall was dimly lighted by two oil lamps. The room was literally packed with soldiers yelling, singing, disputing and speech-making. The side rooms were also filled with soldiers, who sat around the tables, copying lists of the new government, which they called the government of the Commune. They all seemed to regard the revolution as an accomplished fact, which was only to be formally ratified by a vote of the people of Paris. Here is the list of the names of the members of the government of the Commune, handed to me most politely by a sol-

dier of the Red Republican persuasion: Félix Pyat, Lorain, Louis Blanc, Delescluze, Mottu, Blanqui, Greppo, Malo, Chapelin, Dupies, Muller. Other lists were handed around differing somewhat from the above.

"From the Hôtel de Ville I went to my dinner, thinking that the revolution had been practically accomplished, and that we should have a genuine Red Republic. I returned to the legation at eight o'clock in the evening to get my despatches ready to go out in the bag this morning, and sent a gentleman out to seek reliable information and to get at the exact status before closing my despatches. He soon brought back word that the government of the National Defence had not resigned; but certain parties headed by Flourens, Blanqui and others had undertaken a *coup d'état*, had seized all the members of the government and held them all prisoners in a room in the Hôtel de Ville. Some of the people demanded that the members of the government should be sent to the prison of Vincennes; others demanded that they should be shot; but Flourens pledged his head that he would have them safely guarded where they were.

"Then the Reds went to work to make up their new government in the Hall of the Municipality, at the same place where I was at half past six. A gentleman who was present during this time describes the scenes which took place as ludicrous. There was no harmony or concert among them, and they were all quarrelling among themselves; according to him, they pulled the venerable beard, and kicked the venerable body of the venerable Blanqui, and denounced this one and that one as not among the patriots. But in all this confusion they issued orders and gave commands like a regular government. The other government being in jail while this pleasant sort of amusement was going on, some of the

National Guard, faithful to the government, got into the building and effected the release of Trochu and Jules Ferry, who immediately took steps to release their associates from durance vile.

"At ten o'clock the 'rappel' was beaten all over Paris—that terrible sound which in the first revolution so often curdled the blood. I heard it under the window of the legation. It meant, 'every man to his post.' About ten o'clock the troops began to pour in from every direction towards the Hôtel de Ville. They soon filled the Place Vendôme and the neighboring streets, and formed in a line of battle in the Rue de Castiglione, which they completely surrounded. In the presence of this immense force, all shouting "*Vive Trochu!*" and "*À bas la Commune!*" the Red forces of Flourens seemed to have realized their weakness, and before midnight they had mostly disappeared, the government had been released and comparative quiet restored all over the city. I left the legation to go to my lodgings in the Rue de Londres at half past twelve, and going by the Champs Elysées, the Boulevards and the Chaussée d'Antin, I found all of the streets deserted and the stillness of death everywhere. What a city! One moment revolution, and the next the most profound calm!

"To-day is the great fête day of All Saints. I went to the Hôtel de Ville at half past nine this morning. The streets were comparatively deserted and most of the shops closed; the great square in front of the hotel was pretty well filled with soldiers. There were a good many people about there, but not the least excitement. I went there again this afternoon and found the square densely packed with soldiers and people. No man seemed to know anything; each one was inquiring of his neighbor. The whole crowd appeared listless and indif-

ferent. From the Hôtel de Ville I went to the office of the Rothschilds, the bankers with whom I kept my German account. The heads of the house, Alphonse and Gustave, both belonged to the National Guard. Though the richest men in the world, they did military duty like the commonest soldiers in the whole army. Gustave said that he had been on the ramparts all night. Coming back to the legation, I found the Place de la Concorde filled with troops who had come there to be reviewed by General Trochu. I hope there is a prospect for an armistice, which I trust may lead to a peace.

"The suffering in Paris and the devastation outside and inside, surpass belief. The destruction of that great historical palace of St. Cloud by the French themselves was a piece of vandalism. To-day, for the first time, I saw that they had cut down a great portion of those magnificent trees in the garden of the Tuileries, which have withstood the ravages and the revolutions of a century, to build barracks for soldiers. How I thought of the hundreds of thousands of little children who have played beneath their shades!"

I gave afterward a more full and detailed account of this remarkable affair in a despatch to my government. After the government had been seized in the hall of their sittings, they were guarded by military forces under the control of Flourens, Blanqui, Pyat and others, leaders of the revolutionary movement. This government *in embryo* of the Commune, which held the government of the National Defence as prisoners in the first part of the night of the 31st of October, seemed hardly to have been fully advised of the measures which were likely to be taken to overthrow it; and one of the funniest things in the whole matter was that before the members of this government of the Commune were fairly organized,

they went to work giving orders in all directions, to the end of more fully possessing themselves of the entire machinery of the government. One member of the Communist government sent a modest order on the Minister of Finance to transmit to him immediately fifteen million francs; another order was given to seize the Préfecture of Police, and many others were given concerning military operations, the forts, the gates of the city, etc., etc. As the night wore on, the revolutionary forces holding the Hôtel de Ville became less and less vigilant, and before three o'clock on Tuesday morning they were completely surprised and surrounded by the overpowering forces of the loyal National Guard, who had quietly and silently got into the building, by various secret ways. After a long parley and after many threats the Communist troops agreed to retire from the building, leaving it in possession of the National Guard, who immediately released the government of the National Defence from imprisonment. Blanqui, Flourens and Co. suddenly disappeared at the same moment, and, what was surprising, not a single person engaged in all that business was arrested. The little side show of the government of the Commune had a precarious existence of about twelve hours, and then vanished into thin air. The whole thing was at once astounding and ludicrous, and the papers were filled with the incidents and history of that remarkable day, which will always cut a certain figure in the record of those strange times.

Entry in my diary, November 2d, 45th day of the siege:

"This has been a day of unusual quiet. The government seems to be again established, and the more I learn of the strange affair on Monday the more curious it appears. For a few hours the revolutionists seemed to

have had everything their own way. The members of the government of the National Defence were outrageously abused when they were under arrest. They were grossly insulted and loaded pistols placed at their heads with threats of instant death if they dared to stir. Went this evening to a '*réunion*,' as they call the public meetings here. It was in a large hall which was densely packed with men and women. It was very much like one of our public meetings, though the crowd was more excitable. Nearly every man in the room was smoking, and the smoke became so thick that it was impossible for me to stand it."

The 3d of November was the day on which the government of the National Defence of *France* had fixed for asking a vote of confidence from the people of *Paris*. I make the following entry in my diary on that day, being the 46th of the siege:

"This has been election day. The government of France has asked a vote of confidence of the people of Paris, and it is said to have been all one way, that is, for the government of the National Defence. I hope it will give them some strength and enable them to prevent a repetition of the 31st of October. At four o'clock in the afternoon, rode out into the Bois de Boulogne, entering from the Avenue de l'Impératrice. As one goes on the road to the lake, all the trees on the left-hand side, embracing more than a quarter section, are cut down. It is the desolation of desolation. The day has been bright but rather cold. Dined at Mr. Moulton's and had oyster soup, leg of mutton, roast duck, etc."

Now a word in regard to this election and in regard to voting generally in France. No election could have been held under more unfavorable circumstances than that coming so soon after the attempted communard

revolution of the 31st of October. Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, a most intelligent and accomplished gentleman, who was special correspondent of the London Morning Post during the siege of Paris, has given a very full and correct account of the manner in which elections are held in France. He says that he had been at several voting places on that day, and that he had found them all perfectly quiet and business-like,—no head-breaking, no cats, no rotten eggs. There was nothing but a continual stream of patient people, each giving his vote and thereupon going away. I had afterwards seen the same thing myself, in a very exciting election which had taken place in Paris. I well recollect going to the polls on one election day expecting to see a large crowd of excitable people hurrahing, talking, electioneering and gesticulating. But instead, I found scarcely a single person. The voter would come up, show his bulletin and be immediately admitted into the polling-place where he would deposit his ballot, and then quietly withdraw and return home. I will quote here for general information what Mr. Bowles says about voting in France:

"The voter has twenty days in every year to make or amend his title, and that done he is put upon the register under a number, with the particulars necessary to identify him; and as soon as a vote is announced, the mayors, who have charge of the registers, at once have written out for each voter a *carte d'électeur*, bearing his number, name, calling, date of birth and address, which cards are either sent around to the voter's house or are obtained by him personally at an office adjoining the polling-place. An elector presents himself for his *carte* and gives his name; the *carte* is at once found among the packet, which is alphabetically arranged, and he is asked his calling, date of birth and address. Having given these, he re-

ceives his *carte* and repairs to the polling-place. The door thereof is guarded by two National Guard sentries, and six or eight persons are allowed to enter at a time. The room is generally a large one and furnished with a table on which stands a square oak box, locked with a padlock and with a slit in the top. Behind the box stands the President and with him three or four citizens delegated to oversee operations. On the left of the President sits an officer, with a copy of the register containing a full account of each voter and having a blank column on the right; and on his right sits another officer, with an entirely blank register. An elector presents himself before the box and hands his *carte d'électeur* to the President, who calls out the number. The officer on the left refers to his copy of the register and gives the name and address of the elector, which the President compares with those of the *carte* and, finding them tally, takes the bulletin, or voting paper, and drops it into the urn. After this he cuts or tears off one corner of the *carte* and hands it to the officer on his right, who transcribes it on his list; the officer on the left meantime marking the elector's name with a cross in his blank column, to show that he has voted. The elector then signs his *carte* on the question of sustaining the government of the National Defence. There was an immense majority in favor; three hundred and twenty-one thousand against fifty-three thousand. When the result was made known, up went the cry *Vive la République! À bas la Commune!*"

One might have supposed from this magnificent indorsement of the government of the National Defence by the city of Paris, that they would have been sufficiently strengthened to have proceeded against the Reds who had attempted their overthrow; but no serious action was taken in the premises. One of the most violent

of the insurrectionary organs, La Patrie en Danger, proclaimed in the most violent manner that all churches must be closed to religious services and used as halls for the meetings of clubs or for any other revolutionary purpose. All the ambulances must be purged of priests, who must be arrested, armed and placed before the patriots in the most dangerous places. Barricades must be erected. This was the first thing to think of. No citizen must go out unless armed,—revolvers, daggers, bayonets, all are good. All the Bonapartists must be arrested. All provisions must be put into the common stock and each citizen be placed on strict rations. Every individual who knows of a hiding place of gold, silver or valuables, must make a declaration thereof at the Mairie. Every house must bear a paper stating the name, age and occupation of all its inhabitants. All women and children must be placed in places sheltered from projectiles. Their cries and their fears would hinder the action and paralyze the courage of some men. In the midst of such madness and fury, one might well inquire if it were possible for any good to come out of Paris.

Paris, November 7th, 50th day of the siege.

"Haven't been able to make an entry in my diary since last Thursday. Last Friday morning a friend and myself went to take breakfast with Admiral Langle, and stopped at Passy after breakfast and visited the defences for about two miles. They have great strength. Indeed these defences all around the city present a wonderful spectacle. I could conceive of nothing more complete in their way. By the vote of Thursday the government received a strong indorsement. Friday and Saturday every body believed in an armistice, but yesterday morning all hopes were blasted by the announcement in the Journal Officiel that it was not agreed to. There is a great dis-

appointment, and nobody can tell what will happen. A few more Americans will leave to-morrow. I have received a New York Tribune dated October 15th; no despatches from Washington and not a letter from the United States."

Tuesday evening, November 8th, 51st day of the siege.

"We are without any incident whatever to-day, and Paris is indeed in a stupor. A circular from Jules Favre says that there is no possible chance of an armistice; and the French now ask, what can be done? The day has been chilly and forbidding."

Wednesday evening, November 9th, 52d day of the siege.

"Absolutely nothing of the least interest to-day. It has been one of the most gloomy days of the siege; cloudy and sour, and every one has been greatly depressed. Two Protestant clergymen called to-night to see me in the interests of peace. They want me to forward a letter to Bismarck, appealing to the King of Prussia from a religious point of view. A good deal of talk about a *sortie*. That is always to be resorted to when matters get very low down. 'Well, now, we must make a big *sortie* of one hundred thousand men, cut through the Prussian lines and raise the siege.' Such is the wild talk, but no *sortie* is ever made."

Thursday evening, November 10th, 53d day of the siege.

"Went to the legation in the rain this morning, and there remained all day without leaving it. It has been raining, snowing and sleeting all day long, and dark and dreary. I had my lamp lighted before four o'clock. As wretched as the weather was, a good many people came to see me. Some people from the far-off Danubian

Provinces came to ask my protection, and my good offices to get them out of Paris. Who next? The English have had great trouble in getting out, and are perfectly raving to think that I slipped out all the Americans so nicely, while they are left here. They are all coming to see me and ask if I cannot do something for them."

It was about this time that M. Jules Favre had besought my good offices to intercede with Count Bismarck to obtain some information of M. de Raynal, a prominent official, who had been arrested by the Prussian authorities. My *démarches* did not result in anything very satisfactory, for Bismarck immediately wrote to me that M. de Raynal had been arrested by the military authorities, who had seized at his house certain papers and notes written in his own hand which showed that he had kept up a correspondence for the purpose of sending information to the enemy, and that he had been sent into Germany, where he would be tried by a council of war. The Count also took this occasion to inform me that several balloons which had been sent out from Paris had fallen into German hands, and that the persons sending them would be tried by the laws of war. He desired that I should bring this fact to the knowledge of the French government, and added that all persons who took this means of crossing German lines without authority, or holding correspondence to the prejudice of the German troops, would expose themselves to be tried by the laws of war. On the 12th of November, Count Bismarck wrote me further in respect to letters which had been sent out by balloon and had been captured. He said that in consequence of such developments, the military authorities had determined that they would grant no more permissions to leave Paris, and added that under these circumstances it would be impossible for me in the

future to grant any more passports to anybody. In reply to this letter of Count Bismarck, I stated on November 14th, that I regretted to learn that any persons bearing my certificate had violated the confidence reposed in them and had been carrying letters through their military lines. I told him that I not only took the precaution he had suggested, of advising the bearers of my certificate of what was required of them, but I expected that each person would sign a parole, the form of which I had sent him; that I sincerely hoped that it would not be found that any one of my countrymen was in the category of persons carrying information through their lines, which he had referred to. But if they violated their parole, which they had given me, they must take the consequences. I further said to him in this letter that I could not fully answer an inquiry he had hitherto made in regard to the number of Germans in Paris at that time, but I told him I thought I had got them all out; that numbers were coming every day to my legation seeking pecuniary aid and who had been reduced to the greatest misery; that a clergyman had brought me that day a list of thirty-seven of those people, utterly without the means of supporting themselves, and that if it were not for the means which his government had so generously placed at my disposal, their suffering would be incredible.

Notwithstanding the peremptory declaration which had been made by Count Bismarck in his letter of the 12th, that no more permissions would be granted to leave Paris, I asked him on the 14th of November for an authorization to me to give passports to twenty-four of my countrymen. On the 19th he wrote me that the military authorities had consented to my request (exceptionally, in consideration of the circumstance that they had applied to me previously), and that my countrymen could pass

out by the Creteil route, on being furnished with passports delivered by myself.

Entry in my diary, Friday evening, November 11th, 54th day of the siege.

"Stopped raining last night. To-day has been comparatively pleasant. Nothing going on. Called to see Baron Rothschild and Louis Blanc this afternoon. There is great depression. The papers begin to talk very plainly about an armistice."

Saturday evening, November 12th, 55th day of the siege.

"I might as well stop my diary, for there is absolutely nothing to put down. There are now no military, nor even political movements, the streets are becoming more and more vacant and the people more and more sober, but the newspapers continue to lie to suit their purposes. Last night and this morning they all said that an armistice was certain, and some of them gave the terms of it. I called at five this afternoon to see M. Jules Favre, who told me that there was not one word of truth in all that the papers had said; that the government had not heard one word from the outside since M. Thiers had left, carrying with him the rejection of the terms which were proposed by the Prussians. The situation here is bad for the French. They cannot get an armistice, and they cannot make peace. The Prussians cannot get into Paris and the French cannot get out of it. During the last few days the suffering has greatly increased. The crowds at the offices of the various mayors (Paris has eighteen) are now very large, and all are without food."

Sunday evening, November 13th, 56th day of the siege.

"The day has been quite pleasant, and the Paris world pretty extensively out of doors; the Boulevards and the

Champs Elysées quite gay for a besieged town. Went to the American ambulance at three P.M., and met there General Ducrot, Dr. Ricord and several other French people of distinction. They all expressed the greatest satisfaction with the ambulance, and gave it the preference over all the ambulances of Paris. Talk, talk, talk, all the while about the situation, prospects of peace, armistice, etc. As near as I can learn, the government is all divided. Not one thing has got into the city since I received my despatch bag a week ago yesterday."

November 14th, 57th day of the siege.

"My bag will be made up to-night. I have nothing important to send out by it. Rumors as usual of a *sortie*. I shall believe in a *sortie* when I see it. There is a good deal of firing from the forts, and that is all there is to report."

Tuesday night, November 15th, 58th day of the siege.

"After making my memorandum yesterday, great excitement was produced by the appearance of a soldier on horseback at the door of the building in which we have the legation. Two little despatch bags hung over his saddle, like the grist in the bag which I used to take to mill in my boyhood days. There was great excitement all through the legation. One of the bags was filled with newspapers, but all of an old date; the other had letters and despatches and newspapers of a later date, but nothing later than November 3d. The latest paper and the latest despatch from the United States bore date of October 21st. My despatches from the State Department are all very satisfactory and my remaining in Paris seems to be approved. If I am not ordered to leave, I shall remain here, at least for the present. I had not time to read the papers last night. Being detained until half past seven this morning at the legation in getting off

my bag, I did not go there to-day, but remained away in order to read my newspapers, letters and despatches. I ordered a fire built in my house, at No. 75, now Avenue Uhrich, and thither I went with my budget at ten o'clock this morning and remained until three P.M., entirely undisturbed, nobody knowing where I was. It having been noised about that I had received a despatch bag and late papers, the people began flocking to the legation early this morning. There was really not much in the papers after all the waiting. The world seems to have moved very quietly along since we have been in jail here."

Marshal Bazaine.

Wednesday evening, November 16th, 59th day of the siege.

"Legation full of people, reading all the old English and American newspapers which I have left upon the table in the Secretary's room. As they contain no war news that could be made use of, I was glad in this way to gratify my countrymen, who for so long a time had nothing of our home news. There was a great deal of talk about the fall of Metz and what was called the "treason of Bazaine." I asked M. Jules Favre what he thought of it. He said he would not pass a judgment on so grave a matter, without further evidence, but the fact that Bazaine had not made a single communication to

the government since the 4th of September, and his going to see the Emperor had a bad look.

"It is evident that the siege begins to pinch. Fresh meat is getting almost out of the question; that is, beef, mutton, veal or pork. Horse meat and mule meat are very generally eaten now. They have begun on dogs, cats and rats, and butcher shops have been regularly opened for the last mentioned. The gas is also giving out, and to-day the order appears that only one lamp in six is hereafter to be lighted at night. Only to think, Paris in darkness; but then, no longer Paris except in name. No more foreigners. The government last night decided that in view of the fact that such large numbers had applied to go when they could go and did not, they cannot now stop their military operations to permit them to go out. The Prussians have also decided to let none hereafter go through their lines except those who have already had permission. Count Bismarck writes that some of those who have gone out have violated their paroles. A few Americans would like to go now, but have to stay. I was very fortunate in getting the great body of them out before the gates were finally closed."

November 17th, 60th day of the siege.

"Look at that. Sixty days closely besieged in a city of nearly two millions of people; but after all I am favored, for I am the only man in all this vast population who is permitted to receive anything from the outside. Nothing to record to-day. Was not out of the legation until half past seven this evening, except to go down to see the bankers, the Rothschilds, both very intelligent and agreeable men, talking English perfectly. They are very much discouraged in regard to matters."

Friday evening, November 18th, 61st day of the siege.

"The same old story, 'nothing at all.' Two months

Souvenir d'affection à Mr. Cie
le Ministre Washburne, en le
rappelant nos relations amicales à
Paris.

Madrid 13 août 1880

Bon. Bazaine

Il y a dix ans!

C'est à cette date 13 août 1870, que le Commandement en chef de l'armée du Rhin m'a été imposé, malgré mon refus comme étant le moindre d'entre les Maréchaux; j'ai donc obéi, et suis devenu ainsi le responsable de toutes les défaillances, de cette fatale Guerre, en un mot le Bouc (Buccus) maudit des Anciens, est-ce juste:

Fac-simile of Note from Marshal Bazaine.*

to-day since the siege commenced, and I am more disappointed that it has lasted so long as it now has, than I shall be if it lasts into the first days of January.

* In 1880 Marshal Bazaine sent from Madrid a photograph as a souvenir "recalling our friendly relations in Paris." On the back of the picture, from which the portrait in the text is copied, he wrote, besides the inscription and autograph, the words reproduced in fac-simile, of which the following is a translation: "Ten years ago!—It was on this date, August 13, 1870, that the chief command of the Army of the Rhine was *imposed upon me*, in spite of my refusal as being the junior among the marshals. But I obeyed, and so became responsible for all the failures of that fatal war—in a word the scapegoat (Buccus) of the ancients. Is this just?"

Should there be some successes in the provinces, like that reported at Orléans on the 9th instant, and should a successful *sortie* be made, these Parisian people will hold out indefinitely. To hear them talk it would not seem that they feared even an assault or a bombardment.

"This is the eighty-sixth birthday of my father. All hail to the glorious, great-hearted, great-headed, noble old man, in truth 'the noblest Roman of them all.' How intelligent, how kind, how genial, how hospitable, how true; yet when in the course of nature a kind Providence shall call him hence, I would have the hand of filial affection only trace this simple inscription on his monument: 'He was a kind father and an honest man.' It cannot be long before the last of the early settlers of Livermore will have passed away; and what a class of men they were! Distinguished for intelligence, probity, honor, thrift,—illustrating by their lives all those great virtues, which belong to the best type of New England character. But they have nearly all gone. Here in this far-off besieged city, in these long, dismal days, I think of them all, and would pay a tribute of respect to their memory."

Saturday evening, November 19th, 62d day of the siege.

"I came to my lodgings to-night quite under the weather. Had a busy day at the legation. The weather has been wretched, and I can hear of nothing taking place of any importance. It was said there was to be a fight, and the ambulances were ordered out, only to be ordered back again. It seems there is to be a great battle to-morrow, and I am invited to go out with the American ambulance, and I may go if I feel well enough."

I set out on the 18th to make a report to my government as to what I had done as connected with the

subjects of the North German Confederation, Saxony, Hesse, and Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, then in France, with whose protection I had been charged during the existing war between France and Prussia. I shall now briefly review what I did in carrying out that duty. When I took upon myself the protection of the German subjects in France, I had but a faint idea of what the undertaking was going to involve, for I had not supposed it possible that I should be charged with the care and with the superintendence of more than thirty thousand people expelled from their homes on so short a notice. From the time of the breaking out of the war, and so soon as it became known that the Germans had been placed under my protection, it could be well imagined, considering so large a German population, what would take place. The legation began to be crowded from day to day by persons desiring protection, advice, information and assistance. Many were thrown into prison charged with being "Prussian spies," many were under arrest as dangerous persons, and the lives and property of others were threatened in their neighborhoods. My good offices were sought for, and cheerfully rendered, in all such cases, and I believe I never failed to accomplish all I undertook in such emergencies. The first extraordinary order of the French government, prohibiting all such Germans from leaving France who might by any possibility owe military service, and about which I had so long a correspondence with the Duke de Gramont, created great alarm among a large number of them, who were extremely anxious to get away. The practical operation of that order prevented any German from leaving French territory without special authority to that end first had and obtained from the Minister of the Interior, and all applications for such authority had to be made through me. Subse-

quently all that was changed, and the expulsion of the Germans decreed *en masse*, and it was required that I should *visé* the passports or give a *laissez-passer* to every German in France. I estimated that the number of Germans placed under my protection, and who were expelled from France, amounted to thirty thousand. I made that estimate from the number of *visés* and passports which I gave out, and that number, as recorded in the legation, amounted to eight thousand nine hundred. In the rush and hurry of business, there was no record made in many cases. It was entirely safe to say that the whole number of *visés* and passports going through the legation amounted to not less than nine thousand; the larger number of these passports included husband, wife and children, and it was a moderate estimate to say that there was an average of three and one-third persons to each passport, which would make thirty thousand souls, according to such calculation. I issued cards which, by an arrangement that I had made with the railroad company, entitled the holder to a railroad ticket from Paris, through Belgium, to the German frontier, for nine thousand three hundred and thirty-two persons, and gave pecuniary assistance to a smaller number. That involved an examination of each person as to his or her want of the necessary means to get out of the country; for my instructions were not to make advances to people who had the means of paying their own expenses. I was under the necessity of sending two or three persons from the legation to the railroad depot every night, in order to see that the holders of the cards received their railroad tickets and were properly sent off.

It was about the middle of August when the expulsion of the Germans from France began to be rigidly enforced, and when I received the credit of fifty thousand

thalers from the Prussian government to assist them. From that time to the middle of September, when the Northern Railroad was cut, we were literally overwhelmed by these poor people, seeking *visés* or passports, and the means of getting away. For days, and I may even say for weeks, the street was completely blocked by them, awaiting their turns to be attended to. On one day, more than five hundred had gathered in front of the legation before seven o'clock in the morning; and on some days there were not less than twenty-five hundred to three thousand persons in waiting. It took a police force of six men to keep the crowd back and keep the door open, so that the people could enter in their turn. With such an amount of work so suddenly thrown upon the legation, I found it almost impossible to get the necessary help to assist me, though I was authorized by the State Department to employ what force I should deem necessary. I was fortunate in being able to procure the services of the Secretaries of the Saxon and Darmstadt legations, and of the clerk of the Prussian Consul-General in Paris, all of whom proved invaluable from their knowledge of both the French and German languages. I had also the benefit of the services rendered by Mr. Nicholas Fish, the son of the Secretary of State, and the Hon. George Eustis, whom I have heretofore mentioned, and by several other friends, who were kind enough to lend me a helping hand. Some days there were no less than eleven persons engaged at the legation, but with all the force we had, it was impossible to keep up with the demands upon us. In view of this extra work and the increased price of living, I recommended to the State Department that, with the consent of Congress, certain extra allowances should be paid to my secretaries and other persons connected with the legation. All such

amounts were cheerfully allowed by the State Department, with the approbation of Congress.

There were at this time a large number of Germans in Paris who were under my protection. Considering the large German population in the city prior to the breaking out of the war, it was not a matter of wonder that a good many were found still in the city, when all communication was cut off. When it became evident that the city was to be besieged, I redoubled my exertions to get these unfortunate people away. Deprived of all work, their little resources exhausted, with the intense hostility of the French people towards them—bad as their condition was, it was to become infinitely worse in case of a siege. Many were imprisoned for vagabondage and many were detained charged with being spies, dangerous persons, etc.

As I have stated, upon my application to Gambetta he concerted with the Count de Kératry, the Prefect of Police, for their discharge *en masse* and for sending them, at the expense of the French government to the Belgian frontier. But after all, quite a number still remained. Many were too old and infirm to leave. Some were sick, some were children left behind, who had been put out to service; but perhaps the largest number were, as I have said, female domestics, most of whom had been persuaded by their employers to remain, under pledges of protection. Not a day passed that there was not some new application for assistance.

In view of the duties which had been imposed upon me, in virtue of the functions with which I had been charged, in respect to the *nationaux* of the countries I have named, it would have been almost too much to expect that I could discharge them in a manner entirely satisfactory to both the belligerent powers and to my own

government. My position was sometimes very embarrassing. None of the writers on public law, so far as I had been able to find, had laid down any rule to be observed, or referred in any manner to what was proper to be done by the representative of a belligerent power, remaining in the country of the enemy, in a state of war. I had, therefore, to grope almost entirely in the dark. I did not, however, shrink from my duty or labor. During two months I had occupied from twelve to eighteen hours daily in my work. When the pressure for the departure of the Germans was the greatest, I went myself to the railroad depot at night, after working all day at my legation, and remained till midnight to superintend their departure and to seek out and provide for cases of extreme destitution, that had not been made known. It was a satisfaction for me to know that, with the means which had been so generously placed at my disposal by the Prussian government, I had been able to relieve a vast amount of suffering and misery. It was pleasant for me to know that no complaint of any German ever reached the legation of a failure on my part to do everything that could properly be done by me in respect to protection, advice or assistance. On the other hand, all classes signified to me their thankfulness and gratitude for what I had been able to do for them.

And now I resume my diary.

Paris, Sunday afternoon, November 20th, 63d day of the siege.

"I did not go out of my room to-day. I have had a very quiet time; but one person has been to see me so far, and he had heard nothing of the proposed battle that was to be fought to-day under the walls of Paris. One of the features of the siege is the thousand rumors and reports that are constantly flying about. The most absurd

and ridiculous canards are circulated every hour in the day. These French people are in a position to believe anything, even that the moon is made of green cheese. Some of the editors are the most deliberate and inventive liars of modern times. Macaulay said that Sir Thomas Wharton was the biggest liar of his time, but he was nowhere as compared with these editors. One of the papers the other day said it had received a number of the London Standard of November 11th, and went on to give various extracts and news taken from it. Everybody wondered how so late a paper could get into Paris, and when the matter was investigated, it was shown that no such paper had ever been received and that the whole thing was a deliberate and wilful fabrication. The news that has come by 'pigeon-telegraph' in regard to the French success at Orléans has had a great effect. Small favors thankfully received, and larger ones in proportion.

"For three days it has been war, war, but now when these long dreary days and weeks are running out, nothing is accomplished, except every few days a letter or a high-sounding proclamation of Trochu. It has been a dead calm since the 31st of October,—not excitement enough to stir the blood of a cat. These people, gay, enthusiastic and light-hearted, as they are, would endure wonders, could you convince them that anything was to be gained. They are getting down to what we called in the Galena lead mines 'hard pan.' Fresh meat cannot last much longer, including horse and mule. The vegetables really seem to be holding out very well, but the prices are so high that the poor can buy but very little. Butter is selling for $4.00 a pound, turkeys $16 a piece, chickens $6.00 a piece, rabbits $4.00 each, eggs $1.50 a dozen, and so on. The price of bread, however, fixed by

the city, is about as cheap as usual. Wine is also quite cheap. Bread and wine will soon be about all the poorer classes will have to eat and drink. What misery! what suffering! what desolation!

"Every day new Germans come to the legation for assistance and, thank fortune, I have funds to assist them. One poor woman who was left here with five children, gave birth to another last week. I sent her a present of fifty francs yesterday. I will go around to the Moultons this evening,—for that hospitable mansion seems to be a sort of rendezvous every Sunday evening for the many members of the American colony. 'What is the news?' 'What do you think?' And that is all."

It was about the middle of November when I considered that one of the highest possible compliments which had been paid to our government was paid by a certain number of Roumanians who had found themselves in Paris during the siege. They were without any diplomatic protection whatever, and their little means had become entirely exhausted. They were mostly students and young men who had come to Paris to spend some little time, and they had no one to whom they could apply for assistance, and it was then that they called upon me in a body to state to me their situation and to ask me if it were in my power to aid them in any way. What they wanted in particular was some intervention which would enable them to leave Paris. But this request came so late that I was unable to comply with it, as the German authorities had come to the conclusion that they would no longer give permission to any one to cross their lines. Situated as I then was, all that I could do was to promise them my good offices with Jules Favre to obtain for them some relief. Stating their case to M. Favre, with great promptness and liberality he gave cer-

tain directions which secured to them their subsistence during the time that the city should be besieged. The young men seemed very much gratified at their interview, and at the prospect there was that they would be saved from starvation. They departed giving me their best thanks for my intervention in their behalf, and I presume they got through the siege all right and unharmed, for I never heard anything from them afterwards.

Entry in my diary, Tuesday night, November 22d, for the 64th and 65th days of the siege.

"As the despatch bag came yesterday morning, I was engaged all day and until midnight last night in looking over its contents, and in getting my letters and despatches ready to send out early this morning. We have a *parlementaire* now for every Tuesday morning, and this Monday is a very busy day in getting ready. For two Mondays in succession my bag from London has arrived, and the result is that a great deal has to be crowded into one day. I have several despatches from the Secretary of State which were delayed in reaching me; and they are each and all of them in cordial approval of my official acts. I received New York papers up to the 29th ult., and London papers only to the 10th instant. As I am the only man who gets anything from the outside world, it does not take long for the news of the arrival of a bag to get around. Soon the legation is filled with editors and others seeking the news. It is well that there is something coming from the outside world, for there is nothing going on inside of Paris. The streets are more and more deserted, yet the omnibuses thunder along as usual, and apparently there are as many cabs as ever. There does not seem to be a ripple against the government just now. Nothing of interest to-day. Raining outside; a cold, cheerless, dreary day, but a

warm wood fire inside, before which I read all the papers."

Wednesday evening, November 23d, 66th day of the siege.

"Raining until noon. At one, it had cleared up and I went to the photographer, who complained of my looking 'too sober.' Have been laying in some canned green corn, Lima beans, canned oysters, etc. All this sort of things is being 'gobbled up.' Nobody can tell how long we are in for it, and to what extremes we may be pushed. I first put the siege at sixty days, and here we are at sixty-six days and no light ahead. The French seem to be getting more and more hopeful every day. Gambetta sends his proclamations pinned to a pigeon's tail, and tells of a great many things in the provinces, and then there is a prodigious excitement all over the city. The new quotations for to-day are as follows: For cats; a common cat, eight francs, a Thomas cat, ten francs; for rats, a common rat, two francs, long-tailed rat, two francs and a half; for dogs, a cur of low degree, two francs a pound; for a fat dog, two and a half francs, and for a '———fat dog,' three francs per pound."

Thursday night, November 24th, 67th day of the siege.

"And Thanksgiving day at that. Visions of beefsteak, broiled chickens, hot rolls and waffles for breakfast; roast beef rare, turkey and cranberry sauce, roast goose and apple sauce, plum pudding, mince pie, pumpkin pie and Livermore cheese for dinner; but not as bad perhaps as it might be; we make the best of the cruel situation. Our thoughts go out warmly to the great unbesieged world. A few gather at the Episcopal Church at eleven o'clock; '*apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*' Dr. Johnston, Dr. Swinburne, Mr. Curtis, and also

many ladies present. The Episcopal service is read and the pastor makes a little address. · Returned to the legation at noon; always something to do, which is a blessing. The people here who have nothing to occupy themselves with are perfectly desperate. A Thanksgiving dinner at a restaurant on the Boulevard des Italiens given by two of our American gentleman. Quite a little table full and all quite jolly; but the portion of turkey to each guest is painfully small. Toasts, little speeches, till half past ten, when the guests retired, most of them to go to a little Thanksgiving party given by one of our compatriots."

Friday evening, November 25th, 68th day of the siege.

"The impression seems to be gaining ground among all classes that the siege will continue yet a long time. For some reason there is a more defiant and angry spirit among the Parisians, and they are breathing more and more vengeance against their enemies. They believe the city impregnable and some talk about holding out until spring. Pleasant thought to some of us, who have been shut up here so long! Many of the outsiders would like to return to Paris and look about a little, and I say let the 'wheels of time roll swiftly round.' Colonel Claremont, the military Attaché, and Captain Hoare, the Naval Attaché, of the British legation, have procured their passes of me and will leave for 'foreign parts' next Sunday morning. They had both become slightly disgusted with Paris life as at present illustrated, and so they make us their adieus. I am sorry to have them go, for they are pleasant gentlemen. My relations with all the gentlemen of the English embassy, including His Lordship, have always been very agreeable. My stand-by here is Dr. Kern, the Swiss Minister-Resident, a wise and astute diplomat, of great experience. This has been a

regular Paris gray day, a sort of chilly, dismal, dragging day, aggravating my ague pains and depressing my spirits to the lowest notch. The poor Germans keep coming more and more, starved like woodchucks out of their holes. A poor Prussian woman, Mrs. Schultze, who gave birth to a child a week ago, died three days since, leaving six little children; but a good old Huguenot minister and his good old Huguenot wife, God bless them, have found them out and will have them cared for. The fifty-franc note I had sent the poor woman was found in a little box in a drawer after her death, where she had carefully laid it away."

Saturday evening, November 26th, 69th day of the siege.

"A miserable, dull, depressing day. I did not leave the legation until half past four P.M., a good many people calling. M. Jules Favre was at the legation before I got there in the morning, to make some inquiries in respect to a certain matter about which I cannot speak here."

CHAPTER VIII.

DESPERATE SORTIES OF THE FRENCH TROOPS.

General Ducrot's Effort to Break Through the Prussian Lines—Defeated and Driven Back—Sufferings of the Troops from the Intense Cold—Disaster to the Army of the Loire—The Parisians Determined to Hold Out—Gloomy Winter Days in the Besieged City—Another Unsuccessful Sortie.

SUNDAY, November 27th, 70th day of the siege. "Seventy days of siege; that is just the length of time that Metz held out. Some enthusiastic Frenchmen say that Paris has just entered upon the first stage of the siege. I must confess that matters look to me more and more serious. The gates of the city are closed for good, and no person, not connected with the military, can now get outside. Everything indicates that we are to confront the iron realities of a besieged life. What a marvel of change in this great city in three or four weeks! All the levity of the Parisian people seems to have disappeared; no more fancy parades of the military with bouquets and green sprigs stuck in the muzzles of their guns, no more manifestations at the foot of the statue of Strasburg; no more gatherings of the Mobile and the National Guard at the Place of the Hôtel de Ville; no more singing of the Marseillaise; no more arresting of innocent people as Prussian spies. Since the revolution of the 31st of October, the government of the National Defence has reigned supreme, and history scarcely records a parallel to what we have seen in this vast city since the siege began. With an impro-

vised city government, without police, without organization, without effort, Paris has never before been so tranquil, and never has there been so little crime. You do not hear of a murder, robbery, theft, or even a row, anywhere. You may go into every part of the city at any hour of the night and you will find a policeman there, and you will have the most perfect sense of security and safety.

"There is now more serious talk than ever of a *sortie*.

An Ambulance after the Sortie.

There has heretofore been so much gabble on the subject, and so many times fixed for this *sortie* business, that I now pay but very little attention to what is said. The report is that a great movement will soon take place, headed by General Ducrot who, at the moment, is regarded as a good soldier. The attempt is to be made to break the lines and form a junction with the army of the Loire, if such an army exist. We have had no reliable news of anything outside for three weeks.

"(Half-past five P.M.) Went out between two and three o'clock and rode down the Champs Elysées; though

the afternoon had been cloudy and the ground wet, yet there were great crowds of people walking up and down. I am told of great movements of troops being made all the forenoon. Called on some American friends in the Avenue Friedland, who are bidding defiance to the siege, having a 'stock on hand' for six months. They recently laid in a little salt pork at $2.00 a pound."

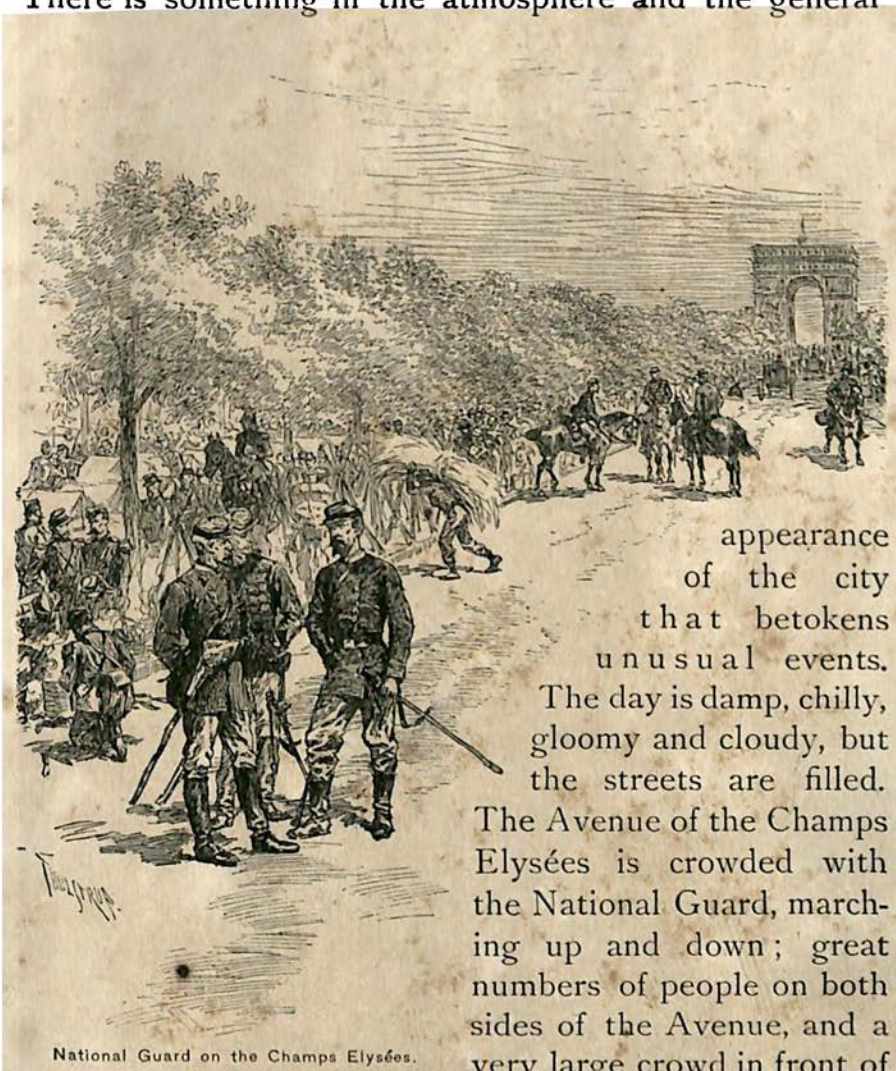
Monday, November 28th, 71st day of the siege.

"Notwithstanding all the talk of a *sortie* and a fight to-day, at this hour, eleven o'clock A.M., all is quiet on the banks of the Seine. But a friend just in, says, it is sure to come off to-morrow, and probably to-morrow never comes. He says he will arrange for me to go out with the ambulance. An employee of the legation this moment comes in and tells me that the authorities will not permit my bag to go out to-morrow morning. That would indicate that they mean business. The American ambulance wagons are all ordered to be ready to move at six o'clock to-morrow morning. We have received no bag as is usual on Monday morning, and if there are to be military movements there is no telling when we shall have one."

Monday evening:

"Entering on the eleventh week of the siege, and after so long a time waiting in this dismal and dreary siege life, after so many false reports, there is this evening every indication that the hour has finally come to strike. The gates of the city were all shut yesterday, and there were great movements of troops in all directions. It is generally believed that the French will attack in several places at daylight to-morrow morning. The American ambulance will leave at six o'clock and I shall accompany one of the carriages. A pitched battle is to be fought by the two greatest powers of Europe, under the walls of

Paris. At two o'clock this afternoon I took a friend with me in my carriage and we had a very long ride. There is something in the atmosphere and the general



National Guard on the Champs Elysées.

appearance of the city that betokens unusual events. The day is damp, chilly, gloomy and cloudy, but the streets are filled. The Avenue of the Champs Elysées is crowded with the National Guard, marching up and down; great numbers of people on both sides of the Avenue, and a very large crowd in front of the Palace of Industry. The Place de la Concorde is filled and, as we pass up the Boulevard, we find the streets almost blocked. All is excitement, stir and bustle. We find no diminution of numbers as we proceed along the Boulevards; cabs, omnibuses, carriages, National

Guards, Mobiles, troops of the line, men, women, children, and etc., on we go to the Place de la Bastille, and then through the world-renowned Faubourg St. Antoine, the great revolutionary quarter of Paris, and every one is out of doors. The scene is exciting and the people understand fully that something is on foot, for there is an earnestness in their look, tone and conversation. There is hope mingled with fear, and yet more hope than seems to have been felt heretofore. Then we cross the river and go beyond the Orléans depot, and clear out to the Barrière d'Italie, and there we are told of the vast number of troops that have gone out to-day. All seem to know that something important is on the *tapis*. The coming night is one of great anxiety to the people of Paris, for, before another day is past, the fate of France may possibly have been decided. The proclamation of Ducrot is very 'Frenchy.'"

Tuesday evening, November 29th, 72d day of the siege.

"A great disappointment to the people of Paris, who had hoped for better results. The information is not full, but one of the officials told me very frankly that the 'results want.' The report is that Ducrot was unexpectedly checked in his attempt to cross the Marne; not enough pontoons, which reminds one of the incidents in our war. I intended to have gone to-day with the American ambulance. We started at six o'clock to rendezvous at the Champ de Mars, and on arriving there found orders to return. At noon took my carriage and in company with a friend started in the direction of Montrouge, then passed the Barrière d'Italie and continued on through the village of Arcueil. There had been a little fight in the morning, but it amounted to nothing. We went within eight

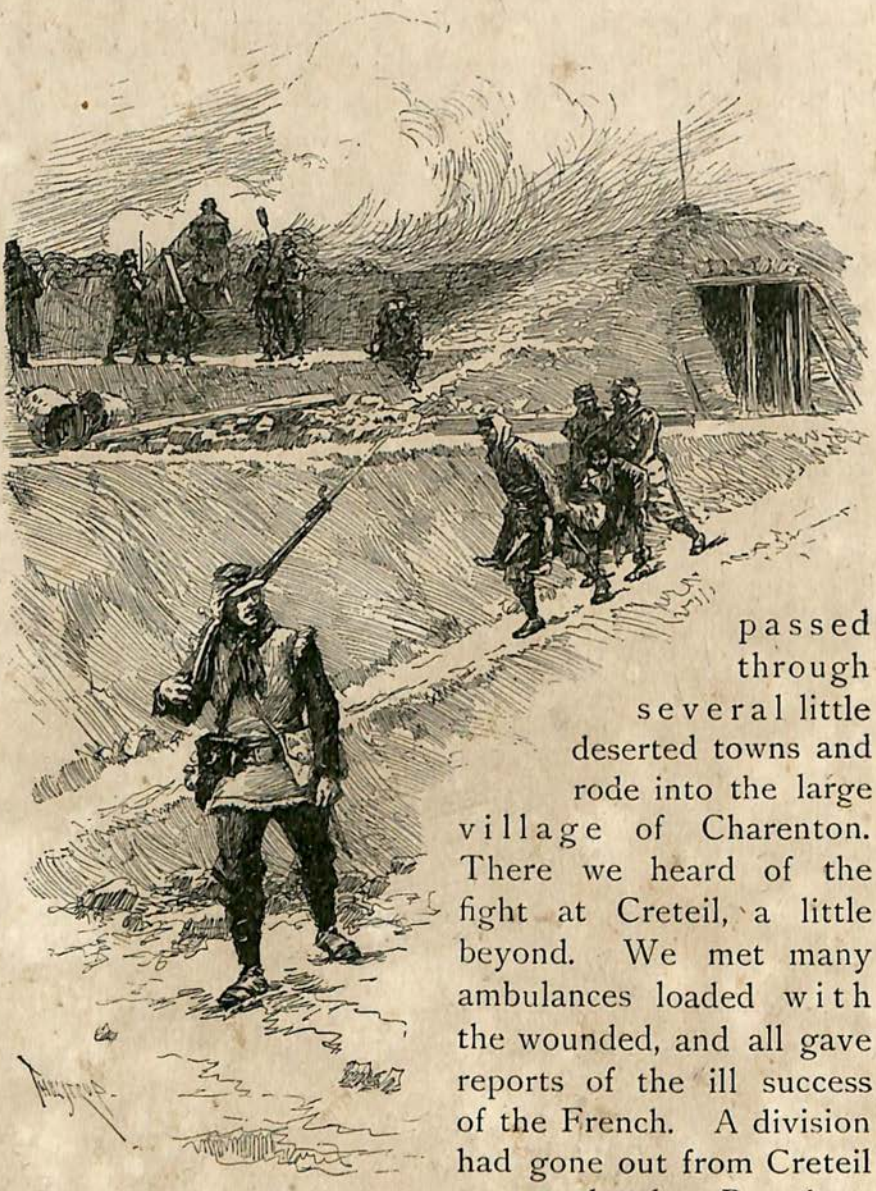
hundred yards of the Prussian outposts, but we saw nothing of interest and heard but little.

"We returned to the legation between two and three o'clock, and about four the despatch bag arrived bringing a very few letters and London dates to November 18th and New York dates to October 31st. It is now said that great things are to be done to-morrow, but the evident want of success to-day does not promise much for to-morrow. But we shall see. These are terrible hours to the Parisians, and Mr. Kern, the Swiss Minister, who has just been in to see me, says the streets are full of people in a great state of excitement."

Wednesday, 5 P.M., November 30th, 73d day of the siege.

"I came to the legation at ten o'clock this morning and found that we had been robbed last night. I have been protecting a German, who alleged that he had been abused by the French and that it was not safe for him to be about in the daytime. I therefore permitted him to come and stay at the legation. By that means he found out where Antoine kept the money and valuables. He concealed himself last night in the legation and broke open the drawer and took ten or fifteen hundred francs, and a gold watch and diamond ring left here by an American lady. As he could not get out of the door to the street without awaking the *concierge*, he took advantage of a window and the curtains, and let himself down into the street. I hope we may catch the ungrateful rascal whom I have been feeding and lodging for two months.

"As the battle seems to be raging furiously about the walls of the city I took my carriage a little after noon to go outside of the barrier. I picked up an old Colonel of the National Guard who accompanied me. We



On the Ramparts.

passed through several little deserted towns and rode into the large village of Charenton. There we heard of the fight at Creteil, a little beyond. We met many ambulances loaded with the wounded, and all gave reports of the ill success of the French. A division had gone out from Creteil to attack the Prussians, and an Englishman, whom I met, told me that the French ran like a flock of sheep, and that the whole affair was a fizzle. As I did not care about going farther, I stopped within about half

a mile of Creteil. There the old Colonel and I went into the great fort of Charenton very near by. When there a man told my venerable companion who, by the way, was in the Russian campaign of the First Napoleon and was decorated by him, that Ducrot, who was on the left, had been also defeated. I think that is so, because the commandant of the fort was in very bad humor and even uncivil, as I would have been under like circumstances. Hence I lay up nothing against him.

"Returning we came through the gate of Charenton, and it was a sad sight as we came within the walls of the city. The street for half a mile was literally blocked up with people waiting with intense anxiety to hear the news. The day has been clear but cold, and these poor people had been standing for hours in order to learn something. As we passed they looked at us most anxiously. As we could not tell them anything good, we passed along. There was the greatest number of women and children of the poorer classes, and all thinly clad and shivering with cold, and with a look of the most saddening anxiety and distress.

"Among others whom I saw returning at the same time was M. de Lesseps, who was devoting his time and his fortune to one of the French ambulances in assuaging the miseries of the people of Paris and caring for the wounded soldiers."

Thursday afternoon, December 1st, 74th day of the siege.

"Leaving the legation at six o'clock last night, I went to the American ambulance. About eighty wounded men had been brought in there. Dr. Swinburne was hard at work at his operations. This ambulance of ours is winning golden opinions from all sorts of people. It is by far the most perfect of any here. It has now

one hundred and seventy wounded from the fighting yesterday. A Lieutenant-Colonel died of his wounds there this morning. Our ambulance men behaved nobly on the field yesterday and went out the farthest of any of the carriages. My son Gratiot went out to assist, and all compliment him very highly for his efficiency, and even bravery, for he went to the rescue of some wounded in the very neighborhood in which the Prussian shells were falling. One poor fellow died in his arms.

"The report is that there are no military operations to-day and that the French are entrenching in the positions they gained yesterday. As to the results of yesterday—I am unable to comprehend them. The French say that the 'day was good,' but I observe that they have not yet got through the Prussian lines. There are no details and no information; no one really knows anything, as to what has taken place. A few lines in the Journal Officiel is all that is vouchsafed to the Prussians. This is the first day of winter, and it is clear and cold, and the soldiers must suffer much."

Friday, five P.M., December 2d, 75th day of the siege.

"This is a cold, frosty morning. Ice made last night half an inch thick. The battle seems to have commenced very early this morning. The cannon have been thundering all day, but as I have not been where I could learn or hear anything, I am in ignorance of the events of the day. I have just come up from the Boulevard Prince Eugène, and I saw many crowds shivering in the street and apparently much excited. I went up to our house this afternoon to see how things looked there. While waiting, our old *maître d'hôtel* rushed into the room, pale as a ghost, and half dead with fright, and utterly unable to speak for the moment. As soon as he was able to articulate he said the Prussians had just broken over the

ramparts at the Porte Dauphine and were coming right upon us. I laughed at him, but he said it was so because a soldier had so informed him. He soon took courage and went out in the further pursuit of knowledge, and returning, reported that instead of the Prussians coming in, the Mobiles and National Guard were going out to take the Prussians—'over the left,' I presume. The soldiers must suffer dreadfully from the cold. From all I can hear, there has been a great movement to-day. All Paris at this moment trembles with anxiety. There is talk of the bravery displayed by Ducrot. He stands pledged before all France to break out of Paris or die in the attempt.

"On Wednesday night, one of the American ambulance carriages was unable to come in from the field, and as Ducrot knew that it belonged to us, he invited two or three Americans, in charge of it, to stay that night with him. He took them to a house denuded of furniture, and asked them to supper, which consisted only of bread and wine. Not a single thing besides that. After supper the general lay down on the floor with his guests, and thus passed the night. The men say he was cheerful and filled with hope."

Saturday, 6 P.M., December 3d, 76th day of the siege.

"Last night after I left the legation there was, in the language of an old friend of mine in Hallowell, Maine, 'great excitement on the lower street.' There were a thousand of the most outlandish and absurd reports, and nobody could tell anything. There had certainly been heavy fighting, and all day an intense anxiety reigned in every circle. To get at the facts, I thought I should walk down to the Foreign Office about nine o'clock, and see M. Jules Favre. I found him in good spirits. He said the results of the day had been excellent indeed,

very satisfactory so far as the fighting about Paris was concerned. The news from the outside was also good. There was an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men marching on Paris, and within twenty-five leagues; indeed, he was very hopeful. This morning all Paris is claiming a tremendous victory yesterday. They claim to have beaten the Prussians in a pitched battle. They say the enemy attacked with great fury in the morning and drove them back, but that later in the day, they fell upon the Prussians and routed them 'horse, foot, and dragoons,' not only recovering all that they had lost in the morning, but even gaining some ground, and sleeping on what they had won. I do not pay much attention to all these reports, but I am told that Ducrot professes to be delighted with the results. At any rate, the effect on the Parisians has been magical, and the *morale*, both of the army and the people, has been improved. While the attempt to get out on this line has failed, I think the chances of getting out on some other line are improved. The soldiers now have a confidence they have not had before. There has been no fighting anywhere to-day. This evening it rains a little. The suffering of the troops on both sides must have been fearful during these last few days. The French were without blankets and half frozen and half starved,—and raw troops at that. Trochu boasts that they thrashed one hundred thousand of the *élite* of the Prussian army!! Hence I guess they are 'glad that they joined the Wideawakes.' To-day is the calm after the storm. I have just come from the American ambulance where I saw a poor captain of the regular army breathing his last. His last moments were being soothed by some of our American ladies who are devoting themselves to the sick and dying.

"Amid all of these sad scenes the French will have

their fun. One of the illustrated papers exhibits the danger of eating rats, by the picture of a cat which has jumped down a man's throat after the rat, leaving only the hind legs and tail sticking out of his mouth."

On the 3d of December, I wrote an official despatch to my government in answer to a copy of the telegraphic despatch of the 15th of November, in which Mr. Fish stated that the President had instructed him to say that whenever the consul and myself, or either of us, desired to leave Paris; we were at liberty to do so, going to Tours and communicating with the proper officials there. The despatch left it discretionary with me to remain in Paris or to go out and repair to Tours. It was, therefore, for me to determine what the interest of the government required, and what was my duty in the premises. If I were shut off from all communication with the State department at Washington, it might be important that I should leave Paris in order to hold intercourse with my government. Such was not, however, the case at that time, for I was then enabled to send despatches to Washington and to receive them once a week, which would be as much as I should be likely to do were I at Tours. That being the case, the question for me to decide was, where could I be of more service, in Paris or in Tours? I said I had no doubt on that subject; and great as my desire was to join my family, from whom I had been so long separated, I considered it my duty to remain in Paris, at least for a time. Paris was the seat of the government of the country to which I was accredited as minister, and it was the seat of the present Provisional Government of the National Defence, which had been duly recognized by the United States. In Paris was also the Minister of Foreign Affairs, with whom I had been more or less in communication. There were still remain-

ing in that city some one hundred and fifty Americans, who had been unable for various reasons to get away, and some of whom remained because I stayed. The French government had heretofore given them every opportunity for leaving, which they had not taken advantage of, and the government now declined, for military reasons, to permit the people of any nationality to leave Paris. Therefore it was that my countrymen then in Paris all looked to me for a certain protection, and they would much regret to see me go away, leaving them behind.

There was also a large amount of American property in the city under my protection, and circumstances might arise, when it would become important for me to be there. Besides what belonged to our own legation, I was more or less occupied every day with the affairs of the North German Confederation; I was furnishing at that time three hundred and forty-one poor Germans pecuniary assistance, and the number was increasing every day.

Under all of the circumstances thus stated I thought my determination to remain at my post would meet with the approval of the President and the Secretary of State.

It was about this time, that the city authorities of Paris, misconstruing the decree of the government of the National Defence, endeavored to assess a graduated tax on all the apartments of people who had left Paris for any other cause than that of public safety. As a good many of my countrymen, who had been living in Paris in their own apartments, had left the city, and their apartments were vacant, I considered the idea of imposing a graduated tax upon them, under the circumstances, as utterly unauthorized. As I had assumed the general protection of them, I wrote at once to M. Jules Favre,

protesting against such attempts and presenting my reasons, declaring that, in my judgment, the enforcement of such a tax would be in contravention of the principles of natural justice which lie at the foundation of all government. M. Favre submitted my letter to the government of the National Defence, and in due time informed me that the question had been examined afresh, and that a decision had been made that no further steps, should be taken against my compatriots, whose apartments had been assessed.

Entry in my diary: Sunday morning, December 4th, 77th day of the siege.

"A snapping cold morning this; and it must have been still more chilling to the French when they read the announcement that Ducrot's army had re-crossed the Marne and were all back again under the walls of Paris. But after all that was the only thing that could be done, so long as they could not break the lines of the enemy. Have remained in my room nearly all day, hugging my fire. This evening went to Mr. Moulton's, as usual on Sunday evening. Nothing talked of or thought of but the battles and the siege, and the absent ones and our 'bright and happy homes so far away.'"

Monday, December 5th, 78th day of the siege.

"The military authorities have refused me a *parlementaire* for to-morrow morning, and I have applied to M. Jules Favre. I did not insist last week because of military operations, but there are no such reasons now existing and I believe that Favre will give me the permission to take out the bag. I have an accumulation of matter for two weeks, and I must send it out now. Ducrot's Order-of-the-Day appears, in which he frankly acknowledges that he failed to get through the Prussian lines, but says he will try again; but nothing can be done so long as

this extreme cold weather continues. It is a bright, cold, bracing morning and the most complete quiet everywhere. 'Not a drum was heard,' etc."

On December 5th I acknowledged the receipt of London papers to the 18th of November and New York papers to November 3d. I was, however, disappointed in not getting by my last despatch bag anything from the State department. I wrote to my government on that day in relation to the heavy fighting on Wednesday, November 30th, and on Friday, December 2d. Though I could distinctly hear these battles raging, from the windows of my legation, I was unable to get any particular information in regard to them. As a movement to go through the Prussian lines, it was a failure. But the French claimed an advantage. As the newspapers were forbidden to say anything and the Journal Officiel only vouchsafed a few solemn lines, we were utterly in the dark as to the real results of the fighting which actually took place. No statement had up to that time appeared of the losses of the French,—killed, wounded, prisoners, etc. I did not think the prospects of a successful *sortie* were very good at that time, and unless it should be understood that the armies supposed to exist in the provinces had been substantially annihilated, the siege might last for a long time. The authority of the government of the National Defence, at that time was supreme, and all Paris was confronting its sufferings with fortitude and courage.

On the same day, December 5th, I addressed Count Bismarck in relation to the number of persons belonging to the nationalities then at war with France, who were in prison in Paris, and with whose protection I was charged. I said that they were not accused of any crime, but had been arrested for being found in the

city, after they had been ordered to leave, and for being without any means of subsistence. I added that their situation was miserable enough, but that they were treated perhaps, as well as could be expected, when the existing state of things in Paris was taken into consideration ; that if they were released, they would have to be supported by our legation, and then they would be exposed to the hostility of the people of the city. The number of poor Germans applying for pecuniary assistance at my legation was increasing every day. It had then reached two hundred and thirteen families and, including children, there were four hundred and ninety-six souls. I had employed a man especially to look after them. A great many of these people, reluctant to leave their homes, and not supposing that the hostilities could last long, had determined to remain in Paris, keeping themselves out of sight. They had, however, at that time exhausted all their means and had eaten their last morsel. As a last resource they had come to me to relieve their absolute necessities; without the assistance which I rendered them through the generosity of the German government, they would inevitably have starved. I had means in my hands to meet the existing emergency, but I did not know how many Germans would apply to me to be supported and sustained.

Entry in my diary: Tuesday, December 6th, 5.30 P.M., 79th day of the siege.

"Bad news for the French. I was down to see Colonel Claremont, at the English legation, this afternoon, and he told me he had just received the news from the government, that the Army of the Loire had been beaten after a three days' fight, and that Orléans had been retaken. Moltke had sent this interesting piece of intelligence to Trochu. Ernest Picard, Minister of Finance,

sent his secretary to the legation this afternoon to see if we had received any news on the subject, which we had not. We should have received our bag yesterday, but it has not come yet, and it is too late now to receive it to-day. I am curious to know what the effect of this Orléans news will be on the Parisian public, and whether it will hasten the crisis. The weather to-day has been cold and gray; a great movement of troops in another part of the city. Another *sortie* is threatened, which only means more butchery. The more we hear of the battles of last week, the more bloody they seem to have been. The French have lost most frightfully, and particularly in officers. They have shown great courage."

In the Journal Officiel of December 7th, I find published this curious correspondence between Moltke and Trochu in respect to the retaking of Orléans. On December 5th, Count von Moltke wrote the following letter to Trochu:

It might be useful to inform Your Excellency that the Army of the Loire was defeated yesterday near Orléans and that that city is reoccupied by the German troops. If, at any time, Your Excellency judges it apropos to be convinced of this by one of your officers I will furnish him a safe conduct to go and see.

Closing his letter with the usual formula:

Accept, my dear General, the expression of the high consideration, with which I have the honor to be, your very humble and obedient servant,

The Chief of Staff,

COUNT VON MOLTKE.

From Paris on the next day, December 6th, Trochu made the following reply:

Your Excellency had thought that it would be useful to inform me that the Army of the Loire had been defeated near Orléans, and that

that city is reoccupied by the German troops. I have the honor to acknowledge the reception of your communication, but I do not believe it my duty to verify it by the means which Your Excellency indicates to me. Accept, etc.,

The Governor of Paris,

GENERAL TROCHU.

In publishing that news the government of the National Defence added a note saying that "in this news which comes to us from the enemy (supposing it to be exact), we have the right to count upon the grand movement of France which will hasten to our assistance. It will change nothing, neither in our resolutions nor in our duties. One word alone sums them up: *Combat.* '*Vive la France!*' '*Vive la République!*'" The Journal Officiel editorially stated that the contents of these letters had been made known to the population of Paris towards six o'clock the preceding evening; that if Count von Moltke had proposed to himself to terrify the Parisians, his *coup* had completely failed. To convince himself, he would only have to lend his ear to what was said during the evening in the groups upon the boulevards or upon the public places. "Paris," the editorial continued, "in spite of all bad news to-day, would not abandon its attitude of resistance—now that it knows that the provinces have become the theatre of an energetic movement, and that this movement, in spite of checks and disasters, will stop only after the expulsion of the foreigner. No more in Paris than in the departments would we make illusions in regard to the difficulties of our military situation. We can acknowledge our reverses. All the world understands them. But we will not cease to combat until we have conquered an honorable and durable peace."

This number of the Journal Officiel, December 7th, could have been anything but encouraging to the people

of Paris. The military report contained an account of the death of three distinguished officers who had recently fallen on the field of combat. One of them, General Renault, commandant of the First Corps of the Second Army of Paris, had died on the morning of December 2d, in consequence of the amputation of a limb. The account said that that old warrior was overtaken by death at the moment when he dreamed of glory and of the happiness of his country, and that he had died on the field of battle. While his death could not but be regretted in such a time of sacrifice, it was not necessary to mourn, for he had died as a soldier. When his sands of life were fast running out in the hospital, a Sister of Charity, who was ministering to his last moments, said to him, "Shall we pray for you?" "Pray for France," was the reply of the old soldier, who then turned over on his pallet and died. He showed that his last thoughts were for that country he loved so much, and which he had so long and faithfully served. After he had fallen, the Commandant Francheti also succumbed in consequence of a wound he had received,—a young man, ardent, vigorous of heart and mind, who had given proof of a bravery which challenged the admiration of all; and then the General Ladreit de la Charrière had died the day before, a soldier who had ever followed the path of duty and was accounted as one of the most valiant officers in the French service. He fell while leading an attack at Mt. Mesly, at the head of his troops, where he displayed great gallantry. "Honor to him," said the report, "and honor to all of our comrades who have fallen as he, in defending the country."

Entry in my diary: Wednesday evening, December 7th, 80th day of the siege.

"No bag to day and we are all disappointed. Bismarck is keeping it longer than usual, for some reason.

I sent my bag out yesterday, and a great deal of matter for him, and I hope by to-morrow he will send in my bag from London. To-day has been a sober and a bad one for the Parisians, but they bear up very well under the news from the Army of the Loire and the retaking of Orléans. It seems to have made them more determined than ever before. Francheti was buried to-day with much pomp and amid great emotion. He had greatly distinguished himself by his dash and courage. He was a young man yet, and had all that makes life enviable—talent, personal beauty, fortune, courage and troops of friends, a charming wife and an adored child, who had left Paris before the siege.

"Never in history was there more reckless and devoted courage shown, than that displayed by the French officers in the battles last week. They were always in the thickest of the fight. One regiment alone lost twenty-three officers. I went down town this afternoon. The weather having moderated, a great many people were in the streets, and the Champs Elysées were filled with the National Guard drilling. The French were still making threats to resist *à outrance*."

Thursday, December 8th, 4 P.M., 81st day of the siege.

"'Hills peep o'er hills and Alps on Alps arise.' And so one day follows another, and never an end. Last week was the excitement of the battles, but now, particularly since the disaster of Orléans, all is gloom and sadness. It snowed a little last night and to-day it is thawing a little, and a dead, leaden sky still threatens. It is so dark that Antoine lighted my lamp at 3.30 P.M. No bag yet. What can Bismarck mean in retaining it so long? I am slow to make predictions in such circumstances, for no one can tell what will happen in war. But to my mind, peace is farther off than ever,

The French people are becoming more and more enraged every day and *à outrance* really seems to have some significance. Notwithstanding the stunning news of Orléans, the dead and wounded of the battles of last week, and the sufferings of the people of Paris, not one man cries peace or armistice in all France. The sentiment to-day is, and it may change to-morrow, 'Let the fight go on.' 'Take Paris at the last extremity; hold it by military power; it never will treat with you; we will organize our government in the departments, we will levy *en masse* and raise another army of a million men. The whole population shall fight you everywhere and with all weapons. We are forty millions of people—a people of proud and martial spirit—every one of whom is instigated by a spirit of deadly revenge. The whole resources of the country, of every nature and description, will be devoted to the purging of our soil of Prussian foes. It may take one year, two years, three years, but the Prussians shall be chased from France.' This is not my talk but French talk, and it may become true to a certain extent, and if so, we will hang up the 'fiddle and the bow' in Paris, and follow around after the government. What a dispersion of our countrymen will there be—those who have been living so long in apartments in this gay city! Who can measure the future of Paris and of France, judging from the situation of to-day!"

Friday, December 9th, 82d day of the siege.

"I only wish that old chap who wrote the line, 'And make each day a critic on the last' could be in Paris on this day. If he did not find himself played out before night, then I should write myself down as no prophet and no son of a prophet. To criticise yesterday by to-day would be like a kettle calling the pot black. The same damp, dark, leaden, dreary day; but I house myself

and will not go out until evening, when I am engaged to dine with Baroness de Rothschild and her two sons, Alphonse and Gustave. I took a violent cold a few days ago and have not since been quite well. (2.30 P.M.) 'Hail mighty day.' The good *maître d'hôtel*, Francis, has brought me for lunch two fresh eggs, boiled three minutes, a crop from the hens in the garden. Only think, a fresh egg the 82d day of the siege and in the dead of winter! Who says Paris will be starved out? I have no news from out-doors to-day, as no one has called, and there is nothing in the morning papers of any interest.

"The report of the battles of last week appeared yesterday, and the losses of the French were in killed 1,008, wounded, 5,022; in all, 6,030. Not a mean loss. The wonder now is how great the Prussian loss was. Michel Chevalier's house is now a hospital, which Dr. Johnston has charge of. Dr. Swinburne is exciting the admiration of all Paris by his successful operations at the American ambulance. No bag yet. Bismarck refuses to let it come in for some reason or another."

Saturday evening, December 10th, 83d day of the siege.

"Had a very pleasant dinner last night at the Baroness de Rothschild's. She is the widow of the Baron James de Rothschild, dead some two or three years ago, who was the great banker of the world. Her residence is in the Rue Laffitte, and is a perfect palace. She is one of the most charming and agreeable old ladies I have met with for a long time. Her three sons and three or four literary men made up the party of the *dîner du siége*. In my room all day, and at three o'clock the long looked-for bag made its appearance, bringing me but a solitary letter, and that from Brussels, and my official letters,

London dates, the 25th, and New York dates the 12th ult. But Bismarck writes that he does not want me to have London papers, and so I shall stop them. Not a word of news in the city to-day; the weather very cold."

Sunday afternoon, December 11th, 84th day of the siege.

"My cold worse than ever to-day and I am unable to go out. I read my newspapers and write letters; people come in and say the weather is horrible outside. For the first time there is talk about the supply of bread getting short, and that the rationing must soon commence. When the people are put on short allowances of bread, having nothing else, it must be the beginning of the end."

Monday noon, December 12th, 85th day of the siege.

"We are now entered on the 13th week of the siege. The Journal Officiel this morning says that there is bread enough and that there will be no rationing. That means, Paris is to hold out for a long time yet. My *maître d'hôtel* tells me that the baker shops are crammed with bread this morning. The news of the disasters outside begin to creep in, one way or another, but it apparently does not abate one jot or tittle of the courage of these people. They imagine something to offset all the bad news that they receive. It is hard to deal with such a spirit as the French people now exhibit, but it may all change in a day. I must now leave my house and go to the legation to prepare the bag so it can go out to-morrow morning.

"I wrote a letter to-day to my colleague, the Honorable George Bancroft, at Berlin, who wishes me to intercede in getting some Danish friends out of Paris. I had to tell him, however, that I feared nothing could be done, as the military authorities on both sides were un-

willing to permit anybody to leave 'these gay and festive scenes;' and that it seemed impossible for me to avail myself of the permission of the President to leave Paris. There were so many of our countrymen who were leaning on me, and so much American property to look after; and then I had a great deal to do as the protector of the Germans; and that I was furnishing pecuniary aid to more than six hundred, who would have starved had it not been for the generosity of the Prussian government.

"To-day I also addressed an official communication to Washington giving an account of the state of things in Paris. I said, that the news of the defeat of the Army of the Loire and the retaking of Orléans, as communicated by Moltke, had made but little impression on the people of Paris; that General Trochu had been fully sustained in his refusal to send an officer to verify the facts as suggested by Moltke; that the government of the National Defence and the people of Paris seemed to have abandoned all idea of an armistice, or of a peace, and to have made up their minds to resist to the last extremity, and until every resource was exhausted. I stated that there were various opinions as to the length of time the city could hold out; that on the day before, there was a great bread panic, but that it had been allayed by the announcement in the Journal Officiel that there was bread enough, and that there was no necessity of any rationing for the present. I expressed the opinion that it was possible for the city to hold out until the first of February, but qualified that opinion by saying that it must all be guess-work. A good many people thought that the provisions would give out suddenly, to be followed by an irresistible clamor for a surrender, and I did not expect the siege to be raised by a successful *sortie*. Everything seemed almost as bad as possible for the people of Paris

as well as France. The suffering in the city was much aggravated by the extreme and unseasonable cold weather. I said that the mortality of the previous week was frightful, and that a great many old people and a great many children were perishing from a want of suitable food and from the cold."

Tuesday, December 13th, 5 P.M., 86th day of the siege.

"'Short and simple' are the 'annals of the poor,' and very short and very simple are the annals of this, the 86th day of the siege; but the French people all call it the 88th day of the siege, dating from Saturday, the 17th day of September, while I date from the following Monday, the 19th. I have nothing to record. Taking an additional cold yesterday, I have been unable to leave my room to-day, and have been re-reading the newspapers from home. Two friends have just been in, but not a word of news. The day has been like the days described by Robinson Wing, 'dark and stormy.' It is now near an end."

Wednesday, December 14th, 6 P.M., 87th day of the siege.

"I have great respect for that chap who went around shouting 'hurrah for nothing,' and he would be at home were he in Paris to-day. There is less than 'nothing' here to-day. One of the most gloomy, long-drawn-out days of the siege, the natural gloom augmented by the sinister report regarding the reverses in the provinces; but the government is fast following in the footsteps of the Empire in keeping back bad news. I have not been out of my room to-day, and my cold is now reinforced by the old Galena fever and ague pains. The papers discuss the provision question. One argues that there are provisions enough for three months yet. But I take it, that it is all guess-work; anyhow, I should rather

be keeping school in Hartford than be here. I sigh for the doughnuts and hot rolls at Proctor's, the sausages and roast potatoes at Stetson's, the Johnny-cake and fresh pork at Crooker's, and the roast goose and apple-sauce at Gammon's."

Thursday, December 15th, 6 P.M., 88th day of the siege.

"The old Latin poet who exclaimed '*jam claudite rivos*' had undoubtedly been reading the diary of some poor devil, shut up nearly thirteen weeks in a besieged city. The *sortie*, that was to have come off to-day, seems to have been 'postponed on account of the weather,' or for some other reason. No fighting now for two weeks; although there has been a vast amount of vaporing, and many burials of the dead. Baron Gaillard is the latest victim of destruction. He had been long in the diplomatic service of France, and at the breaking out of the war took a colonelcy of the Mobiles. He fell at the head of his regiment in one of the late battles, mortally wounded. He was buried to-day from the Madeleine with great pomp.

"Went to the legation this afternoon at two o'clock. The ante-room was filled with poor German women asking aid. I am now giving support to more than six hundred women and children. Bismarck writes, thanking me for what I am doing and asking me to continue it. At 4.30 this afternoon I called to see my colleague, Count Moltke, the Danish Minister-Resident. He says that the Parisians have bad news, and that in the late battle the Army of the Loire lost twenty-three thousand men and ninety-six guns. It was dark when I started home; and could it be the calm, brilliant, gay streets of Paris that I had before travelled, from the Rue de l'Université to the Rue de Londres? Ill-lighted, dark, and dirty, it was Paris no more. Moltke agrees with me that there is no

peace in sight, and that we may have to 'pack up our duds' so soon as Bismarck comes in, and follow the government of the National Defence; but he says further, and truly, that nobody can tell what the French people will do."

It was on this day that Count Bismarck wrote me another letter in relation to M. Raynal, whom I have before spoken of as having been arrested at Versailles and sent off to Germany. I was visited by the father of the young man in Paris, who was very much exercised in regard to the trouble which his son had got into. I interested myself with Count Bismarck in behalf of the son. In this letter the Count advised me that M. Raynal was confined at Minden, and that the orders had been given to allow him all the facilities compatible with his position, and that nothing prevented his father, therefore, from sending him assistance in money. I mention this to show that in this, as in many other cases where I had interested myself for the Frenchmen and taken a great deal of trouble to serve them, I never received the least recognition for what I had done.

It was at this time that the question was being discussed between the French and Prussian governments in regard to the sailors of the German commercial marine captured by the French naval forces. The German government insisted that the French government had no right to hold such sailors as prisoners; and, as they were disconnected from military operations, that it was in flagrant opposition to the principles of modern civilization that they should be held as such prisoners. Bismarck, therefore, made it known to me that if the French persisted in holding them as prisoners, the King's government would arrest in all French cities, occupied by the German troops, the principal inhabitants, who would be

treated as prisoners of war, and who would undergo the same fate as the German sailors of the commercial marine were undergoing, who had been unjustly detained as captives in France.

Entry in my diary: Friday evening, December 16th, 89th day of the siege.

"If anything could dishearten and discourage the French people, one would have supposed it would have been the news that came this morning, of the disasters at Orléans, Amiens and Rouen. But the Parisians seemed to take it rather as a matter of course, and only wonder that it was not worse. No signs of giving in, but apparently a more fixed determination to hold out and make war *à outrance*. These people seem to have dismissed every idea of peace from their minds, and only look now at an indefinite prolongation of the siege. I saw M. Jules Favre this afternoon and much to my surprise found him in good spirits and full of courage. He said there was nothing to discourage the government in the news received, and that they were never so determined to hold out as now; and that there was no such thing as a peace. It is hazardous to make predictions in regard to anything in which the French are now concerned. But it seems, from my point of view here, that peace is out of the question for a very long time; though really the occupation of Paris by the Prussians is now reduced to a question of weeks, and then my occupation here may be gone, and not resumed for a long time. The removal of the outside seat of government from Tours to Bordeaux will take the Diplomatic Corps to the latter place. What may be the fate or condition of Paris in such an event it is impossible to tell. Nobody will want to stay here under such circumstances, and I ex-

pect all our American friends will only return temporarily to arrange about their apartments and then leave the city. And what derangement of plans, and what frustration of hopes that would bring! The day has been cloudy, but no rain. The streets were unusually full of people this afternoon as I rode down to the Rue Laffitte, and when I saw all the horses of the cabs and omnibuses and private carriages—in the artillery and cavalry, and in the military service generally—in good order, I wondered how they could be fed! It is astonishing, the amount of stuff that was got into Paris before the siege. I still think the city can hold out till the first of February, though M. Jules Favre rather dodged the question this afternoon."

Saturday evening, December 17th, 90th day of the siege.

"Nothing to-day of the least interest whatever. Called to see my wise old friend, Dr. Kern, the Swiss Minister-Resident, who finds the situation very bad for France. Next door to him, in the Rue Blanche, No. 5, is the butchery for dogs, cats and rats. Being in the neighborhood I looked in, and I saw the genuine article on sale. The price of the dog meat has advanced. Many people were at the legation during the day. The distress augments on every hand. The weather continues horrible; not ten minutes of sun in ten days. No bag yet. Vegetated all day over my bright fire, in grim expectation. Two pigeons presented to me to-day, which I have handed over to the *maître d'hôtel* to be fattened."

Sunday, P.M., December 18th, 91st day of the siege.

"A quiet morning for writing in my room. Have only had two callers. Gambetta telegraphed news up to the 12th, and put the best face he could on things, but I think the Army of the Loire has been badly used up. Gambetta is always full of pluck and courage, and is con-

sumed by enthusiasm. He is all there is of the government of France outside of Paris. He is a short, thick-set man, only thirty-four, hair very black, and black beard all over his face, eyes black and restless, fiery and eloquent. He has displayed the most superhuman activity since he left Paris.

"(6 P.M.) At 3 P.M. went out riding. The boulevards were full of people and the Champs Elysées still more crowded, and looking quite like Paris. Rode up to our house, No. 75, now Avenue Uhrich, but it was no longer a summer morning in the leafy month of June. Then went to the American ambulance, then made a call, and then home. It is said there is to be another *sortie* to-morrow, but what good! Only more bloodshed and nothing effected. It seems shocking to see all of these brave men go to their death. To die for one's country is one thing, but to die without doing the country any good is quite another thing."

Monday, December 19th, 92d day of the siege.

"No bag yet, and hence nothing since the 25th ult. I think Bismarck is not going to permit me to receive anything more. Perhaps he is a little out of sorts in not getting into Paris. It is doubtful about my bag going out as usual to-morrow, as they talk of another *sortie*. It did not come off to-day. Always to-morrow. I tremble for the torrents of blood that are to flow. I am heart sick over this mock display of the military; nothing but soldiers, soldiers, soldiers, everywhere you move. A quiet, sour, dreary day, but not cold. We ate mule meat yesterday for dinner for the first time. It cost $2.00 per pound in gold. G—— continues well, and my cold is better though I cough a good deal."

On this day, December 19th. I wrote an official despatch to my government stating that there had been no

military movements in or about Paris for some time; but that, on the other hand, the greatest quiet had prevailed. I said that another *sortie* was to be attempted on the 21st, the result of which would be known in Washington long before my despatch could reach there. I stated further that I did not see the least indication of yielding on the part of the people of Paris, and I had no reason to change the opinion which I had hitherto expressed, that the city would hold out until the first of February. The surrender appeared to be inevitable, and it was then only a question of weeks. Peace was then regarded as out of the question. If the Prussians came in, they would hold military possession of the city, and there would not be even the shadow of a French government there. I said further that, unless something unforeseen occurred, I proposed to remain in Paris till the end. I said that the despatch bag which left London on the 25th of November had only just reached me; that we had had no news from the outside since that date, except the merest scrap brought in by pigeons, and a few items from the German newspapers that had, by some means, found their way into Paris. In one of these papers was a brief abstract of the President's message, in which it was said that I had performed my mission, as the protector of the Germans residing in France, in a "satisfactory manner."

On the same day I wrote a letter to Count Bismarck, stating that the number of Germans to whom I was then giving succor had increased to eleven hundred and seven souls, and that additional ones were coming in every day; that my legation was crowded daily with those unfortunate people in the last stage of misery, and that I gave each one all proper aid.

Entry in my diary: Tuesday evening, December 20th, 93d day of the siege.

"Great stir and great preparation for the *sortie* to-morrow. Many think that the attempt is not earnest, and is merely made to arouse the people. At 1 P.M., two bags came, one leaving London on the 2d of December and the other on the 10th. The first one contained newspapers, and the one leaving on the 10th only official despatches and private letters for me. It is understood in London that the Prussians objected to my having newspapers. Bismarck, however, writes to me that there was a misunderstanding, and that he had no objection to my receiving newspapers for my own perusal, but not to be made public; and further, that he had written to London to that effect. So that in a week or two I shall begin to get the papers again, and if we are to be shut up until February, it will be a great relief to me. The last papers from New York were of the 19th ult., and from London of the 2d inst. From all I can see in the London papers, I think the French armies in the provinces are substantially annihilated, and to-day is probably the last fighting of the Paris Army."

Wednesday evening, December 21st, 94th day of the siege.

"The fighting has been going on all day, but I do not think it has amounted to much for the French. Heard a few rumors at the legation. At 4 P.M. rode up to the American ambulance to see what they had there. I found that the carriages had just come in from the battle-field with about a dozen wounded, and some of them mortally. The fighting was mainly an artillery duel. The French failed in retaking Le Bourget. The day has been cold. Dined, as is usual on Wednesday, at Mr. Moulton's, and I should never ask to sit down to a nicer dinner. Perhaps to-morrow night I may be able to record something definite as to the fighting around Paris."

Thursday evening, December 22d, 95th day of the siege.

"The coldest day of the season. As this was the day the French were to break through, Mr. Hüffer and I thought we would walk up to the heights of Montmartre to see what there was there. From that point the whole surrounding country could be seen. What was our surprise to find not even a sign of any military operations. Our ambulance men returned this afternoon and reported that nothing had been done to-day. All was a failure yesterday. The army of one hundred and forty thousand men accomplished nothing. They made one attack on the battery at Le Bourget and were repulsed with the loss of a thousand men; and on the plain that vast army stood all day yesterday in the terrible cold and remained all last night, still colder, without shelter and almost without food. G——, who was out both yesterday and to-day, saw all, and gives an account of the dreadful sufferings of the troops. To-night is much colder than last night, and if the poor soldiers have to remain out, half of the army must be used up. All of our ambulance men, who were out, concur that there has never been anything more wretched than these last two days."

Friday evening, December 23d, 96th day of the siege.

"A cold, bright, clear day. No military movements, and the great *sortie* has proved a grand fizzle, resulting in nothing but loss to the French. One of their best generals has been killed. I understand that their whole loss will amount to fifteen hundred men besides the vast number who have been put *hors de combat* by the excessive cold. The situation is becoming much more grave in Paris; the suffering intense, and augmenting daily. Clubs are beginning to agitate; hunger and cold are doing their work. From the misery I heard of yes-

terday I begin to think it impossible for the city to hold out to the first of February, as I have predicted. They are killing off the horses very fast. I heard that the omnibuses would stop running next week. Very few cabs are in the street at present, and they will soon disappear. In passing along the Champs Elysées at noon the other day I could not count half a dozen vehicles all the way from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la Concorde. Without food, without carriages, without lighted streets, there is anything but a pleasant prospect ahead. There is a certain discouragement evidently creeping all through Paris, and the dreary days and weeks run on. In the beginning no man was wild enough to imagine that the siege would last until Christmas."

Saturday evening, December 24th, 97th day of the siege.

"Another cold, clear day, and no military operations. The movements of this week have only proved simple failures, and have only brought unheard-of sufferings to the soldiers. A good many little bits of news have got in by means of the newspapers found on Prussian prisoners. There has evidently been a good deal of fighting on all sides, and the Prussians have lost men as well as the French. The French must do a good deal better outside than inside, or else nothing can come out of it all. This enormous force of five hundred thousand men now under arms for fourteen weeks has accomplished nothing, and will not accomplish anything so long as things remain as they are."

CHAPTER IX.

BEFORE AND DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.

A Gloomy Christmas Day—Scarcity of Meat and Fuel—The Parisians Losing Heart—Recollections of an Illinois Campaign—Dismal Opening of the New Year—Beginning of the Bombardment—Shells Bursting in the City Streets—The Killed and Wounded—Protest of the Diplomatic Corps.

ON Christmas, Sunday, December 25th, the 98th day of the siege, I made the following entry in my diary:

"Never has a sadder Christmas dawned on any city. Cold, hunger, agony, grief and despair sit enthroned in every habitation of Paris. It is the coldest day of the season and the fuel is very short, and the government has had to take hold of that question. The magnificent shade trees, that have for ages adorned the avenues of this city, are all likely to go in the vain struggle to save France. So says the Journal Officiel of this morning. The sufferings of the past week exceed by far anything we have seen. There is scarcely any meat but horse meat, and the government is now rationing. It carries out its work with impartiality. The omnibus horse, the cab horse, the work horse, and the fancy horse, all go alike in the morning procession to the butcher shop; the magnificent blooded steed of the Rothschilds by the side of the old plug of the cabman. Fresh beef, mutton, and pork are now out of the question. A little poultry yet remains at fabulous prices. In walking through the Rue St. Lazare, I saw a middling-sized goose

and chicken for sale in a shop window and I had the curiosity to step in and inquire the price (rash man that I was). The price of the goose was $25.00, and the chicken $7.00. The news creeps in of the denunciation of the Luxembourg Treaty by the Prussians, and that tickles the French people, not because they think England will resent it, but because they like to see England put at a disadvantage. All the people and all the papers of Paris speak of England in terms of opprobrium and hatred and contempt. They say there is one consolation, and that is, if France has to become a second-rate power, England will follow suit; that she is falling lower and lower in the scale of nations, and to that extent that she will resent no insult, and is too happy to get off by registering the decrees dictated to her by Prussia and Russia. That is what the French papers say, not what I say."

Monday, December 26th, 99th day of the siege.

"Quite a little dinner of ten covers, at my house at No. 75, last evening at seven o'clock. I could not afford to let Christmas go entirely unrecognized. The cold was intense, but I managed to get the *petit salon* and the *salle à manger* quite comfortable by the time the guests arrived. Here is the bill of fare for the 98th day of the siege, Christmas day:

1. Oyster soup.
2. Sardines, with lemons.
3. Corned beef, with tomatoes and cranberries.
4. Preserved green corn.
5. Roast chicken.
6. Green peas.
7. Salad.
8. Dessert. Pumpkin pie and cheese, macaroon cakes, nougat cherries, strawberries, chocolates, plums, and apricots, café noir.

"The cold is not so intense as yesterday. The papers this morning speak of the awful sufferings of the troops. Many have frozen to death. I take it, that all military movements are at an end for the present. The papers say that bad fortune pursues the French everywhere. We are now getting long accounts from the German papers of the fighting on the Loire, and fearful work it must have been; and yet the Prussians go everywhere, but they purchase their successes at a dear price.

"There is now high talk in the clubs. This last terrible defeat has produced intense feeling. Trochu is denounced as a traitor and an imbecile. They say he is staying out at one of the forts, and doesn't care about coming back into the city. He cannot fail more than once more without going to the wall. Never in the history of the world has any army of half a million men cut such an ignoble figure. It should not be said that the soldiers are not brave, for they are. It is the want of a leader that has paralyzed France for fourteen mortal weeks. I hope my despatch bag may get out to-morrow morning, and that I may get something in return; but I am so often disappointed that I do not make any great calculations for the future.

"Evening (I add to my diary). This has been a very cold day, and the sufferings of the troops must have been intense. I did not leave the legation until six o'clock P.M., having been busy in getting my despatches and letters ready for the bag which leaves in the morning. A great many people of all nations calling; a greater number of poor Germans than ever. The total number I have been feeding up to to-night is fifteen hundred and forty-seven, and more are coming. It is now a question of fuel as well as food. Wood riots have commenced. The large square across the street, diagonally, from our

house was filled with wood from the Bois de Boulogne, which has been sawed up to burn with charcoal. At about one o'clock this afternoon a crowd of three thousand men and women gathered in the Avenue Bugeaud, the Rue Spontini, and the Rue des Belles-Feuilles, right in the neighborhood, and they 'went for' this wood. 'Old Père,' the *maître d'hôtel*, undertook to pass through the crowd in an old cab, but they arrested him as an aristocrat, crying out '*On ne passe pas.*' Nearly all the wood was carried off. This may be only the beginning. These people cannot freeze to death or starve to death."

On December 26th I wrote an official despatch to my government, and referred to the *sortie* as having proved entirely unsuccessful. The loss of men in battle was not very serious, but the army suffered immensely from the intense cold weather which had prevailed for the few days previous. I stated that I thought there would be no further military operations attempted for some time, and that the failure of the *sortie* and the great suffering of the army had produced a very bad impression in Paris, and that the clubs had become extremely violent. I was prepared for serious disturbances in the city. Up to that time I had received London papers only to December 2d and New York papers only to November 19th. I was therefore without intelligence from the outside world for a very long time, except some little items taken from German newspapers found on prisoners who had been captured in the recent battles. I stated that the number of Germans who were coming to me for aid was increasing very fast, and that the legation was thronged with them every day from morning until night.

On December 27th Count Bismarck wrote me a communication, stating that General Lord Howden had ap-

plied to him for permission to cross the German lines, and saying that he could pass through the German advance posts on the Creteil Route if he presented himself furnished with a passport in due form and a pass signed by me, leaving no doubt as to his identity. That precaution, he said, seemed indispensable, as the German good faith had been taken advantage of several times by persons who had left Paris without the German consent by taking the name and place of some foreigner authorized to cross their lines.

On the same day Bismarck addressed me a communication in regard to what he alleged was the violation of flags of truce by the French soldiers. He said that evidence had shown that the flags of truce were not safe within the range of the guns of the French soldiers, and that they would be obliged to give up the exchange of communications with the enemy unless there were serious guarantees against the recurrence of similar aggressions. He desired that M. Jules Favre should be advised of certain circumstances which had occurred, relating to the flags of truce, and stated that, if the government of the National Defence desired to continue to have communication by flags of truce, it would not hesitate to recognize the justice of the Prussian demand and order an inquiry into the facts, which had been complained of. He stated further, and very emphatically, that "until it (the government of the National Defence) sends us a communication, that is satisfactory in this regard, containing a guarantee for the future, we shall be obliged to suspend relations which are only admissible under the protection which the most conscientious observance of the rules of the international laws of war ought to give to them."

Tuesday evening, December 27th, 100th day of the siege.

"And who would have thought it? It is a cold, gray, dismal morning, spitefully spitting snow. Started on foot for the legation at eleven o'clock—nearly two miles. The butcher shops and the soup houses are surrounded by poor, half-starved and half-frozen women. At the corner of the Rue de Courcelles and the Rue de Monceaux the people had just cut down two large trees and were cutting them up and carrying them off. Every little twig was carefully picked up. At a wood-yard in the Rue Biot the street was blocked up with people and carts. I hear that several yards were broken into last night. The high board fences enclosing the vacant lots on the Rue de Chaillot, near the legation, were all torn down and carried off last night.

"The news this evening is that the Prussians commenced this morning the bombardment of some of the forts, but we do not learn with what success. The bag came in at one o'clock P.M. bringing my official despatches and a very few private letters, but not a single newspaper. What an outrage! I can look for nothing more for a week. The Prussians sent in news yesterday, by *parlementaire,* that the Army of the North had been beaten and dispersed—another 'blessing in disguise' for the French."

It was on this day that the Journal Officiel published the last of a series of articles entitled "Charles Lee, Major General under Washington." These articles were very able and written by a French historian. It seemed strange to me that while Paris was starving and freezing to death the Journal Officiel should occupy itself in publishing papers of this character. It recalled the action of the National Convention of France, during the most stormy days of the Revolution, when the most abstruse questions pertaining to the government were pro-

foundly studied and treated with great ability by the best minds in France. It seemed strange to me that a hundred years after Charles Lee had played such a part in our Revolutionary contest I should be shut up, besieged in the capital of our Revolutionary ally and reading a disquisition on Lee and Washington, written by a French historian. It brought vividly to my mind, what had almost faded from my memory, the difference between Lee and Washington after the battle of Monmouth. I could not but be saddened at the fate which had befallen Lee, who was a brave soldier, but impatient, violent and insubordinate. It will be remembered that he was brought to a court-martial by General Washington under charges of disobedience to orders, "a useless and disorderly retreat in the presence of the enemy and disrespectful letters to the General-in-Chief." It was one of the most imposing courts-martial held during the whole Revolutionary War, and was composed of five generals and one colonel. Lee made a brilliant defence, but was nevertheless convicted on all the charges. The whole conduct of Washington in this *triste* affair, assailed as he was most violently by Lee and by a portion of the public press, was the most admirable of his life. In speaking of this matter, Washington, with the greatness of soul which belonged to him, said: "I do not believe that I have merited the reproaches which the general has addressed to me. My reports of him have been dictated by a sentiment of the interests confided to my care; and if his writings contain against me something hostile or injurious, I leave it to the impartiality of the public to pronounce upon the value of his attack." Charles Lee had many great qualities. The latent energies of his nature, his military talent, his enthusiasm, and his spirit were of grand utility to the cause of American liberty.

After the decision of the court-martial, Lee fell into forgetfulness and died in obscurity in a corner of the vast continent, to the deliverance of which he had contributed so much by his pen and by his sword. Handing in his resignation as major-general, which was accepted, Lee retired to his estate in Berkeley County, Virginia (called Prato Rio), where he lived in solitude. He was unable to forget his hatred and his vengeance. Age did not subdue the passions of his heart. The reputation of Washington, which gradually increased, inflamed him more and more. He published a series of attacks on Washington in the "Maryland," a Baltimore newspaper, full of abuse and invective. But his attacks on Washington only rebounded upon himself. He lived entirely by himself at his country seat (Prato Rio), and occupied an immense room, which he divided into four imaginary apartments. In one of the corners he had his bed-chamber, in another his library; the third corner was devoted to a kitchen, and the fourth made a sort of a stable where he kept his saddles and his harnesses. His house was crowded with enormous dogs, which were his habitual companions. He occasionally went out to visit his neighbors, who were charmed by his remarkable intellectual qualities and seduced by the grace of his person and his open and sympathetic physiognomy. That was, in brief, substantially what I read in the Journal Officiel on the 100th day of the siege.

Entry in my diary: Wednesday evening, December 28th, 101st day of the siege.

"Started for the legation at half-past eleven this morning and saw a mob tearing down all the board fences around the vacant lots in the Rue de Madrid. The attack of the Prussians on the forts yesterday does not seem to have amounted to much; but to-night there are

reports of a very important battle on the Plateau d'Avron. I made a requisition on the mayor of my arrondissement to-day for some provisions, more for others than for myself. Antoine got quite a piece of pork and some beans. M. Jules Favre wrote to the mayor of our arrondissement to do all he could for me, to soften the rigors of the times. For the last two weeks I have been having for my breakfast a piece of bread, a cup of coffee and sometimes one egg. My second breakfast I have taken at the legation, at one o'clock P.M., consisting of a piece of bread and a very small piece of cheese with a glass of red wine. But we always have a good dinner at half past six; and now that I have got my pork, if you will come into my room at the legation at one o'clock P.M., you will see me cooking it for breakfast on the end of a stick before my generous wood fire.

"Speaking of pork reminds me of early times in Illinois. I had been travelling all day over horrible roads from Dixon's Ferry to Paw Paw Grove, where I stopped for the night at a small tavern. For my supper the kind old landlady brought me some slices of very fat pork swimming in grease. Seeing a shade of disappointment come over my face, she comforted me by saying, 'Some people like fresh beef better than salt pork, but I can assure you that salt pork is much more healthy.' I said nothing further but ate my pork for supper. And don't I wish to-night that I was sitting around the humble fireside in the humblest cabin that dots the prairie in my old Congressional District, instead of being cooped up in this city of magnificent misery! With what kindliness, with what cordiality, and with what great heart was I always received by that noble and generous people! In my nine campaigns, visiting almost every school district, I never received anything but kindness. Sometimes I had curi-

ous experiences, when I was obliged to stay at out-of-the-way farm-houses over night, where the people had but very scant and meagre accommodations; but I always managed before leaving to get on the right side of the good people, and I generally found out in the future that the whole family had become my fast friends. The head of the family and all his sons voted for me, and when the girls got married their husbands were invariably my strong supporters.

"When Antoine went to the mayor of our arrondissement this morning, they were very polite and showed him 'all the stock on hand.' They told him they had enough for three months yet,—'think of that, Master Brooke!'"

Thursday evening, December 29th, 102d day of the siege.

"This has been a cold, clear, but dull and most uninteresting day. The French have been driven from the Plateau d'Avron. This was a most important position, which they took nearly four weeks ago, and one would have supposed that they would have prepared to have held it against all comers. All that was done, however, was to carry up some heavy guns to the plateau; but in all this time they never 'struck a lick' in the way of putting up defences. The consequence is that the Prussians, having got up their large pieces in these days, drove the French off. The Parisians are 'low down' to-day, and I think Trochu is going down. The papers begin to speak out a little. But he is as hard to get rid of as some of the officers we had during the time of the Rebellion."

Friday evening, December 30th, 103d day of the siege.

"Called to see my colleague, Dr. Kern, the Swiss Min-

ister-Resident, this morning, and, as he is charged with the protection of the Badois and the Bavarians, we have been brought much together, and we agree very well in all things. He says he now lives on horse meat and macaroni, and when I said to him that he would not be likely to starve he answered, '*neigh.*' Rather dull at the legation to-day. I have made new arrangements for the poor Germans. They became too numerous, and so I hired a room on the street, directly under us, in which to receive and care for them. I put in a stove to warm it, and I will arrange some seats so that they can sit down and warm themselves when they come. I have arranged also that each woman shall have a glass of hot sangaree. The poor creatures suffer so much from the intense cold. There is no news of any kind to-day. Some think the Prussians will have one of the forts soon and that the city will be bombarded. Trochu is universally denounced, and the government seems to hesitate. They are bawling louder and louder at the clubs every night. The situation is becoming more and more critical. Wood is becoming scarcer. I paid, day before yesterday, $40 for less than a cord. I feel that I am becoming utterly demoralized; I am unfitted for anything. This siege life is becoming unbearable. I have no disposition to read anything. I merely skim the trashy French newspapers. I get no American or English papers any more. I am too lazy to do any work, and it is an immense effort to write a despatch once a week. It is at night that I attempt to jot down what has taken place during the day. I have full time to think of bygone days and to reflect upon the incidents of a life now, alas, not a short one. Had I more energy I should write more, in the hope that it might eventually become interesting reading for some one.

"I had many adventures in my first canvass for Con-

gress in the campaign of 1852, and it was a very interesting campaign, particularly to the hero of it. I had never run for office or sought office. I was not at the convention which nominated me, but was at Mineral Point, Wisconsin, at the bedside of a sick brother. I never knew fully why I was nominated. I was scarcely known at all in four of the counties of the district, and not very well known in any of the counties except in my own county, Jo Daviess. As the district was considered almost entirely Democratic, I suppose they thought I might as well be sacrificed as any body. I accepted the nomination as the gift of a severe fate, and determined to make the best of the possibilities, with a reasonable hope within myself of success; but I had the great disadvantage of not being able to make anybody else share that hope. The district was regarded as Democratic by fifteen hundred majority. My competitor, Mr. Campbell, was already in Congress and one of the most brilliant men ever in the State, the idol of his party and his hosts of friends. I made a canvass of some ten weeks, almost single-handed, and alone, and now, after a lapse of eighteen years, and looking back to-day, I am surprised at my success. I was perhaps not wanting in energy or activity. 'No dangers daunted and no labors tired.' I made one, and very often two speeches, each day. There were but a few miles of railroad in the whole district stretching from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi River. I travelled in buggies, in stage-coaches, on horseback and on foot, in farmer's wagons; any way to get along and meet my appointments. I visited the leading men at their homes, talked with their wives and caressed their children, went to church on the Sabbath and contributed to the support of Sunday schools. I attended all the parties and danced with the young ladies, and made them

promise to have their sweethearts vote for me. I attended all the county fairs, and made speeches, praising very justly the magnificent exhibits, and the more beautiful display of wives and daughters. I went through the floral halls and 'toted' the young ones in my arms, drank cider and ate cakes at the booths on the outside of the ground. And the great day of trial finally came. It was on the 2d of November, 1852, and a bright beautiful day. On horseback I went everywhere that day looking after the voters, and when night came my green blanket coat was completely covered with mud. When the polls closed I considered my duty accomplished, and I have often wondered at the utter indifference that came over me. I seemed to have lost my interest in the result. Returning to my little, unpretending house, I disguised myself by washing, changing my clothes and putting on a clean shirt. After supper I went over the river to pay an evening visit. I didn't get any returns that night, either from West or East Galena, and never in my whole life did I sleep sounder than I did that night and up to eight o'clock the next morning. After breakfast (visions of beefsteak, baked potatoes, chickens, waffles and buckwheat cakes, on the 103d day of the siege) I walked leisurely over the lower bridge into town. Few returns were received—favorable so far as they went. Others came in during the day, favorable but not decisive; Democrats were getting a little shaky, but still confident. Whigs pricked up their ears and began to be hopeful. Mr. Houghton, the old editor of the Galena Gazette, claimed my election as probable. It took longer then to get returns than now. The day after the election the Democrats were encouraged. McHenry County had gone largely for Campbell, but Lake was not heard from. But all the time I was as calm as a summer's morning.

It then all depended upon Lake County. In the afternoon I went into the telegraph office, which was immediately over my law office, but nothing for me from Lake; but a despatch for the other side. The operator, who was a good friend of mine and a good Whig, said Mr. —— had a despatch from Waukegan, 'but you know I can't tell you what it is, though I can tell you that you are elected to Congress.' And it was even so, for the official returns finally figured up (I speak from memory of the poll eighteen years gone by):

Campbell, Democrat.			*Washburne, Whig.*		
Jo Daviess County,	68	majority.	Carroll County,	138	majority.
McHenry "	293	"	Ogle "	236	"
Stephenson "	107	"	Winnebago "	252	"
			Lake "	114	"
	468		Boone "	14	"
				754	
				468	
			My official majority	286	

"I had just got to this point at half-past ten o'clock, and was about to 'turn in,' when a messenger from General Trochu was announced. He brought me my bag, and it seems pretty well stuffed—lots of newspapers, probably—but I can't get into it for I have no key. I have, therefore, had to send for Antoine to come with his key and open it, but he can't get here until 12.30. I hope for good news."

Saturday evening, December 31st, 104th day of the siege.

"Antoine came a little after midnight and opened the bag—a feast of letters and papers. I read until three o'clock this morning. I remained in my room to-day until 2 P.M. devouring the contents of the leathern pouch.

Then went to the legation. At 5.30 P.M. went to see M. Jules Favre, and then dined with a friend. So closed the last day of a sad and eventful year. A great deal of firing by the Prussians. I have received a file of the London Times from the 3d to the 22d of the month, and full files of the New York Tribune and New York Times from November 21st to December 10th.

"A correspondent of a London paper, who sends his letters out by balloon, says, in respect to this matter: 'Mr. Washburne has the English papers up to the 22d, but he keeps grim guard over them and allows no one to have a glimpse at them. He passes his existence, however, staving off insidious questions. His very looks are commented on.' 'We saw him to-day,' says an evening paper. 'He smiled. Good sign. Our victory must be overwhelming if John Bull is obliged to confess it.' Another newspaper asks him whether, considering the circumstances, it isn't deemed a duty to violate his promise to Count Bismarck and hand over his newspapers to the government. 'In that way,' it says, 'the debt which America owes to France for aiding her in the Revolution will be repaid. We gave you La Fayette and Rochambeau, in return for which we only ask for one copy of an English paper.'"

Paris, January 1, 1871, 105th day of the siege.

"What a New Year's day! With sadness I bid adieu to the fatal 1870, and with sadness I welcome the new year, 1871. How gloomy and *triste* is the day. A few callers only, among the number M. Picard, the Minister of Finance, who made quite a long call and seemed to be in very good spirits. It is rather a heavy burden for me to carry around all the news from the outside which there is in Paris. I only made three calls to-day and dined at Mr. Moulton's, and a good dinner it was for the 105th

day of the siege. Up to this time there has been no deficiency in certain articles, and no change in the price of coffee, chocolate, wine, *liqueurs* and tea. The weather has been so cold for some time that several hundred soldiers have either been disabled or have perished by the cold. The boulevards, dimly lighted, were thronged with people who were shivering with the cold.

"The Journal Officiel of New Year's day has a long and lugubrious editorial in respect to the position. It says that since the 14th of December the government hasn't received any official news, and it was only by some German newspapers, which had come into Paris through the prisoners, that they had obtained any information whatever, which was very incomplete and quite old. It confessed that the situation was full of anxiety, but claimed that confidence was not diminished. It then spoke of the rumors which were prevailing, which were contrary to all probability. It stated that a young soldier had told of the arrival at Creil of a body of twenty-four thousand French; and that the rumor of such good fortune had illuminated the city and had been accepted as a certainty. Inquiry having been made, this recital proved to be a falsehood. Its author was handed over to that justice which would seek with care the motives which had drawn this man into his false action. In spite of the unfavorable look of things, the article goes on to say, it was certain that the government opposed to the enemy a resolution which astonished and disconcerted him; and closing, says that the French forces are augmented incessantly by recruitings, which are never suspended, while those of the Prussians diminish and become enfeebled. For several days the Journal Officiel has been publishing studies of Condorcet and of Vauban, —interesting reading in these dismal days."

Monday evening, January 2d, 106th day of the siege.

"I can record nothing of the least interest to-night. This day has been cold and dreary to the last degree. I have been very busy in getting my despatches and letters ready for the bag that leaves in the morning. I have written one despatch to the State department and probably half a dozen letters to Bismarck. I have much more to do now, as the acting Prussian Minister and as Minister of the United States. Not so much firing on the forts to-day as for several days before. Some say that a great deal of damage has been done, while others claim that there has been but little."

Tuesday evening, January 3d, 107th day of the siege.

"Tremendous firing all last night. Old Père, the *maître d'hôtel*, says the house, No. 75, trembled and the windows shook so much that none of them could sleep all night. I don't hear of any results to-day, however. A messenger went out with the bag this morning and delivered it to the Prussian outposts at the bridge of Sèvres. He brought back two letters from Bismarck to me. Nothing going on; the cold still continues. Talk of another *sortie*. Hunger pinches; discontent increases, but nothing is said about surrendering. The people think there ought to be something more accomplished by the military, and agree with a friend of mine at home, during the civil war, who was continually insisting that 'somebody ought to be hurt.'"

Wednesday evening, January 4th, 108th day of the siege.

"*Nil.* It is cold still, and more dreary than ever. I have been busy, however, with the current matters at the legation and receiving calls. More people than ever seem to be coming to the legation. Indeed, there are so many that it is almost impossible to do any work there.

We seem to be the great centre, as the only news that comes to Paris comes to me, or through me; but as I can make no use of it I am tired receiving it. The newspapers all like to talk. One says it has news that comes through me. Another says, I have got news, but, as it is favorable to the French I won't let it out.' And then they made an attempt yesterday to bribe old Père. They offered him a thousand francs for the latest London paper, but he stood firm. I have concluded that it is too much for me to have the news for two millions of people, and I don't care to bear the burden; besides, it may get me into trouble. I have therefore written Bismarck that I will have no more London newspapers sent to me. I would rather be without them than to be bothered as I am. I will have the home papers, however."

Thursday evening, January 5th, 109th day of the siege, and 1st day of the bombardment.

"'And now the Freeport Brass Band struck up a national air,' as the editor of the Freeport Democrat said when he gave an account of a Fourth of July celebration in that town. I think the Prussians 'struck up a national air' with Krupp guns last night. They commenced the bombardment of the forts *en règle*, particularly Issy, Montrouge, Bicêtre and Ivry. The cannon were thundering when I awoke at eight o'clock this morning. At 2 P.M. I walked down to the Champs Elysées, and to say that the firing was then terrific would give no adequate idea of it. I supposed, however, that it was only a bombardment of the forts, and I had no idea that the shells were coming into the city. G—— and I went over to the Latin Quarter, Rue Gay-Lussac, to dine with an English gentleman, a professor in one of the institutions in Paris. As I had got some news for him from his

children in England, he had invited us to dine with him. Among the guests were Mr. Duruy, who was Minister of Public Instruction when I came to Paris and one of the most charming men I ever met in official circles. Though over sixty years old, he serves in the National Guard, and he also has three sons in the military service. Soon after our arrival at our host's, we were informed that two of the enemy's shells had burst in the neighborhood that afternoon, and that one of them had set a house on fire only a square away. That didn't disturb us, however, as we had a good dinner—a piece of roast beef and a chicken. The Frenchmen declared that if Bismarck should see such a dinner in Paris he would die of despair. When at dinner, two shells burst quite near, and when we came out of the house to go home the coachman said the shells had been flying around pretty lively. They did no harm, however, and the people didn't seem to be at all alarmed.

"A case of the terrible suffering of a German family living in the Avenue d'Italie was brought to my notice yesterday. They were literally dying of cold and hunger. I immediately sent Antoine with a little wood, wine, coffee, sugar, *confitures*, etc. He found a family of seven persons cooped up in a little attic about ten feet square, in the last stage of misery—no fire and no food. There was a little boy, some seven years old, lying on a pallet of straw, so far gone as to be unable to raise his head or to talk. I sent Antoine again to-day to the family with a can of Portland sugar-corn and a very small piece of pork (one-half of my own stock) and two herrings (also one-half of my own stock), and also a little money to buy bread. I told Antoine to take the poor little fellow to my own house to be taken care of by the *maître d'hôtel* and his wife, and when he proposed it to him, he didn't

want to go, but preferred to stay with his mother. When G—— and I went to Mr. Hüffer's to stay, we had no idea of the siege lasting more than four or five weeks; but at his earnest request we have stayed on and on. After New Year's I thought it better to leave and to go into the apartment of a friend, who had left his cook, and where there was everything ready for housekeeping. My own house was too much exposed to be occupied, so that we are now to be duly installed in our new residence, which is very comfortable, but our living has been reduced to first principles."

January 6th, Friday evening, 110th day of the siege, and 2d day of the bombardment.

"The bombardment of the forts seems to have stopped in a great measure to-day, but occasionally a great many shells have been thrown into the city, with what results I do not know. It seems very strange that the firing on the forts has ceased, and nobody can tell why. The city is very calm under the circumstances, but it is impossible to tell what is coming. Mr. Read, United States Consul, went out yesterday under the plea that his health had become very bad. I sent one of my secretaries out with him, who passed him into the Prussian lines by the bridge of Sèvres. I bought a peck of potatoes to-day for $4.00, and was glad to get them at that price. I procured from the *mairie* to-day some rice, some dried peas, some cod-fish and herring, and some Dutch cheese. With what I have already laid in I can keep the wolf from the door for a long time. Old Père (*maître d'hôtel*) informs me that all of those beautiful shade trees in the Avenue Bugeaud have been cut down, and, what is worse, that the magnificent tree so close by our house, and which has been such an ornament, has been cut down also. *Quelle horreur!* the cutting down of a shade tree is the

next thing to the commission of murder. I would now be glad to leave this town, taking a steamboat at the first wood yard. The weather has moderated very much, which will alleviate the sufferings of the people. Have not been away from the legation except to walk up to the American ambulance at night."

Saturday evening, January 7th, 111th day of the siege, 3d day of the bombardment.

"It was a mistake to say that the Prussians had moderated their firing yesterday. It was furious and severe, but the wind having changed we did not hear it. To-day it has been very heavy all day. A good many shells have fallen in different parts of the city, and quite a number of people have been killed and wounded. The great mass of the population has not been very much moved, but there is extreme violence in the clubs. A revolutionary hand-bill was placarded yesterday, but it failed to effect anything. It was torn down as fast as put up, even in the most turbulent quarters; but I think the fuss will drive the government to make another *sortie* or another feint. The weather has been much milder to-day, and thawing considerably. At four o'clock I walked down to the Ministry of Finance, and made a call on M. Picard. A less number of people at the legation than for many days."

Sunday, 5 P.M., January 8th, 112th day of the siege, 4th day of the bombardment.

"One more day, and we don't seem to be any nearer the end, unless this bombardment shall effect something. It is so hard to get at the real truth as to what the Prussians have actually accomplished since they commenced bombarding the forts of the East, eleven days ago. They certainly have not yet got a fort. The bombardment of the forts of the West has now continued four

days without intermission and with all the violence and power that could be brought to bear, and it is plain that no particular harm has yet been done. How long this thing can continue I cannot judge, but one thing is certain, that the Prussians have fired away an immense amount of material. The carelessness and nonchalance of the Parisians in all this business is wonderful. No sooner does a shell fall than all the people run into that quarter to see what harm it has done, and if it has not exploded they pick it up and carry it off. They have carried this thing so far that the government has had to forbid it. Ladies and gentlemen now make excursions to the Point du Jour to see the shells fall. Twenty-four Prussian shells fell yesterday in precisely the same spot, and not the least harm was done.

"The change of the weather since last Sunday has done wonders in ameliorating the sufferings of the poor. The mayors are rationing the provisions to the poor, but when one has to buy outside, enormous prices have to be paid. Since I have got to housekeeping on my own hook, I have made provision against absolute want, and I shall live well enough. I have now many American things like succotash, green corn, tomatoes, cranberry sauce, and oysters, and then I have a little pork and a little ham, codfish, herring, nice dried peas, rice, chocolate. Potatoes? Aye, there's the rub! but I have just bought half a bushel for which I paid $9.00. I can see my way clear till March 1st. A good friend sends me milk enough for our coffee, therefore let there be no worrying on my own account. Besides we are in the way of having an ample supply of fuel, thanks to the intercession of M. Favre.

"No bag yet, and I don't see why Bismarck detains it, unless he thinks it could contain bad news for the Prus-

sians which might come out in some way. The French have great hopes that General Chanzy has done something for them outside, but such hopes will prove vain."

Monday evening, January 9th, 113th day of the siege, 5th day of the bombardment.

"'*Des canons, toujours des canons.*' The bombardment was furious all last night and all to-day. The shells have come into the Latin quarter thick and fast, and many people have been killed and wounded. Among the latter is a young American by the name of Swager, from Louisville, Kentucky. He was sitting in his room in the Latin quarter last night when a shell came in and struck his foot. It fractured it to such an extent that he had to have his leg amputated. He was taken to our American ambulance, where the operation was performed by Drs. Swinburne and Johnston.

"It has been snowing a little all day, but I have been very busy in my room writing despatches and letters. A short time before my bag was ready to be closed, I got word from the military headquarters that they could not send it out to-morrow morning on account of military reasons. It may now be detained a whole week. The French have some news this morning, the first from the outside government for three weeks. If to be credited, it is rather good. Baked pork and beans for dinner to-day. I showed the cook how to prepare the dish in Yankee fashion."

On this day I wrote a long despatch to my government describing the existing situation. I said it had been then nearly five days since the Prussian batteries had opened their fire on the forts. The cannonading of some of them had been terrific, but the military reports, while acknowledging the extreme violence of the fire, did

GERMAN SHELLS FALLING IN THE LATIN QUARTER.

not confess to any material damage. Whatever injury might have been, in reality, inflicted upon any of the forts, one thing was certain, none had yet been taken or even silenced, but, on the other hand, some of them had replied with great spirit, and, it was claimed, with considerable effect. But what was more serious was the bombardment of the city. A great many shells had fallen in the city, on the left bank of the river, particularly in the neighborhood of the Luxembourg and the Panthéon. Some twenty or thirty people had been killed and wounded, including men, women and children, but no very great damage had been done to the buildings. I said that there was no doubt that the people of Paris were greatly surprised to find that the enemy could send a shell into the very heart of the city, for it had always been contended that such a thing was impossible, without the possession of one of the French forts. I felt confident that my residence could then be reached by the Prussian batteries, but doubted whether the legation was within the range of any battery yet opened. There had been much discontent in the city during the previous week. It had not, however, taken the direction of a cry for peace or surrender, but resulted in a sharp arraignment of the government for a failure to perform its whole duty. On the previous Thursday an address to the people of Paris, signed by a large number of persons calling themselves "Delegates of the twenty arrondissements of Paris," was placarded in a large red handbill. Although many people said that the arraignment was partly just, yet but few were willing to accept the remedy proposed, by replacing the government of the National Defence by the Revolutionary Commune. They had evidently adopted Mr. Lincoln's theory, that it was no time to swap horses while swimming a river. The conse-

quence was that the handbills were torn down as fast as they were put up, even in the most turbulent parts of the city. Trochu had made that trouble the occasion of issuing another bombastic proclamation, in which he declared "that the government of Paris would not capitulate."

The bombardment had been the subject of interest and conversation during the previous week. At the time I wrote, it was extremely violent. Many people were reported to have been killed. There was apparently not the alarm felt that one might have supposed amid all the danger. So far the people had accepted it with a calm and nonchalance almost amounting to recklessness. The cold had moderated and the sufferings of the people in that respect had been very sensibly ameliorated. The number of deaths for the previous week had been three thousand six hundred and eighty, which was quite an increase over the number of the week before. The number of Germans seeking aid from me was still increasing. Nobody could have supposed there were so many left in Paris when the gates of the city were shut. Cases of terrible suffering were brought to my notice every day. The number of poor Germans then being assisted by me was two thousand and thirty-nine, an increase of two hundred and eighty-six in one week.

Tuesday evening, January 10th, 114th day of the siege, 6th day of the bombardment.

"The bombardment as usual, and particularly on Fort Issy. At four o'clock went to a meeting of the Diplomatic Corps at Dr. Kern's, the Swiss Minister-Resident, to consider the question of the bombardment. There were present many representatives of the smaller powers of Europe and several consuls. After a free interchange

of opinion, Dr. Kern, Baron Zuylen and myself were appointed a committee to draw up a paper to Bismarck on the subject of the bombardment. We were to have another meeting on Thursday. When I returned to my house, No. 44 Avenue Joséphine, I found that the bag had come in, bringing me London papers of the 30th and New York dates to the 17th ult. I have been deeply absorbed all the evening, though I do not find as much news as I expected. I have no less than nine letters from Bismarck on various subjects."

Wednesday evening, January 11th, 115th day of the siege, 7th day of the bombardment.

"Busy in reading the newspapers until two o'clock, P.M., then went down town, and at six o'clock called on M. Jules Favre at the Foreign Office. He thinks the forts will hold out, and that the bombardment will not hurry the surrender. He spoke with much emotion of the barbarism, as he called it, of the bombardment without any notice whatever. He said he had just attended the funeral of six little children who had been killed by a bomb. Owing to the direction of the wind, or some other cause, we have heard but little firing to-day. I heard a few distant and random guns, as I wrote at ten o'clock this evening."

Thursday evening, January 12, 116th day of the siege, 8th day of the bombardment.

"Engaged nearly all day on matters connected with the Diplomatic Corps. This evening a full meeting of the Corps at Dr. Kern's, and the form of a letter to Count Bismarck was agreed upon. I have been very "agueish" all day—headache, cold feet, pains all over me. Dr. Johnston came to dine with me. Tomato and rice soup, sardines, baked pork and beans, succotash, etc., very good for a siege dinner. From what I can learn, I

think the bombardment is slackening a little to-day, but it is possibly only 'getting off to get on better.' Much indignation is expressed at the bombardment of the hospitals, ambulances, and monuments of art, and if the city be not taken by bombardment or assault, the people will only hold out longer and suffer more. The weather has become colder within the last two or three days. We have had snow enough to just whiten the ground. It looks like young winter to-day. They are now cutting down the big trees in the great avenues of the city, in the Champs Elysées and the Avenue Montaigne. It made me sick to pass through the Avenue Bugeaud, that splendid avenue, with its magnificent shade trees, adding so much to the beauty of our neighborhood. How pleasant of a June morning to be protected by their grateful shades! Not one single tree left."

Friday noon, January 13th, 117th day of the siege, 9th day of the bombardment.

"I hope I shall get a *parlementaire* for to-morrow morning, as M. Jules Favre has sent me two important documents to forward, one to Bismarck and one to Lord Granville, and then the Diplomatic Corps want to send a document to Bismarck, relating to the bombardment without notice. Not one word of news this morning, but I think the bombardment is slackening a little. Nobody knows how soon it may commence again and become more violent than ever. But no shells in our neighborhood."

Saturday evening, January 14th, 118th day of the siege, 10th day of the bombardment.

"This has been a cold, dreary day. Our mild weather did not continue long. Although my bag and papers came in last Tuesday night, I have been so busy with matters connected with the Diplomatic Corps, and other

things, that I have not had time to read up the papers. I therefore sat down to it this morning, and did not leave my room till two o'clock this afternoon. I then walked down to my bankers and witnessed the unpleasant sight of two large and magnificent trees being cut down on the Champs Elysées. The government seems to have no control whatever. The people go where they please, and cut down what trees they please. The bombardment has not been so violent as usual. In those parts of the city where the bombs have not reached, there is no change, and everything goes on as usual. Codfish dinner to-day, with 'pork scraps.'"

Sunday, January 15th, 119th day of the siege, 11th day of the bombardment.

"The firing was heavy last night, and I believe the French expected an attack, for the official report this morning says that the most vigorous measures had been taken to repress any assault. It is now eleven days since this bombardment of the city began, and it seems to me that it is time that some results were obtained. The Journal Officiel this morning gives an account of the casualties by bombardment so far. They amount only to one hundred and eighty-nine—fifty-one killed, and one hundred and thirty-eight wounded—and this in a population of two millions. The number is not large, considering that there was no notice of bombardment given. Of the whole number killed and wounded, there are thirty-nine children. The damage to the buildings has not been very large as yet. It would not surprise me if things were culminating at the present writing.

"A gentleman has just been in to say that there is a report that the Prussians have made an attack this morning on the French works, this side of Le Bourget, and the bombardment of the forts on the South is tremen-

dous, for the windows of my apartment are trembling for the first time as I write. An official from the *mairie* has just been to see me, and he says there are provisions enough for two months yet. Another man will come in soon and tell me that the supply of bread will only last a week, and that the city must then surrender. So to an outsider, at least, it is all guess-work. The only thing I pretend to know is that the city stands firm ; but who can measure the horrors of this population? From all I can learn from the outside, I take it that all peoples are looking on, and with apparent indifference. The Diplomatic Corps sent out their document to Bismarck yesterday morning. (4 o'clock P.M.) A friend called, and we walked out to the Trocadéro to see what could be seen. It is almost impossible to learn what is going on. A fort might be taken, or a Prussian attack repulsed to-day, but we should hear nothing of it until to-morrow morning, when we should read a few stolid lines in the official report."

Monday, January 16th, 120th day of the siege, 12th day of the bombardment.

"There was so much firing and pounding away yesterday that I surmised that something would actually take place, but the military report this morning shows that there was nothing but a violent combat between the forts and the Prussian batteries, and perhaps rather more than the usual number of shells thrown into the city. The sky is sombre this morning, but it is not quite so cold as yesterday. As I look out of my window the city appears sullen and indifferent to this constant thundering of cannon. Twelve days of furious bombardment have accomplished but little. The killing and wounding of a few men, women and children, and the knocking to pieces of a few hundred houses, in a city of two millions, is no

great progress. But perhaps one of the French forts may fall. Then the Prussians may get a nearer range. If they do not accomplish that, they will stay out some time. I dined last evening with a prominent French official, whose business it is to keep an account of the provisions in Paris, and he surprised us by saying that there was yet enough to enable the city to hold out easily until the end of February. The bread would not be of a good quality, but it would hold out. There were great quantities of rice, exhaustless quantities of wine, sugar, coffee, etc., together with a good supply of horse meat. The news comes in now by the German papers, even so late as the 8th inst., and both sides seem to be claiming victories. General Faidherbe says that he has not been defeated, but that he thrashed the Prussians. King William says that Chanzy's advanced guard has been gloriously repulsed, and each party claims the advantage at Nuits, and so we are left here in the dark to guess and speculate, and talk, talk, talk. That is the great occupation of the day."

CHAPTER X.

THE END OF THE SIEGE.

Diplomatic Correspondence—Bismarck Explains the Taking of Hostages by the Germans—Controversy over the American Despatch Bag—The Last Days of the Bombardment—Another Great and Fruitless Sortie—Trochu Succeeded by Vinoy—The Uproar of the Mob—Fired upon by the Mobiles—An Armistice at Last—The Siege Raised.

ON January 16th I addressed another official communication to my government, saying that it was the twelfth day since the bombardment of the city and of the forts of the South had begun, with, it was generally supposed, all the power of the besieging forces. The Journal Officiel of the previous day had given a report of the results of the bombardment of the city from the 5th to the 13th inst., showing the number that had been killed and wounded, and the public edifices that had been struck. The number of private buildings struck was about three hundred and fifty, but few of them were much damaged. No building of any great value had been burned. No bombs had yet fallen on the right bank of the Seine. When the length of time that the bombardment had been going on, and the enormous quantity of material that had been expended, were considered, the small number killed and wounded, and the small amount of damage done, were surprising. The bombardment had not so far had the effect of hastening a surrender. On the other hand, it apparently had made the people more firm and determined. In the presence of the common danger, the

hostility to the government, which was so openly manifested some two weeks previously, had been greatly modified. It was hard to tell the amount of damage which had been done to the forts. But one thing was certain, that no fort had either been taken or silenced. It was impossible to tell how long any of the forts could hold out. If the Prussians could get possession of one of them, they would have a much larger part of the city immediately under their guns, and the bombardment under such circumstances could only be contemplated with horror. In the event of the city not yielding to bombardment or assault, the question always was, how long before it would have to yield to famine? I was reluctant to speak further on that subject, as my predictions had so often failed of verification. I had seen a gentleman who had charge of rationing the people of the arrondissement in which I lived, and he assured me that they had enough provisions for two months. While the amount of flour was running short, he said they had a great quantity of grain, and the only trouble was in making it into flour fast enough to supply the demand for bread. I had met on the previous night a gentleman in a high official position whose duty it was to gather all the information possible in regard to the amount of food in the city, and he said there was enough to last till the first of March. Another man, claiming to be equally well-informed, positively assured me that there were only provisions enough to last two weeks at the outside. The weather had again become cold and the sufferings of the people had been intensified.

I also informed my government that on January 13th the members of the Diplomatic Corps then remaining in Paris addressed a communication to Count Bismarck in relation to the bombardment of the city without

notice. It represented that women, children and sick persons had been struck, and among the victims were many who belonged to neutral States. The lives and property of persons of all nationalities residing in Paris were in constant danger. Such things had happened without any preliminary warning against the dangers which threatened the Diplomatic Corps and those of their countrymen who had hitherto been prevented from placing themselves in safety by *force majeure*, and especially by the impediments placed in the way of their departure by the belligerents. In the presence of events of so grave a character, the members of the Diplomatic Corps then in Paris had thought it necessary, with the full sense of their responsibilities toward the representative governments and of their duties toward their fellow-countrymen, to concert in respect to the measures to be taken in the premises. They, therefore, had come to the unanimous resolution to request that, in accordance with the recognized principles and usages of nations, steps be taken to permit their countrymen to place themselves and their property in safety.

I wrote a further despatch to my government on this day in reference to the numerous duties that had fallen upon me. I supposed that they would have been ended before that time. Instead they had greatly increased, and no man could venture to predict how long they were likely to continue. I was on that day furnishing aid to twenty-two hundred and seventy-six destitute Germans, and had to employ three additional persons in my legation to perform the services necessary in looking after them. It was necessary to consider the vastly enhanced prices of everything which we had to purchase, as incident to the state of siege. For instance, I had had to pay at the rate of more than fifty dollars a cord for wood.

It was on this day (January 16th, 1871) that Count Bismarck wrote me a communication in respect to a letter addressed to Earl Granville, by M. Tissot, the French *Chargé d'affaires* at London, which complained of the system, as he called it, of the German authorities, in the occupied parts of France, taking hostages and arresting persons belonging to the Civil Service. He enclosed me a copy of the letter of M. Tissot. The Count wrote me that the hostages spoken of were taken in order to procure the deliverance of the masters and crews of German merchantmen treated as prisoners of war by the French, which he had previously explained to me. Independently of that, he admitted that civil officials had been arrested and some of them sent to Germany, partly for trial, partly to be kept in safe custody, because they had acted in a manner prejudicial to the security of the German forces, or to the interest of the German occupation. M. Tissot had charged among other things that M. Garceau, an engineer of bridges and roads, had been arrested for refusing to continue his official functions, which he had done in obedience to an order of his French superior. So far from justifying the demands for M. Garceau's release, his conduct afforded an additional justification of the action of the Germans. Count Bismarck said that the Germans were only following the practice habitually observed by the French, when occupying the territory of an enemy, which practice had been amply and authentically detailed in the published correspondence of the Emperor Napoleon I. He said he might remind the government of the National Defence, that according to the practice which had been set forth in that correspondence, M. Garceau would run the risk of being shot. But he simply desired to call the attention of the French to a principle well established in In-

ternational Law, that a belligerent, while occupying the territory of an adversary, may claim, and, if necessary, enforce obedience on the part of the officials residing in that territory; and the refusal of such an official to obey him would but be aggravated by the pretension of obeying orders issuing from the enemy.

I have spoken heretofore of the arrest of Mr. Fontaine, a German man of letters, who had been imprisoned in France and for whom three French hostages had been taken to guarantee his safety and lead to his liberation. The government at Tours proposed to exchange Mr. Fontaine for a French officer, but Bismarck declined, because in his character as a man of letters he stood in the same category as the captains of German merchantmen held unjustly in France, and said: "I take advantage of the occasion to make the observation in regard to the latter that information worthy of belief (contrary to the evidence easily obtained in their sad condition by the French authorities), leaves no doubt in regard to the bad treatment to which they have been subjected in their captivity. The German authorities consider themselves obliged, in consequence of this information, to still increase the number of hostages detained at Bremen by having a certain number of persons arrested in different French cities, held in Germany until the French authorities consent to set at liberty the captains of the merchant marine whom they have sequestered."

I have briefly referred to a correspondence which occurred in the first part of December between Count Bismarck and myself in relation to English newspapers which I had, and which a correspondent of a London paper had stated had been received by me regularly in my despatch bag from England. This correspondent added a detailed account of the eagerness of the French

journals to peruse the English papers, so as to reproduce their contents in the Paris journals. He stated that the military authorities could not sanction that foreign papers, of recent date, should reach the besieged city without having been previously examined. He said that in obtaining for the United States legation the privilege of receiving closed despatches within a besieged fortress, he had allowed himself to be led by the conviction that nothing could be feared from any inconvenience which would be liable to compromise the German interest.

On December 12th I answered Count Bismarck in respect to this matter, and said that I took it for granted that a few numbers of the London papers of an old date could do neither good nor harm to any interest; hence I permitted them to lie on my table to be perused by people who were sufficiently interested to come and look over them. But as some of the Paris journals charged that they were sent to me by the Prussian authorities in the hope that the bad news that they might contain would discourage the French, and as he considered their reception incompatible with the rules dictated by his military operations, I should decline receiving any more papers, and I had that day written to London to that effect.

Three days after the date of my letter of December 12th, Count Bismarck wrote me a very courteous reply, stating that he hastened to assure me that I had misunderstood the bearing of his remarks; that he had no intention of depriving me of any of the English or American papers which I wished to receive, and that I was entirely free to have them come for my own private use; that he was persuaded that I would take the necessary precautions that no inconvenience should result, incompatible with military interests. The King's Ambassador at London was therefore instructed to inform Mr. Mot-

ley, our minister there, that there was no opposition to sending me the English and American papers, which I wished to receive.

But this matter of receiving papers continued, even after this, to be a great nuisance to me, and on the 1st day of January, 1871, I wrote to Mr. Moran, the Secretary of the United States legation at London, as follows: "Please send me no more London papers; only cut out the telegraphic despatches from the United States, from day to day, and send them. It is too much to be the only person in a city of two millions of people receiving any outside news. It has become a great annoyance, and I prefer being without news to being subject to it."

And on January 4th I wrote to Count Bismarck that the receipt of the London papers might involve me in trouble, and I had accordingly written to Mr. Moran not to send me any more. "Some Paris papers represent that I have given out news; others say I have given out nothing, because the news is favorable to the French arms, and attempts have been made to bribe my servant to get hold of the London papers."

On January 15th Count Bismarck addressed to me another communication in respect to my despatch bag. Letters had been sent out of Paris in a balloon which had been captured by the Germans. He sent copies of certain passages in such letters showing that the facilities which had been accorded to the correspondents of the American legation in London were known to private persons, etc., and that these extracts had proved that Mr. Hoffman, who was my secretary of legation, had been expected to lend a helping hand to an epistolary intercourse of that kind. He begged that I would effectually prevent the members of my legation from lending themselves to a practice the continuance of which would

make it imperative for him not to allow any letters to pass except those bearing the seal of the State Department at Washington. Such occurrences had made the military authorities indisposed to favor a prompt transfer of my correspondence, and he suggested that it would be better to have my despatch bag sent, not to London, but directly to Washington, and on its return to have it made up and sealed, not in London, but in Washington, and to send to me my private letters with the bag, but not enclosed in it.

On the same day Count Bismarck wrote me another communication on the same subject, in which he spoke of the indisposition of the military authorities to permit my bag to pass through their lines, without a stoppage of several days, and saying that however much he might from personal considerations feel inclined to oppose the restrictions of the military authorities in all cases where I was concerned, he could not help perceiving that all his endeavors would be fruitless after the impression produced upon his general staff by the balloon letters which formed the subject of another communication.

As this matter of the despatch bag had been the subject of a good deal of controversy and of some complaint, I made full answer to Count Bismarck on January 19th, as follows:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
PARIS, *January* 19, 1871.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your two letters, both under date of the 15th instant, relating to matters connected with the transmission of the United States despatch bag to and from this city. One of the letters encloses extracts from those letters said to have been addressed by persons residing in Paris to correspondents abroad, such letters having been sent out in a balloon which was captured by your men.

There is no doubt but the facilities for correspondence which the legation of the United States at Paris has had are known in London and elsewhere, and that certain persons have sought to abuse those facilities,

and, in order to accomplish their purposes, have attempted to make an unwarrantable use of this legation. A good many letters have found their way to our legation here. Many have been sent by Your Excellency, some by Count Solms, and some by Count Hatzfeldt. These letters having, as I have assumed, passed through your hands, I considered that I had a sufficient guarantee that they contained nothing compromising to either belligerent, and I caused them all to be delivered to the parties to whom they were addressed, without examination.

Of the letters that have found their way into my despatch bag, coming from London, some were addressed to my compatriots who have been detained in Paris. Such letters, after having been examined and found to contain no allusion to military or political matters, have been delivered.

A very few letters have come to me addressed to people of nationalities other than French, and after examining them and finding that they contained no allusion to military events, I caused them also to be delivered. Perhaps in half a dozen cases I have delivered some very brief notes to French people well known to me, but only after the most scrupulous examination which showed them to contain absolutely nothing but reference to family matters. And I may say that nine out of ten of the small number of letters I have received through my despatch bag have not been delivered by me at all, as I considered that it was not in accordance with your understanding of what the bag might contain. I have to remark, therefore, that no letters, received through my despatch bag from London, have ever gone out of this legation which contained anything in regard to military or political events, or containing anything in the least degree compromising to either of the belligerents; and I beg to say further, that I have equally guarded the contents of my outgoing bag.

In this connection permit me to observe that you will find enclosed herewith an envelope, containing certain letters addressed to persons in Paris, and which you sent to me by the last *parlementaire*. I know nothing of these persons, and I know no reason why I should deliver the letters. I therefore have the honor to return them to you.

As you suggest that the extracts of the balloon letters prove that Colonel Hoffman was expected to lend a helping hand to the epistolary correspondence, I am authorized by him to state that he has no idea of the parties who wrote two of the letters in which his name has been used, and he denies in the most emphatic manner that they could have been authorized to use his name in any way. As to the other party, Mrs. Chandor, an American lady, whom he says he found in great distress on account of the sickness of her children with the small-pox, in Brussels,

he consented to have information sent to her in regard to them. He had no conception that this act of pure kindness would be taken advantage of to get in a letter to the gentleman therein named, whom he had never heard of. I make haste to speak of Colonel Hoffman as a gentleman of the most unquestioned loyalty and honor, a man who thoroughly appreciates his duties and obligations, and holds to a most rigorous observance of them. I have no idea who the writer of the letters is who speaks of receiving news by the "intermediary of Mr. Washburne," but I do know that he never had any authority from me to use my name in that way, and in doing so was guilty of a gross impertinence and a gross outrage.

I beg to thank Your Excellency for your prompt transmission of my bag to London, in accordance with the request of my letter of the 13th instant.

In relation to the suggestion which Your Excellency makes, that my despatch bag shall be sent directly to Washington, not to be opened in London, I have to state that such an arrangement would deprive me of communicating with the United States legation in London, and through that legation, in case of need, with the Washington Government by telegraph.

In regard to sending my despatches from Washington in a bag made up there to be transmitted directly to me here, its practical operation at the present time would be to deprive me of all communication from my government. My weekly despatches from Mr. Fish for the last four weeks are now on their way from Washington to Paris. If I am deprived of a bag from London, those despatches, therefore, could not reach me under the seal of my government, which is the only way that I would feel authorized to receive them. Independently of that, it will take between three and four weeks for me to get a letter to Washington, requesting that the bag may be made up there directly for Paris. In the meantime, despatches to me would be coming weekly to London, with the expectation that I should receive them in the usual manner. And further, after my letter should have finally reached Washington, requesting that the bag should be made up there for Paris, it would take the contents of such bag three or four weeks more to reach me.

Hence, Your Excellency will perceive that if I should receive no bag from London I should be deprived of hearing from Mr. Fish for a period of some three months.

With a knowledge, therefore, of the views of my government on this subject, and its opinion that it has a right to promptly communicate with me as its representative near the government of France, it is im-

possible for me to acquiesce in the arrangement which you have done me the honor to recommend. I have concluded, therefore, to send you by the *parlementaire*, which I hope to obtain for Tuesday next, my despatch bag addressed in the usual way to the United States despatch agent in London. If you should feel constrained to decline sending it forward without an unreasonable delay, I shall thank you to return it to me here by the first *parlementaire*. And also, if you should feel constrained to retain my bag sent to you from London to Versailles beyond a reasonable time, I shall thank you to return it to London.

Out of respect, due alike to myself, as well as to the government which I have the honor to represent, I should feel compelled to decline receiving or transmitting any despatch bag or any communication through your military lines upon terms and conditions which might be construed as implying a distrust of my good faith, and of the loyal manner in which I have discharged my duty toward both belligerents, and to my own government, to which I am alone responsible for my official action.

Before closing this communication, I trust Your Excellency will pardon me a further observation. For the period of six months I have been charged with the delicate, laborious, and responsible duty of protecting your countrymen in Paris. Of the manner in which those duties, having relation to both belligerents, have been performed, I do not propose to speak; I am content to abide by the record made up in the State Department at Washington. But I can state that there has never been a time when these duties have involved greater consequences and responsibilities than at the present moment. As I have expressed to you before, I have been astonished at the number of Germans who, as it turns out, were left in the city when the gates were closed. Having exhausted their last resources, and finding themselves in a state of the most absolute destitution, they have applied to me for protection and aid, which I have so far been enabled to extend to them from the funds placed in my hands by the royal government. The number of these people amounts to-day to two thousand three hundred and eighty-five (2,385), and it is certain, had there not been some one here to protect and aid them, many must have inevitably perished of cold and starvation. My position in relation to these people and to your government is known to the people of Paris, and as the siege wears on and the exasperation is intensified, I now find myself exposed to the hostility of a certain portion of the population of the city. While your military authorities seem to be agitated by the gravest fears in relation to my despatch bag, I am daily violently assailed by a portion of the Paris press as a "Prussian representative" and a "Prussian sympathizer," and

a short time since it was proposed in one of the clubs that I should be hung—rather a pleasant diversion in these dreary days of siege through which we are passing.

I shall only add that, so long as I am the diplomatic representative of my country in Paris, I shall discharge every duty (even to the end and in the face of every circumstance) that I owe to my own government, and every duty that I have, by its direction, assumed toward the subjects of the North German Confederation.

I have, &c.,

E. B. WASHBURNE.

His Excellency Count BISMARCK, etc.

On January 28th, Bismarck addressed me the following communication, in answer to my letter of January 19th, which restored the *entente cordiale* between us.

VERSAILLES, *January* 28, 1871.

SIR: I had the honor of receiving your answer, dated the 19th instant, to my two letters of the 15th, relating to your correspondence with the United States legation in London. I should very much regret if you should have construed anything in these two letters so as to convey the indication of any complaint against you. Nothing, indeed, could be further from my thought, and I take pleasure in renewing the expression how deeply sensible I am of all the trouble you have in carrying on your correspondence with the authorities in Paris, and in taking care of our countrymen there. But the balloon letters having been brought officially under my notice by the military authorities, I thought it my duty to inform you of the reference made in those letters to your legation, and to that in London. The delay occurring now and then in the transmission of your despatch bags is not occasioned by any doubt as to the right of your government to correspond with you, but by obstacles it was out of my power to remove. I hope that for the future there will not be any more delay of that kind.

I avail myself, &c., &c.,

BISMARCK.

I shall here recall that it was one day during the siege that I had a call at my legation from a French gentleman, apparently a little under middle age, of genteel manner and appearance, who apologized for disturbing

me, but who said he had ventured to have recourse to my assistance in a matter wherein he hoped I might be able to render a little service to the Empress Eugénie. He said that he was an officer of the French navy (*Lieutenant de vaisseau*) and was the son of Dr. Conneau, who had been so intimately leagued with Napoleon the Third. I immediately recalled that his father was the man who had participated with Prince Louis in the affair of Boulogne, who shared with him his captivity in the fortress of Ham, and played a part in his escape therefrom, for which he suffered a severe condemnation. The connection of his father with the Emperor had also brought him into intimate relations with the Imperial family. He then told me the object of his visit. He said there was in the palace of the Tuileries a full-sized statue of the Emperor and the Prince Imperial, and he knew that the Empress prized it far beyond anything else in the palace. From the state of feeling in the city at that time, he said I could well appreciate the danger it would be in, if permitted to remain there; for at the least outbreak, if the public should find out that the statue was there, it would inevitably be smashed to atoms. It was vastly important that it should be removed, if it were to be saved; but that was a matter of the greatest difficulty in the excited state of feeling in the city. Lieutenant Conneau said he had seen General Trochu, and that he would aid him all he could in getting the statue out of the palace; but after they had got it out, the question would be what to do with it, and where it could be stored in a place of safety. He believed that I could give him some advice and assistance which would be invaluable in the premises. Sympathizing with the Empress in her misfortune, and thinking of all her politeness and attention to my compatriots in the day of her

power and prosperity, I did not hesitate to tell him that I would gladly aid him in his purpose in every possible way. I bethought myself that I had an American friend who had a large warehouse in the Rue Scribe, and I told him I should see my friend at once, and if he would call again, I had no doubt that I should be in a position to serve him. I found my friend perfectly willing to receive the statue in his warehouse, which was admirably fitted for the purpose. And thus it was, that when Lieutenant Conneau called again, I told him that my friend could furnish just what was wanted, and further, that I should be at his disposition at any time to receive the statue and see it put in the warehouse. As it would not do to attempt to have it moved from the Tuileries in the daytime, he said he would have it at the Rue Scribe on a certain midnight. I was promptly on hand at that hour to receive it. Being of solid marble it was very heavy and was strongly boxed up. It took four strong horses to draw it and a large number of men to handle it. I was surprised to see such an immense affair when I reached the Rue Scribe, and felt that it must attract attention and that inquiries would be made as to what such a performance meant at midnight. Happily, it was not observed. The immense box, under which had been placed rollers, was carefully taken from the transport wagon and rolled into the large room of the warehouse. I then nailed three or four of my official cards on the box, and we all breathed more freely to find it safely housed, and the public no wiser. It remained unharmed and untouched until days of peace and quiet came to Paris, when the Empress requested to have it sent to her in England. Appreciating what I had done in the matter, she afterward addressed me the following letter which is presented in fac-simile :

Chislehurst

9 Janvier 72.

Monsieur le Ministre

J'ai prié Monsieur

Conneau de vous porter

mes remerciements

pour l'hospitalité

que vous avez donnée

chez vous, au portrait

de l'Empereur et à la

statue de mon fils

Croyez Monsieur le

Ministre à tous

mes sentiments.

Eugénie

Fac-simile of the Empress Eugénie's Note.

Entry in my diary Tuesday evening, January 17th, 121st day of the siege, 13th day of the bombardment.

"The firing seems to have been less furious to-day. The people in the parts of the city bombarded are getting out of the way, and are not exposing themselves so much. The consequence is that the number of killed and wounded in the last few days has been much smaller than before. Some few shells have reached the Seine, but the material damage is nowhere very great as yet, considering the length of time the bombardment has been going on, and the number of bombs thrown into the city. Moltke must put on more steam, if he expects to take Paris in this way. The bag came in at one o'clock this afternoon, bringing lots of letters and papers which I have been enjoying hugely. The weather has become milder, and military movements are spoken of, but I have come to regard such movements as no more than 'thistle down and feathers.' And after this, there is a rumor of bad news from the French, said to have come in by the German newspapers of the 12th inst. It generally falls out that all such rumors prove true."

Wednesday evening, January 18th, 122d day of the siege, 14th day of the bombardment.

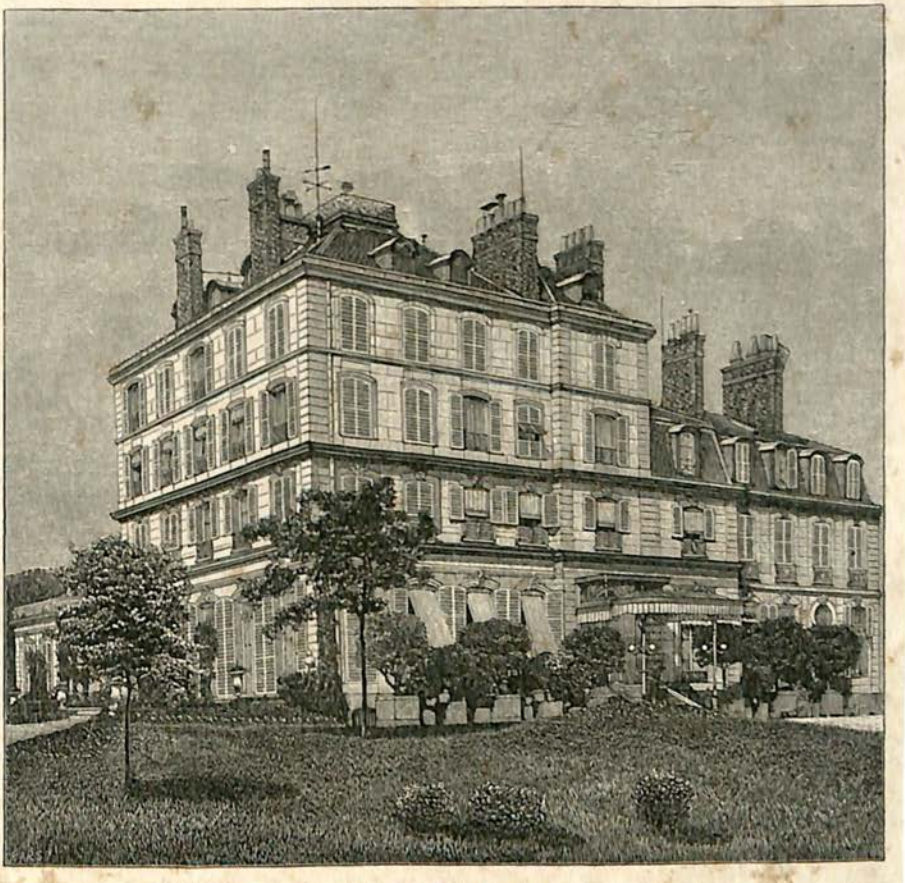
"Four months of siege to-day, and where has all this time gone? It seems to me as if I had been buried alive. I have accomplished nothing, and, separated from my family and friends, cut off from communications to a certain extent with the outside world, these dreary weeks might quite as well be struck out of my existence. A great movement of troops to-day, and a *sortie* to-morrow out toward Mont Valérien. The number of troops is very large, but there has been but little parade and talk about this *sortie*. Who knows but what it will accomplish something! The ambulances have all been notified,

and I shudder for the forthcoming horrors. I went down this afternoon, and the Champs Elysées was filled with artillery wagons all going out by the Avenue of the Grand Army. The people are still cutting down the large trees. The bombardment is doing less damage. From the 6th to the 17th, there were only fourteen victims—thirteen wounded and only one killed. The Prussians are pounding away all the while at the forts, and the French are replying as best they can, but not much damage is done on either side. I am more and more convinced that the city can only be taken by starvation. G—— and I dined to-day with Mr. Lilly and Mr. Winthrop, and had a nice dinner; among the dishes, elegant fresh fish from the Seine. Called to see M. Jules Favre a moment at 6 P.M. He had no news, but as the weather has become milder, he now expects a pigeon."

Thursday, 5 P.M., January 19th, 123d day of the siege, 15th day of the bombardment.

"This is the day of the great *sortie*. At this hour nothing is known of results, but it has undoubtedly been the bloodiest yet seen about the walls of Paris. The great fighting seems to be between St. Cloud and Versailles, or, rather, to the north of St. Cloud. It is said, however, that other parts of the Prussian lines have been attacked also, but I hardly believe it. The attack has been terrific on St. Cloud. At 2.30 P.M., Colonel Hoffman and myself went to the Château de la Muette, in Passy, which is the headquarters of Admiral de Langle. This is an historic château, once owned by the Duke of Orléans, Philip Egalité, and where he held high carnival. Nature made it a magnificent spot, elevated and beautiful, and it was adorned by everything that money and taste could supply. It is now owned by Madame Erard, the widow of the piano manufacturer. From the cupola

of this château is the most magnificent view on that side of Paris, and it was there that we went to look through the great telescope into the Prussian lines. We found there M. Jules Favre, Ernest Picard, Minister of Finance, M. Duruy, the Minister of Public Instruction under the



Château de la Muette.

Empire, Henri Martin, the French historian, and others. We first look at Mont Valérien, that noted and renowned fortress, standing in its majestic grandeur, overlooking and commanding this ill-fated city, and holding in awe its proud enemy for miles around. We then look at the Aqueduct, where we see the Prussian staff as plainly

almost as we could see a group of men at the house of a neighbor from our own balcony. Then we turn to St. Cloud, and see the ruins of that renowned palace, for centuries the pride of France. Now, we look right into the eyes of those terrible Prussian batteries, which for two weeks have been vomiting fire and flame, death and destruction, upon devoted Paris.

"But, strange to say, they are comparatively silent, only now and then a discharge from each battery. They have apparently other business to attend to besides firing into the streets of this sombre capital. Five hundred thousand men are struggling to break through that circle of fire and iron, which has held them for four long, long months. The lay of the country is such that we cannot see the theatre of the conflict which has been raging all day. The low muttering of the distant cannon, and the rising of the smoke, indicate, however, where is the field of carnage. This crowd of Frenchmen in the cupola were sad indeed, and we could not help feeling for their anxiety. Favre and Picard wore grave faces and were silent, and we only passed the word of salutation.

"From the château I went to the American ambulance. The carriages had just returned from the battle-field with their loads of mutilated victims. They brought in sixty-five of the wounded,—all they had room for in the ambulance. The assistants were removing their clothes, all wet and clotted with blood, and the surgeons were binding up their ghastly wounds. The men who went out with the ambulances were Dr. Johnston, Mr. Bowles, Dr. Lamson and G——. They represented the slaughter of the French troops as horrible, and they could not see that they had made any headway. The whole country was literally covered with the dead and wounded, and five hundred ambulances were not half sufficient to bring

RUINS OF THE PALACE OF ST. CLOUD.

them away. Our American ambulance went to Rueil, and our men are in a high state of indignation, thinking that the Prussians deliberately shelled them in the streets, but I don't believe that. Fortunately nobody was hurt and but one of the carriages was hit. Mr. Bowles saw a shell hit the church where repose the remains of the Empress Josephine. I must now wait until I hear further, and that may not be until to-morrow morning. The day has been mild and a little cloudy and on the whole a capital one for military operations.

"All Paris is on the *qui vive* and the wildest reports are circulating. The streets are full of people, men, women and children. Who will undertake to measure the agonies of this dreadful hour!

"(6.30 P.M.) G—— has just come in from the ambulance. He had charge of one of the wagons that went out to the battle-field, and he brought in several of the wounded. He says that the last reports are bad for the French, and that the left wing was giving way. My own opinion is that the day has been a failure for the French arms. The government has begun rationing bread, and each adult is entitled to have three-fifths of a pound per day and children over five years of age half of that amount. The quantity is very small when it is considered that there is not much else to eat, and the quality is horrible—black, heavy, miserable stuff, made of flour, oat-meal, peas, beans and rice. The cook put a loaf of it in my hands and I thought it was a pig of Galena lead smelted at Hughlet's furnace."

Friday evening, January 20th, 124th day of the siege, 16th day of the bombardment.

"The results of yesterday—blood, tears, anguish and horror. I was not mistaken last night as to the outcome of the fighting, except that it is worse than I could have

imagined. The troops have all come back to the town. From what I can gather, the *sortie* has been the most fatal of all to the French, and has inflicted no great harm on the enemy. Everything has been so oppressive that I have been about very little to-day. McKean has just been in and says the government publishes very bad news to-night, and that the feeling of the people is terrible.

"Trochu admits his shocking defeat, and Chanzy is beaten, losing ten thousand prisoners. I got the news of the defeat of the latter by my bag, which Bismarck has sent in to-day in advance of time, on account, probably, of its containing such bad news. But as I give out no news I shall not let that out. Nobody has paid any attention to the bombardment to-day. Dr. Kern thinks we may have serious trouble here in France, and that Trochu must be about at the end of his rope.

"What fearful, fearful times we have fallen upon.

> "'Alas we are compelled to dine on news of human blood,
> To sup on groans of dying and the dead.'"

Saturday evening, January 21st, 125th day of the siege, 17th day of the bombardment.

"I have been very busy all day in my room attending to matters connected with the bag; only went out after dark for a little walk down the Champs Elysées. It was about as dark and muddy as Main Street, Galena. There is talk of trouble in the city, as people are very much excited. Some people are accusing Trochu of being crazy as a bedbug. Nobody knows anything of what actually took place at the *sortie* last Thursday. There are various estimates of the French losses, ranging from thirty-five hundred to ten thousand. The weather has been very thick and foggy, and quite warm."

Sunday evening, January 22d, 126th day of the siege, 18th day of the bombardment.

"And yet another week has rolled around, and the end seems to be no nearer. Always the same ill-fortune for France. The bombardment is less effective. The official report says only eleven persons were wounded on the 19th inst. The Journal Officiel was just brought in with a dispatch from Chanzy, and I gather from it that his army will be destroyed. More and more, worse and worse! His is the principal army outside, and when that is gone it will be 'hard sledding' for the French. And at last Trochu is dethroned, having remained long enough to injure the cause. Old Vinoy is now in command, but what can he do? He seems to be a good soldier of the old school, but I don't see that he can do anything more than capitulate. Paris will not agree to that at present. The bombardment seems heavier again, but we are getting used to it.

"(5.30 P.M.) At two this afternoon I went to a meeting of the Diplomatic Corps at Dr. Kern's, to consider Count Bismarck's answer to our letter in regard to the bombardment without notice. We there learned of the great excitement in the town. There were great crowds at the Hôtel de Ville, yelling, '*à bas Trochu!*' and the Belleville battalions were marching through the streets demanding the Commune, etc.

"Leaving Dr. Kern's at 4 P.M., I started for the Hôtel de Ville to see what was really going on. Everywhere on my way I saw straggling companies and straggling squads of the National Guard, and great crowds of people in the streets. Descending to the Rue de Rivoli, there were yet more people, all moving toward the Hôtel de Ville or standing in groups engaged in earnest talk. Within two squares of the Hôtel the streets were com-

pletely blocked up by the crowd, and our carriage could proceed no farther. Beyond there was a dense mass of men, women and children, and, still farther on, the street and the great square were literally packed with soldiers, all standing in the mud. Here we met an acquaintance, a young surgeon in the French navy, who was profoundly agitated and profoundly depressed. He said the Breton Garde Mobile had just fired on the crowd and killed five persons, and that nobody knew what would come next, but that, at any rate, France was 'finished.'

"On returning, the streets were filled with excited people all making their way toward the Hôtel de Ville. Up the Champs Elysées large numbers of the troops of the line and the National Guard were drawn up. 'Mischief, thou art on foot,' in my judgment. The first blood has been shed, and no person can tell what a half-starved population will do. Old Vinoy may have the nerve to put down the mob; if he have not, the mob will have the nerve to put him down. To me it appears that we have reached the crisis, but in these times it won't do to predict. It may turn out that nobody has been killed after all. I am now going out to dine at the American ambulance."

Monday, January 23d, 127th day of the siege, 19th day of the bombardment.

"Yesterday was another dreadful day for Paris, and as the Journal des Débats says, 'the most criminal that ever reddened the streets of Paris with blood.' On Saturday night the mob made an attack on the prison of Mazas. Flourens, Pyat and others of the revolutionists of the 31st of October were released. Yesterday morning the insurrectionists seized the *mairie* of the twentieth arrondissement and went to work to install the insurrection, but they were soon driven out by some companies of the

National Guard. Along in the afternoon the crowd, men, women and children, and some companies of the National Guard, surged toward the Hôtel de Ville crying, '*Donnez nous du pain!*'

"Some of these went into the neighboring houses, and it was not long before a regular attack was made on the Hôtel de Ville. Many shots were fired and explosive balls and bombs were hurled, principally from the windows. At this moment the gates and windows of the hotel were opened and the Mobiles fired on the mob, killing five and wounding eighteen; and then such a scattering—these wretches flying in every direction, and crying, '*Ne tirez plus!*' and in twenty minutes all was ended."

Tuesday, 5.30 P.M., January 24th, 128th day of the siege, 20th day of the bombardment.

"A regular London fog and a day for the 'blue devils.' I have never seen such a gloom rest upon the city. Hardly a person is to be seen in the streets except those who are cutting down the great trees that adorn the avenues. To-day for the first time there is real talk about capitulation. The city is on its last legs-for food, and then there are whispers of further disasters outside. All hope of relief from the provinces has finally died out, and the question is seriously asked, What good now all of this suffering and destruction of property? The bombardment of the forts of the East and the village of St. Denis yesterday and last night was very violent, and that village and the great church, the burying-place of the kings, have been knocked all to pieces. It is said there has been but little fighting to-day. At any rate, but little firing has been heard. Some interpret this in the sense of a talk about capitulation which is going on. People are beginning to prepare for the coming in of the Ger-

mans by hiding their valuables. Antoine just tells me that thousands of the people from St. Denis have been driven into Paris, and that they are now in the streets without shelter and without bread."

Wednesday, January 25th, 129th day of the siege, 21st day of the bombardment.

"According to the military report there was a good deal of bombarding yesterday. The atmosphere was so heavy that we did not hear the guns. It is probably the same way to-day for we have the same thick, heavy fog as yesterday. We really miss this good old bombardment and feel that it is now dull and stupid. I am afraid that Bismarck is failing in consideration for us. He ought to order the fog to lift so that we can hear the guns and be jolly. To be sure, the sea did not obey the order of that 'fine English gentleman,' Canute, but old Canute was nobody as compared with Bismarck, and probably if B—— had only said the word the fog would have lifted. Many people at the legation and only one subject to talk about. 'When will the city surrender?' 'What do you know?' 'What will the Prussians do when they come in?' And so on we go, question after question, until I finally get away and go down town, but with no particular object in view, only to 'circulate.' I call to see the Barons Rothschild more frequently than anybody else, as they keep the German account for me. They are most agreeable and intelligent gentlemen, and well posted in what is going on. They fully appreciate the situation, and it is appalling enough. Were I a Frenchman and a Parisian, I hardly know how it would be possible for me to exist."

Thursday evening, January 26th, 130th day of the siege, 22d day of the bombardment.

"Not only 'wars and rumors of wars,' but wars and rumors of peace to-day. Paris is as mild as new milk.

All sorts of talk about peace and an armistice, and every Frenchman makes things out precisely as he wishes or hopes. The Paris newspapers are teeming with the most absurd reports, but I do not believe there is a man in the city who knows anything either about peace or an armistice. But something must come soon and very soon. The reports of the disasters to Generals Chanzy, Faidherbe and Bourbaki must 'settle the hash,' as old Pete Warren would have said. Pete was an old-fashioned Democratic politician in Illinois and long a State senator, who wore moccasins and hunted bees in the summer season. In the winter he went to the legislature and wore a suit of linsey-woolsey. Well, Uncle Pete was a great Douglas man and presided at the caucus which nominated him for senator the first time. After the vote had been taken, he announced the result as follows: 'Gentlemen, Douglas is nominated, the hash is settled, and the caucus adjourned.' Much to Uncle Pete's disgust, the legislature once agreed to take the Quincy Hotel in payment for the indebtedness of some 'lame duck,' and after the bill had passed, he exclaimed, 'Now you have bought the hotel I suppose the State of Illinois will go to keeping tavern, by ——!'

"But what has this to do with the siege and bombardment of Paris? Nothing. And so I lay down my pen in the hope that I may sleep better than last night. The day has been long and dreary, and what a dinner for a white man:—a piece of baked salt pork, more salt than 'Lot's wife' ever dared to be; one mouthful of it has made me so thirsty that I have drank a *carafe* of water."

Friday evening, January 27th, 131st day of the siege.

"Hail, mighty day! The Journal Officiel this morning announces that we are to have an armistice upon certain terms which are shadowed forth, and I feel that a mountain is lifted from my shoulders. The firing

was to have ceased at ten o'clock last night, but they could not stop it until half-past eleven. 'Not a gun was heard' to-day and the most profound quiet reigns. My bag came in at ten o'clock this morning, and I have been engaged all day. We all want to know the terms of the armistice. I must run up to Brussels at the earliest moment after the railroad is open. There is a poor prospect for living in Paris for some time; no provisions, no fuel, no horses or means of locomotion. If it can only so fall out that peace can be made and we can remain in our own homes, all will rejoice. I received the London papers to the 20th instant, and the New York papers to the 7th instant. The weather is again cold and the sky is gray and sour. The people are on the very brink of starvation, but I learn to-night that the army will turn over some of its bread to the starving. In eight days I hope we shall have something to eat once more.

"The Journal Officiel gave out that all was lost, and that the outside forces were not approaching Paris, and that the subsistence in the city would not admit of any longer delay; that in the then existing situation the government found itself under the absolute duty of negotiating, and that the negotiations were taking place at that moment; that it was not possible for it to indicate the details, but it hoped to be able to do so the next day; they could say, however, that the principle of national sovereignty would be guaranteed by an immediate reunion of an assembly, and that the armistice had for an end the convocation of that assembly; that during the armistice the German army would occupy the forts, but would not enter into the *enceinte* of Paris."

Saturday evening, January 28th, 132d day of the siege.

"I was greatly disappointed this morning in not finding the full terms of the armistice in the Journal Officiel.

Nothing seems to have been signed, but, at any rate, we have a suspension of arms. Paris is no longer bombarded, and that must be a great relief in the assailed quarters. The people will now be coming back to their homes in the city; but to those who have their splendid homes in the many little villages that surround Paris, what destruction and what horror! The houses that have not been burned or torn to pieces by shells have been broken into and all the furniture destroyed; and it will take a quarter of a century to repair the damage done in Paris proper. The Prussians utterly failed in the bombardment. They have not hastened matters an hour, but have subjected themselves to the complaint of having bombarded the great city without notice. Having a slight cold, I have not been out of my house to-day, and have only seen a few persons. It seems that a portion of the National Guard made a demonstration against the armistice last night, but the cavalry charged upon them. Some people say that there will now be no fooling since General Vinoy has command of the Army of Paris. Trochu was too weak for anything, weak as the Indian's dog which had to lean against a tree to bark. *Voilà!* the effects of the armistice. I have already a piece of fresh beef, and the price of chickens has been reduced from $8 to $6 apiece."

Sunday evening, January 29th, 1st day of the armistice.

"Though we have had a practical armistice since Thursday night, it was only signed last night. It appeared this morning in the Journal Officiel, and it has been sought for and read by the whole town. It is an appalling document to the French; but, after all, what can they do! Paris has held out well and suffered much, but there is a great history to be written of this memorable

siege. After all, Paris has played an indifferent part. With a half million soldiers, but few effective blows were struck in four months and a half. Trochu undoubtedly proved himself the weakest and most incompetent man ever entrusted with such great affairs. It is a question how the people are going to take this armistice. The soldiers are coming into the city to-day, and the streets have been full of them wandering about without organization. I hear to-night that the people broke into the great central market to-day and seized everything they could lay their hands on. The market men were demanding the most extortionate prices for everything that was eatable, and refused to make the least concession to the poor, starving people. The consequence was that the said people 'went for' them, and I am rather pleased than otherwise. I took a walk this evening up to our residence, No. 75, and all the way it was the desolation of desolations. This evening G—— and I dined with the Moultons and had roast beef for dinner. In a few days I hope we shall have something from the outside to eat; still I have a 'stock on hand' for a month yet, such as it is."

Monday noon, January 30th, 2d day of the armistice.

"I don't know yet whether or not I shall send out my bag to-morrow morning. I have sent Antoine to see about the opening of the railroads. Unsealed letters are permitted to go out and come in. People can go out on a permission procured from the French authorities, their passes to be *viséed* by the Prussians. There is nothing said about the people coming in. We are now entering upon a new and interesting phase of things, and the world will watch with anxiety the progress of events in France. I have great apprehensions. The number of delegates to the convention, seven hundred and thirty, is

entirely too large, and the time, seven days, entirely too short in which to do anything. And suppose peace were made, then what? What form of government is to be ordained? Is there to be a republic, or will the Orléanists mount the throne? We must wait; speculation is simply childish. The papers this morning swallow the armistice, but with wry faces. The government of the National Defence is denounced without stint, and they have commenced caricaturing the members of the government as they caricatured the members of the falling dynasty. We had a slight snow-storm last night and it is quite cold this morning, with a fog so thick that we can hardly see a single square, and so dark as I write that I shall have to have a lamp lighted at high noon."

An armistice having been entered upon and the siege practically raised, this is the last entry of my diary, *en règle*, of the siege. But from this time I recorded the most important passing events on loose memoranda, or in my private and official correspondence, so that I have a pretty full record of all that took place from day to day.

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